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JOURNALS

OF

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

VOL. II

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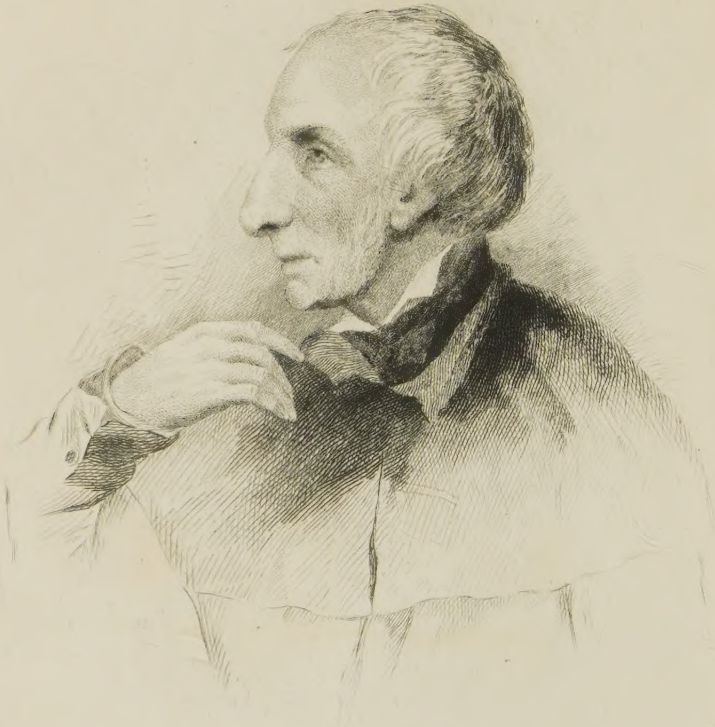

William Wordsworth

after Margaret Gillies

JOURNALS

OF

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

EDITED BY

WILLIAM KNIGHT

VOL. II

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VII

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A TOUR MADE IN SCOTLAND

(A.D. 1803)

(*Continued*)

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR MADE IN SCOTLAND. A.D. 1803 (*Continued*)

THIRD WEEK

Sunday, August 28th.—We were desirous to have crossed the mountains above Glengyle to Glenfalloch, at the head of Loch Lomond, but it rained so heavily that it was impossible, so the ferryman engaged to row us to the point where Coleridge and I had rested, while William was going on our doubtful adventure. The hostess provided us with tea and sugar for our breakfast; the water was boiled in an iron pan, and dealt out to us in a jug, a proof that she does not often drink tea, though she said she had always tea and sugar in the house. She and the rest of the family breakfasted on curds and whey, as taken out of the pot in which she was making cheese; she insisted upon my taking some also; and her husband joined in with the old story, that it was "varra halesome." I thought it exceedingly good, and said to myself that they lived nicely with their cow: she was meat, drink, and company. Before breakfast the housewife was milking behind the chimney, and I thought I had seldom heard a sweeter fire-side sound; in an evening, sitting over a sleepy, low-burnt fire, it would lull one like the purring of a cat.

When we departed, the good woman shook me cordially by the hand, saying she hoped that if ever we came into Scotland again, we would come and see her. The lake was calm, but it rained so heavily that we could see little. Landed at about ten o'clock, almost wet to

the skin, and, with no prospect but of streaming rains, faced the mountain-road to Loch Lomond. We recognised the same objects passed before,—the tarn, the potato-bed, and the cottages with their burnies, which were no longer, as one might say, household streams, but made us only think of the mountains and rocks they came from. Indeed, it is not easy to imagine how different everything appeared; the mountains with mists and torrents alive and always changing: but the low grounds where the inhabitants had been at work the day before were melancholy, with here and there a few haycocks and hay scattered about.

Wet as we were, William and I turned out of our path to the Garrison house. A few rooms of it seemed to be inhabited by some wretchedly poor families, and it had all the desolation of a large decayed mansion in the suburbs of a town, abandoned of its proper inhabitants, and become the abode of paupers. In spite of its outside bravery, it was but a poor protection against "the sword of winter, keen and cold." We looked at the building through the arch of a broken gateway of the courtyard, in the middle of which it stands. Upon that stormy day it appeared more than desolate; there was something about it even frightful.

When beginning to descend the hill towards Loch Lomond, we overtook two girls, who told us we could not cross the ferry till evening, for the boat was gone with a number of people to church. One of the girls was exceedingly beautiful; and the figures of both of them, in grey plaids falling to their feet, their faces only being uncovered, excited our attention before we spoke to them; but they answered us so sweetly that we were quite delighted, at the same time that they stared at us with an innocent look of wonder. I think I never heard the English language sound more sweetly than from the mouth of the elder of these girls, while she stood at the gate answering our inquiries, her face flushed with the rain; her pronunciation was clear and distinct: without

difficulty, yet slow, like that of a foreign speech. They told us we might sit in the ferry-house till the return of the boat, went in with us, and made a good fire as fast as possible to dry our wet clothes. We learnt that the taller was the sister of the ferryman, and had been left in charge with the house for the day, that the other was his wife's sister, and was come with her mother on a visit,—an old woman, who sate in a corner beside the cradle, nursing her little grand-child. We were glad to be housed, with our feet upon a warm hearth-stone; and our attendants were so active and good-humoured that it was pleasant to have to desire them to do anything. The younger was a delicate and unhealthy-looking girl; but there was an uncommon meekness in her countenance, with an air of premature intelligence, which is often seen in sickly young persons. The other made me think of Peter Bell's "Highland Girl:"

> As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
> As beauteous and as wild![1]

She moved with unusual activity, which was chastened very delicately by a certain hesitation in her looks when she spoke, being able to understand us but imperfectly. They were both exceedingly desirous to get me what I wanted to make me comfortable. I was to have a gown and petticoat of the mistress's; so they turned out her whole wardrobe upon the parlour floor, talking Erse to one another, and laughing all the time. It was long before they could decide which of the gowns I was to have; they chose at last, no doubt thinking that it was the best, a light-coloured sprigged cotton, with long sleeves, and they both laughed while I was putting it on, with the blue linsey petticoat, and one or the other, or both together, helped me to dress, repeating at least half a dozen times, "You never had on the like of that before." They held a consultation of several minutes over a pair of coarse woollen stockings, gabbling Erse

[1] See *Peter Bell*, part iii. stanza 31.—ED.

as fast as their tongues could move, and looked as if uncertain what to do: at last, with great diffidence, they offered them to me, adding, as before, that I had never worn "the like of them." When we entered the house we had been not a little glad to see a fowl stewing in barley-broth; and now when the wettest of our clothes were stripped off, began again to recollect that we were hungry, and asked if we could have dinner. "Oh yes, ye may get that," the elder replied, pointing to the pan on the fire.

Conceive what a busy house it was—all our wet clothes to be dried, dinner prepared and set out for us four strangers, and a second cooking for the family; add to this, two rough "callans," as they called them, boys about eight years old, were playing beside us; the poor baby was fretful all the while; the old woman sang doleful Erse songs, rocking it in its cradle the more violently the more it cried; then there were a dozen cookings of porridge, and it could never be fed without the assistance of all three. The hut was after the Highland fashion, but without anything beautiful except its situation; the floor was rough, and wet with the rain that came in at the door, so that the lasses' bare feet were as wet as if they had been walking through street puddles, in passing from one room to another; the windows were open, as at the other hut; but the kitchen had a bed in it, and was much smaller, and the shape of the house was like that of a common English cottage, without its comfort; yet there was no appearance of poverty—indeed, quite the contrary. The peep out of the open door-place across the lake made some amends for the want of the long roof and elegant rafters of our boatman's cottage, and all the while the waterfall, which we could not see, was roaring at the end of the hut, which seemed to serve as a sounding-board for its noise, so that it was not unlike sitting in a house where a mill is going. The dashing of the waves against the shore could not be distinguished; yet in spite of my knowledge of this I

could not help fancying that the tumult and storm came from the lake, and went out several times to see if it was possible to row over in safety.

After long waiting we grew impatient for our dinner; at last the pan was taken off, and carried into the other room; but we had to wait at least another half hour before the ceremony of dishing up was completed; yet with all this bustle and difficulty, the manner in which they, and particularly the elder of the girls, performed everything, was perfectly graceful. We ate a hearty dinner, and had time to get our clothes quite dry before the arrival of the boat. The girls could not say at what time it would be at home; on our asking them if the church was far off they replied, "Not very far"; and when we asked how far, they said, "Perhaps about four or five miles." I believe a Church of England congregation would hold themselves excused for non-attendance three parts of the year, having but half as far to go; but in the lonely parts of Scotland they make little of a journey of nine or ten miles to a preaching. They have not perhaps an opportunity of going more than once in a quarter of a year, and, setting piety aside, have other motives to attend: they hear the news, public and private, and see their friends and neighbours; for though the people who meet at these times may be gathered together from a circle of twenty miles' diameter, a sort of neighbourly connexion must be so brought about. There is something exceedingly pleasing to my imagination in this gathering together of the inhabitants of these secluded districts—for instance, the borderers of these two large lakes meeting at the deserted garrison which I have described. The manner of their travelling is on foot, on horseback, and in boats across the waters, —young and old, rich and poor, all in their best dress.

If it were not for these Sabbath-day meetings one summer month would be like another summer month, one winter month like another—detached from the goings-on of the world, and solitary throughout; from

the time of earliest childhood they will be like landing-places in the memory of a person who has passed his life in these thinly peopled regions ; they must generally leave distinct impressions, differing from each other so much as they do in circumstances, in time and place, etc., — some in the open fields, upon hills, in houses, under large rocks, in storms, and in fine weather.

But I have forgotten the fireside of our hut. After long waiting, the girls, who had been on the look-out, informed us that the boat was coming. I went to the water-side, and saw a cluster of people on the opposite shore ; but being yet at a distance, they looked more like soldiers surrounding a carriage than a group of men and women ; red and green were the distinguishable colours. We hastened to get ourselves ready as soon as we saw the party approach, but had longer to wait than we expected, the lake being wider than it appears to be. As they drew near we could distinguish men in tartan plaids, women in scarlet cloaks, and green umbrellas by the half-dozen. The landing was as pretty a sight as ever I saw. The bay, which had been so quiet two days before, was all in motion with small waves, while the swoln waterfall roared in our ears. The boat came steadily up, being pressed almost to the water's edge by the weight of its cargo ; perhaps twenty people landed, one after another. It did not rain much, but the women held up their umbrellas ; they were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and, with their scarlet cardinals, the tartan plaids of the men, and Scotch bonnets, made a gay appearance. There was a joyous bustle surrounding the boat, which even imparted something of the same character to the waterfall in its tumult, and the restless grey waves ; the young men laughed and shouted, the lasses laughed, and the elder folks seemed to be in a bustle to be away. I remember well with what haste the mistress of the house where we were ran up to seek after her child, and seeing us, how anxiously and kindly she inquired how we had fared, if

we had had a good fire, had been well waited upon, etc. etc. All this in three minutes—for the boatman had another party to bring from the other side and hurried us off.

The hospitality we had met with at the two cottages and Mr. Macfarlane's gave us very favourable impressions on this our first entrance into the Highlands, and at this day the innocent merriment of the girls, with their kindness to us, and the beautiful figure and face of the elder, come to my mind whenever I think of the ferry-house and waterfall of Loch Lomond, and I never think of the two girls but the whole image of that romantic spot is before me, a living image, as it will be to my dying day. The following poem[1] was written by William not long after our return from Scotland :—

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these grey rocks ; this household lawn ;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent Lake ;
This little Bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream ;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away :
For never saw I mien or face,
In which more plainly I could trace

[1] *To a Highland Girl*, in "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803."—Ed.

Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
Th' embarrass'd look of shy distress
And maidenly shamefacedness;
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Sweet smiles, by human-kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee, who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea: and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place!
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompence.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:

Then why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place is made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl, from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the Cabin small,
The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall,
And thee, the Spirit of them all.

We were rowed over speedily by the assistance of two youths, who went backwards and forwards for their own amusement, helping at the oars, and pulled as if they had strength and spirits to spare for a year to come. We noticed that they had uncommonly fine teeth, and that they and the boatman were very handsome people. Another merry crew took our place in the boat.

We had three miles to walk to Tarbet. It rained, but not heavily; the mountains were not concealed from us by the mists, but appeared larger and more grand; twilight was coming on, and the obscurity under which we saw the objects, with the sounding of the torrents, kept our minds alive and wakeful; all was solitary and huge—sky, water, and mountains mingled together. While we were walking forward, the road leading us over the top of a brow, we stopped suddenly at the sound of a half-articulate Gaelic hooting from the field close to us. It came from a little boy, whom we could see on the hill between us and the lake, wrapped up in a grey plaid. He was probably calling home the cattle for the night. His appearance was in the highest degree moving to the imagination: mists were on the hillsides, darkness shutting in upon the huge avenue of mountains, torrents roaring, no house in sight to which the child might belong; his dress, cry, and appearance all different from anything we had been accustomed to. It was a text, as William has since observed to me, containing in

itself the whole history of the Highlander's life—his melancholy, his simplicity, his poverty, his superstition, and above all, that visionariness which results from a communion with the unworldliness of nature.

When we reached Tarbet the people of the house were anxious to know how we had fared, particularly the girl who had waited upon us. Our praises of Loch Ketterine made her exceedingly happy, and she ventured to say, of which we had heard not a word before, that it was "bonnier to *her* fancy than Loch Lomond." The landlord, who was not at home when we had set off, told us that if he had known of our going he would have recommended us to Mr. Macfarlane's or the other farm-house, adding that they were hospitable people in that vale. Coleridge and I got tea, and William and the drawing-master chose supper; they asked to have a broiled fowl, a dish very common in Scotland, to which the mistress replied, "Would not a 'boiled' one do as well?" They consented, supposing that it would be more easily cooked; but when the fowl made its appearance, to their great disappointment it proved a cold one that had been stewed in the broth at dinner.

Monday, August 29th.—It rained heavily this morning, and, having heard so much of the long rains since we came into Scotland, as well as before, we had no hope that it would be over in less than three weeks at the least, so poor Coleridge, being very unwell, determined to send his clothes to Edinburgh and make the best of his way thither, being afraid to face much wet weather in an open carriage. William and I were unwilling to be confined at Tarbet, so we resolved to go to Arrochar, a mile and a half on the road to Inverary, where there is an inn celebrated as a place of good accommodation for travellers. Coleridge and I set off on foot, and William was to follow with the car, but a heavy shower coming on, Coleridge left me to shelter in a hut and wait for William, while he went on before.

This hut was unplastered, and without windows, crowded with beds, uncomfortable, and not in the simplicity of the ferryman's house. A number of good clothes were hanging against the walls, and a green silk umbrella was set up in a corner. I should have been surprised to see an umbrella in such a place before we came into the Highlands; but umbrellas are not so common anywhere as there—a plain proof of the wetness of the climate; even five minutes after this a girl passed us without shoes and stockings, whose gown and petticoat were not worth half a crown, holding an umbrella over her bare head.

We turned at a guide-post, "To the New Inn," and, after descending a little, and winding round the bottom of a hill, saw, at a small distance, a white house half hidden by tall trees upon a lawn that slopes down to the side of Loch Long, a sea-loch, which is here very narrow. Right before us, across the lake, was the Cobbler, which appeared to rise directly from the water; but, in fact, it overtopped another hill, being a considerable way behind. The inn looked so much like a gentleman's house that we could hardly believe it was an inn. We drove down the broad gravel walk, and, making a sweep, stopped at the front door, were shown into a large parlour with a fire, and my first thought was, How comfortable we should be! but Coleridge, who had arrived before us, checked my pleasure: the waiter had shown himself disposed to look coolly upon us, and there had been a hint that we could not have beds;—a party was expected, who had engaged all the beds. We conjectured this might be but a pretence, and ordered dinner in the hope that matters would clear up a little, and we thought they could not have the heart to turn us out in so heavy a rain if it were possible to lodge us. We had a nice dinner, yet would have gladly changed our roasted lamb and pickles, and the gentleman-waiter with his napkin in his pocket, for the more homely fare of the smoky hut at Loch Ketterine, and the good woman's busy attentions, with the certainty of a hospitable shelter at night. After

dinner I spoke to the landlord himself, but he was not to be moved: he could not even provide one bed for me, so nothing was to be done but either to return to Tarbet with Coleridge, or that William and I should push on the next stage, to Cairndow. We had an interesting close view from the windows of the room where we sate, looking across the lake, which did not differ in appearance, as we saw it here, from a fresh-water lake. The sloping lawn on which the house stood was prettily scattered over with trees; but we had seen the place to great advantage at our first approach, owing to the mists upon the mountains, which had made them seem exceedingly high, while the strange figures on the Cobbler appeared and disappeared, like living things; but, as the day cleared we were disappointed in what was more like the permanent effect of the scene: the mountains were not so lofty as we had supposed, and the low grounds not so fertile; yet still it is a very interesting, I may say beautiful, place.

The rain ceased entirely, so we resolved to go on to Cairndow, and had the satisfaction of seeing that our landlord had not told us an untruth concerning the expected company; for just before our departure we saw, on the opposite side of the vale, a coach with four horses, another carriage, and two or three men on horseback—a striking procession, as it moved along between the bare mountain and the lake. Twenty years ago, perhaps, such a sight had not been seen here except when the Duke of Argyle, or some other Highland chieftain, might chance to be going with his family to London or Edinburgh. They had to cross a bridge at the head of the lake, which we could not see, so, after disappearing about ten minutes, they drove up to the door—three old ladies, two waiting-women, and store of men-servants. The old ladies were as gaily dressed as bullfinches in spring-time. We heard the next day that they were the renowned Miss Waughs of Carlisle, and that they enjoyed themselves over a game of cards in the evening.

Left Arrochar at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Coleridge accompanied us a little way; we portioned out the contents of our purse before our parting; and, after we had lost sight of him, drove heavily along. Crossed the bridge, and looked to the right, up the vale, which is soon terminated by mountains: it was of a yellow green, with but few trees and few houses; sea-gulls were flying above it. Our road—the same along which the carriages had come—was directly under the mountains on our right hand, and the lake was close to us on our left, the waves breaking among stones overgrown with yellow sea-weed; fishermen's boats, and other larger vessels than are seen on fresh-water lakes were lying at anchor near the opposite shore; sea-birds flying overhead; the noise of torrents mingled with the beating of the waves, and misty mountains enclosed the vale;—a melancholy but not a dreary scene. Often have I, in looking over a map of Scotland, followed the intricate windings of one of these sea-lochs, till, pleasing myself with my own imaginations, I have felt a longing, almost painful, to travel among them by land or by water.

This was the first sea-loch we had seen. We came prepared for a new and great delight, and the first impression which William and I received, as we drove rapidly through the rain down the lawn of Arrochar, the objects dancing before us, was even more delightful than we had expected. But, as I have said, when we looked through the window, as the mists disappeared and the objects were seen more distinctly, there was less of sheltered valley-comfort than we had fancied to ourselves, and the mountains were not so grand; and now that we were near to the shore of the lake, and could see that it was not of fresh water, the wreck, the broken sea-shells, and scattered sea-weed gave somewhat of a dull and uncleanly look to the whole lake, and yet the water was clear, and might have appeared as beautiful as that of Loch Lomond, if with the same pure pebbly shore. Perhaps, had we been in a more cheerful mood of mind

we might have seen everything with a different eye. The stillness of the mountains, the motion of the waves, the streaming torrents, the sea-birds, the fishing-boats were all melancholy; yet still, occupied as my mind was with other things, I thought of the long windings through which the waters of the sea had come to this inland retreat, visiting the inner solitudes of the mountains, and I could have wished to have mused out a summer's day on the shores of the lake. From the foot of these mountains whither might not a little barque carry one away? Though so far inland, it is but a slip of the great ocean: seamen, fishermen, and shepherds here find a natural home. We did not travel far down the lake, but, turning to the right through an opening of the mountains, entered a glen called Glen Croe.

Our thoughts were full of Coleridge, and when we were enclosed in the narrow dale, with a length of winding road before us, a road that seemed to have insinuated itself into the very heart of the mountains—the brook, the road, bare hills, floating mists, scattered stones, rocks, and herds of black cattle being all that we could see,—I shivered at the thought of his being sickly and alone, travelling from place to place.

The Cobbler, on our right, was pre-eminent above the other hills; the singular rocks on its summit, seen so near, were like ruins—castles or watch-towers. After we had passed one reach of the glen, another opened out, long, narrow, deep, and houseless, with herds of cattle and large stones; but the third reach was softer and more beautiful, as if the mountains had there made a warmer shelter, and there were a more gentle climate. The rocks by the river-side had dwindled away, the mountains were smooth and green, and towards the end, where the glen sloped upwards, it was a cradle-like hollow, and at that point where the slope became a hill, at the very bottom of the curve of the cradle, stood one cottage, with a few fields and beds of potatoes. There was also another house near the roadside, which ap-

peared to be a herdsman's hut. The dwelling in the middle of the vale was a very pleasing object. I said within myself, How quietly might a family live in this pensive solitude, cultivating and loving their own fields! but the herdsman's hut, being the only one in the vale, had a melancholy face; not being attached to any particular plot of land, one could not help considering it as just kept alive and above ground by some dreary connexion with the long barren tract we had travelled through.

The afternoon had been exceedingly pleasant after we had left the vale of Arrochar; the sky was often threatening, but the rain blew off, and the evening was uncommonly fine. The sun had set a short time before we had dismounted from the car to walk up the steep hill at the end of the glen. Clouds were moving all over the sky—some of a brilliant yellow hue, which shed a light like bright moonlight upon the mountains. We could not have seen the head of the valley under more favourable circumstances.

The passing away of a storm is always a time of life and cheerfulness, especially in a mountainous country; but that afternoon and evening the sky was in an extraordinary degree vivid and beautiful. We often stopped in ascending the hill to look down the long reach of the glen. The road, following the course of the river as far as we could see, the farm and cottage hills, smooth towards the base and rocky higher up, were the sole objects before us. This part of Glen Croe reminded us of some of the dales of the north of England—Grisdale above Ulswater, for instance; but the length of it, and the broad highway, which is always to be seen at a great distance, a sort of centre of the vale, a point of reference, gives to the whole of the glen, and each division of it, a very different character.

At the top of the hill we came to a seat with the well-known inscription, "Rest and be thankful." On the same stone it was recorded that the road had been made

by Col. Wade's regiment. The seat is placed so as to command a full view of the valley, and the long, long road, which, with the fact recorded, and the exhortation, makes it an affecting resting-place. We called to mind with pleasure a seat under the braes of Loch Lomond on which I had rested, where the traveller is informed by an inscription upon a stone that the road was made by Col. Lascelles' regiment. There, the spot had not been chosen merely as a resting-place, for there was no steep ascent in the highway, but it might be for the sake of a spring of water and a beautiful rock, or, more probably, because at that point the labour had been more than usually toilsome in hewing through the rock. Soon after we had climbed the hill we began to descend into another glen, called Glen Kinglas. We now saw the western sky, which had hitherto been hidden from us by the hill—a glorious mass of clouds uprising from a sea of distant mountains, stretched out in length before us, towards the west—and close by us was a small lake or tarn. From the reflection of the crimson clouds the water appeared of a deep red, like melted rubies, yet with a mixture of a grey or blackish hue: the gorgeous light of the sky, with the singular colour of the lake, made the scene exceedingly romantic; yet it was more melancholy than cheerful. With all the power of light from the clouds, there was an overcasting of the gloom of evening, a twilight upon the hills.

We descended rapidly into the glen, which resembles the lower part of Glen Croe, though it seemed to be inferior in beauty; but before we had passed through one reach it was quite dark, and I only know that the steeps were high, and that we had the company of a foaming stream; and many a vagrant torrent crossed us, dashing down the hills. The road was bad, and, uncertain how we should fare, we were eager and somewhat uneasy to get forward; but when we were out of the close glen, and near to Cairndow, as a traveller had told us, the moon showed her clear face in the sky, revealing a

spacious vale, with a broad loch and sloping corn fields; the hills not very high. This cheerful sight put us into spirits, and we thought it was at least no dismal place to sit up all night in, if they had no beds, and they could not refuse us a shelter. We were, however, well received, and sate down in a neat parlour with a good fire.

Tuesday, August 30th.—Breakfasted before our departure, and ate a herring, fresh from the water, at our landlord's earnest recommendation—much superior to the herrings we get in the north of England.[1] Though we rose at seven, could not set off before nine o'clock; the servants were in bed; the kettle did not boil—indeed, we were completely out of patience; but it had always been so, and we resolved to go off in future without breakfast. Cairndow is a single house by the side of the loch, I believe resorted to by gentlemen in the fishing season: it is a pleasant place for such a purpose; but the vale did not look so beautiful as by moonlight—it had a sort of sea-coldness without mountain grandeur. There is a ferry for foot-passengers from Cairndow to the other side of the water, and the road along which all carriages go is carried round the head of the lake, perhaps a distance of three miles.

After we had passed the landing-place of the ferry opposite to Cairndow we saw the lake spread out to a great width, more like an arm of the sea or a great river than one of our lakes; it reminded us of the Severn at the Chepstow passage; but the shores were less rich and the hills higher. The sun shone, which made the morning cheerful, though there was a cold wind. Our road never carried us far from the lake, and with the beating of the waves, the sparkling sunshiny water, boats, the opposite hills, and, on the side on which we travelled, the chance cottages, the coppice woods, and common business of the fields, the ride could not but be amusing. But what most excited our attention was, at one parti-

[1] I should rather think so!—J. C. S.

cular place, a cluster of fishing-boats at anchor in a still corner of the lake, a small bay or harbour by the wayside. They were overshadowed by fishermen's nets hung out to dry, which formed a dark awning that covered them like a tent, overhanging the water on each side, and falling in the most exquisitely graceful folds. There was a monastic pensiveness, a funereal gloom in the appearance of this little company of vessels, which was the more interesting from the general liveliness and glancing motions of the water, they being perfectly still and silent in their sheltered nook.

When we had travelled about seven miles from Cairndow, winding round the bottom of a hill, we came in view of a great basin or elbow of the lake. Completely out of sight of the long track of water we had coasted, we seemed now to be on the edge of a very large, almost circular, lake, the town of Inverary before us, a line of white buildings on a low promontory right opposite, and close to the water's edge; the whole landscape a showy scene, and bursting upon us at once. A traveller who was riding by our side called out, "Can that be the Castle?" Recollecting the prints which we had seen, we knew it could not; but the mistake is a natural one at that distance: it is so little like an ordinary town, from the mixture of regularity and irregularity in the buildings. With the expanse of water and pleasant mountains, the scattered boats and sloops, and those gathered together, it had a truly festive appearance. A few steps more brought us in view of the Castle, a stately turreted mansion, but with a modern air, standing on a lawn, retired from the water, and screened behind by woods covering the sides of high hills to the top, and still beyond, by bare mountains. Our road wound round the semicircular shore, crossing two bridges of lordly architecture. The town looked pretty when we drew near to it in connexion with its situation, different from any place I had ever seen, yet exceedingly like what I imaged to myself from representations in raree-shows, or

pictures of foreign places—Venice, for example—painted on the scene of a play-house, which one is apt to fancy are as cleanly and gay as they look through the magnifying-glass of the raree-show or in the candle-light dazzle of a theatre. At the door of the inn, though certainly the buildings had not that delightful outside which they appeared to have at a distance, yet they looked very pleasant. The range bordering on the water consisted of little else than the inn, being a large house, with very large stables, the county gaol, the opening into the main street into the town, and an arched gateway, the entrance into the Duke of Argyle's private domain.

We were decently well received at the inn, but it was over-rich in waiters and large rooms to be exactly to our taste, though quite in harmony with the neighbourhood. Before dinner we went into the Duke's pleasure-grounds, which are extensive, and of course command a variety of lively and interesting views. Walked through avenues of tall beech-trees, and observed some that we thought even the tallest we had ever seen ; but they were all scantily covered with leaves, and the leaves exceedingly small—indeed, some of them, in the most exposed situations, were almost bare, as if it had been winter. Travellers who wish to view the inside of the Castle send in their names, and the Duke appoints the time of their going ; but we did not think that what we should see would repay us for the trouble, there being no pictures, and the house, which I believe has not been built above half a century, is fitted up in the modern style. If there had been any reliques of the ancient costume of the castle of a Highland chieftain, we should have been sorry to have passed it.

Sate after dinner by the fireside till near sunset, for it was very cold, though the sun shone all day. At the beginning of this our second walk we passed through the town, which is but a doleful example of Scotch filth. The houses are plastered or rough-cast, and washed yellow—well built, well sized, and sash-windowed, be-

speaking a connexion with the Duke, such a dependence as may be expected in a small town so near to his mansion; and indeed he seems to have done his utmost to make them comfortable, according to our English notions of comfort: they are fit for the houses of people living decently upon a decent trade; but the windows and door-steads were as dirty as in a dirty by-street of a large town, making a most unpleasant contrast with the comely face of the buildings towards the water, and the ducal grandeur and natural festivity of the scene. Smoke and blackness are the wild growth of a Highland hut: the mud floors cannot be washed, the door-steads are trampled by cattle, and if the inhabitants be not very cleanly it gives one little pain; but dirty people living in two-storied stone houses, with dirty sash windows, are a melancholy spectacle anywhere, giving the notion either of vice or the extreme of wretchedness.

Returning through the town, we went towards the Castle, and entered the Duke's grounds by a porter's lodge, following the carriage-road through the park, which is prettily scattered over with trees, and slopes gently towards the lake. A great number of lime-trees were growing singly, not beautiful in their shape, but I mention them for the resemblance to one of the same kind we had seen in the morning, which formed a shade as impenetrable as the roof of any house. The branches did not spread far, nor any one branch much further than another; on the outside it was like a green bush shorn with shears, but when we sate upon a bench under it, looking upwards, in the middle of the tree we could not perceive any green at all; it was like a hundred thousand magpies' nests clustered and matted together, the twigs and boughs being so intertwined that neither the light of the mid-day sun nor showers of hail or rain could pierce through them. The lime-trees on the lawn resembled this tree both in shape and in the manner of intertwisting their twigs, but they were much smaller, and not an impenetrable shade.

The views from the Castle are delightful. Opposite is the lake, girt with mountains, or rather smooth high hills; to the left appears a very steep rocky hill, called Duniquoich Hill, on the top of which is a building like a watch-tower; it rises boldly and almost perpendicular from the plain, at a little distance from the river Arey, that runs through the grounds. To the right is the town, overtopped by a sort of spire or pinnacle of the church, a thing unusual in Scotland, except in the large towns, and which would often give an elegant appearance to the villages, which, from the uniformity of the huts, and the frequent want of tall trees, they seldom exhibit.

In looking at an extensive prospect, or travelling through a large vale, the Trough of the Clyde for instance, I could not help thinking that in England there would have been somewhere a tower or spire to warn us of a village lurking under the covert of a wood or bank, or to point out some particular spot on the distant hills which we might look at with kindly feelings. I well remember how we used to love the little nest of trees out of which Ganton spire rose on the distant Wolds opposite to the windows at Gallow Hill. The spire of Inverary is not of so beautiful a shape as those of the English churches, and, not being one of a class of buildings which is understood at once, seen near or at a distance, is a less interesting object; but it suits well with the outlandish trimness of the buildings bordering on the water; indeed, there is no one thing of the many gathered together in the extensive circuit of the basin or vale of Inverary, that is not in harmony with the effect of the whole place. The Castle is built of a beautiful hewn stone, in colour resembling our blue slates. The author-tourists have quarrelled with the architecture of it, but we did not find much that we were disposed to blame. A castle in a deep glen, overlooking a roaring stream, and defended by precipitous rocks, is, no doubt, an object far more interesting; but, dropping all ideas

of danger or insecurity, the natural retinue in our minds of an ancient Highland chieftain,—take a Duke of Argyle at the end of the eighteenth century, let him have his house in Grosvenor Square, his London liveries, and daughters glittering at St. James's, and I think you will be satisfied with his present mansion in the Highlands, which seems to suit with the present times and its situation, and that is indeed a noble one for a modern Duke of the mountainous district of Argyleshire, with its bare valleys, its rocky coasts, and sea lochs.

There is in the natural endowments of Inverary something akin to every feature of the general character of the county; yet even the very mountains and the lake itself have a kind of princely festivity in their appearance. I do not know how to communicate the feeling, but it seemed as if it were no insult to the hills to look on them as the shield and enclosure of the ducal domain, to which the water might delight in bearing its tribute. The hills near the lake are smooth, so smooth that they might have been shaven or swept; the shores, too, had somewhat of the same effect, being bare, and having no roughness, no woody points; yet the whole circuit being very large, and the hills so extensive, the scene was not the less cheerful and festive, rejoicing in the light of heaven. Behind the Castle the hills are planted to a great height, and the pleasure-grounds extend far up the valley of Arey. We continued our walk a short way along the river, and were sorry to see it stripped of its natural ornaments, after the fashion of Mr. Brown,[1] and left to tell its tale—for it would not be silent like the river at Blenheim—to naked fields and the planted trees on the hills. We were disgusted with the stables, out-houses, or farm-houses in different parts of the grounds behind the Castle: they were broad, out-spreading, fantastic, and unintelligible buildings.

Sate in the park till the moonlight was perceived

[1] "Capability" Brown.—J. C. S.

more than the light of day. We then walked near the town by the water-side. I observed that the children who were playing did not speak Erse, but a much worse English than is spoken by those Highlanders whose common language is the Erse. I went into the town to purchase tea and sugar to carry with us on our journey. We were tired when we returned to the inn, and went to bed directly after tea. My room was at the very top of the house—one flight of steps after another!—but when I drew back the curtains of my window I was repaid for the trouble of panting up-stairs by one of the most splendid moonlight prospects that can be conceived: the whole circuit of the hills, the Castle, the two bridges, the tower on Duniquoich Hill, and the lake with many boats—fit scene for summer midnight festivities! I should have liked to have seen a bevy of Scottish ladies sailing, with music, in a gay barge. William, to whom I have read this, tells me that I have used the very words of Browne of Ottery, Coleridge's fellow-townsman:—

> As I have seen when on the breast of Thames
> A heavenly bevy of sweet English dames,
> In some calm evening of delightful May,
> With music give a farewell to the day,
> Or as they would (with an admired tone)
> Greet night's ascension to her ebon throne.
>
> BROWNE'S *Britannia's Pastorals.*

Wednesday, August 31st.—We had a long day's journey before us, without a regular baiting-place on the road, so we breakfasted at Inverary, and did not set off till nine o'clock, having, as usual, to complain of the laziness of the servants. Our road was up the valley behind the Castle, the same we had gone along the evening before. Further up, though the plantations on the hills are noble, the valley was cold and naked, wanting hedgerows and comfortable houses. We travelled several miles under the plantations, the vale all along

seeming to belong almost exclusively to the Castle. It might have been better distinguished and adorned, as we thought, by neater farm-houses and cottages than are common in Scotland, and snugger fields with warm hedgerows, at the same time testifying as boldly its adherence to the chief.

At that point of the valley where the pleasure-grounds appear to end, we left our horse at a cottage door, and turned a few steps out of the road to see a waterfall, which roared so loud that we could not have gone by without looking about for it, even if we had not known that there was one near Inverary. The waterfall is not remarkable for anything but the good taste with which it has been left to itself, though there is a pleasure-road from the Castle to it. As we went further up the valley the roads died away, and it became an ordinary Scotch glen, the poor pasturage of the hills creeping down into the valley, where it was little better for the shelter, I mean little greener than on the hill-sides; but a man must be of a churlish nature if, with a mind free to look about, he should not find such a glen a pleasing place to travel through, though seeing little but the busy brook, with here and there a bush or tree, and cattle pasturing near the thinly-scattered dwellings. But we came to one spot which I cannot forget, a single green field at the junction of another brook with the Arey, a peninsula surrounded with a close row of trees, which overhung the streams, and under their branches we could just see a neat white house that stood in the middle of the field enclosed by the trees. Before us was nothing but bare hills, and the road through the bare glen. A person who has not travelled in Scotland can scarcely imagine the pleasure we have had from a stone house, though fresh from the workmen's hands, square and sharp; there is generally such an appearance of equality in poverty through the long glens of Scotland, giving the notion of savage ignorance—no house better than another, and barns and houses all alike. This house had, how-

ever, other recommendations of its own ; even in the fertile parts of Somersetshire it would have been a delicious spot ; here, "'Mid mountain wild set like a little nest," it was a resting-place for the fancy, and to this day I often think of it, the cottage and its green covert, as an image of romance, a place of which I have the same sort of knowledge as of some of the retirements, the little valleys, described so livelily by Spenser in his *Fairy Queen.*

We travelled on, the glen now becoming entirely bare. Passed a miserable hut on a naked hill-side, not far from the road, where we were told by a man who came out of it that we might refresh ourselves with a dram of whisky. Went over the hill, and saw nothing remarkable till we came in view of Loch Awe, a large lake far below us, among high mountains—one very large mountain right opposite, which we afterwards found was called Cruachan. The day was pleasant—sunny gleams and a fresh breeze ; the lake—we looked across it—as bright as silver, which made the islands, three or four in number, appear very green. We descended gladly, invited by the prospect before us, travelling downwards, along the side of the hill, above a deep glen, woody towards the lower part near the brook ; the hills on all sides were high and bare, and not very stony : it made us think of the descent from Newlands into Buttermere, though on a wider scale, and much inferior in simple majesty.

After walking down the hill a long way we came to a bridge, under which the water dashed through a dark channel of rocks among trees, the lake being at a considerable distance below, with cultivated lands between. Close upon the bridge was a small hamlet,[1] a few houses near together, and huddled up in trees—a very sweet spot, the only retired village we had yet seen which was characterized by "beautiful" wildness with sheltering

[1] Cladich.—J. C. S.

warmth. We had been told at Inverary that we should come to a place where we might give our horse a feed of corn, and found on inquiry that there was a little public-house here, or rather a hut "where they kept a dram." It was a cottage, like all the rest, without a sign-board. The woman of the house helped to take the horse out of harness, and, being hungry, we asked her if she could make us some porridge, to which she replied that "we should get that," and I followed her into the house, and sate over her hearth while she was making it. As to fire, there was little sign of it, save the smoke, for a long time, she having no fuel but green wood, and no bellows but her breath. My eyes smarted exceedingly, but the woman seemed so kind and cheerful that I was willing to endure it for the sake of warming my feet in the ashes and talking to her. The fire was in the middle of the room, a crook being suspended from a cross-beam, and a hole left at the top for the smoke to find its way out by: it was a rude Highland hut, unadulterated by Low-land fashions, but it had not the elegant shape of the ferry-house at Loch Ketterine, and the fire, being in the middle of the room, could not be such a snug place to draw to on a winter's night.

We had a long afternoon before us, with only eight miles to travel to Dalmally, and, having been told that a ferry-boat was kept at one of the islands, we resolved to call for it, and row to the island, so we went to the top of an eminence, and the man who was with us set some children to work to gather sticks and withered leaves to make a smoky fire—a signal for the boatman, whose hut is on a flat green island, like a sheep pasture, without trees, and of a considerable size: the man told us it was a rabbit-warren. There were other small islands, on one of which was a ruined house, fortification, or small castle: we could not learn anything of its history, only a girl told us that formerly gentlemen lived in such places. Immediately from the water's edge rose the mountain Cruachan on the opposite side of the lake; it is woody

near the water and craggy above, with deep hollows on the surface. We thought it the grandest mountain we had seen, and on saying to the man who was with us that it was a fine mountain, "Yes," he replied, "it is an excellent mountain," adding that it was higher than Ben Lomond, and then told us some wild stories of the enormous profits it brought to Lord Breadalbane, its lawful owner. The shape of Loch Awe is very remarkable, its outlet being at one side, and only about eight miles from the head, and the whole lake twenty-four miles in length. We looked with longing after that branch of it opposite to us out of which the water issues: it seemed almost like a river gliding under steep precipices. What we saw of the larger branch, or what might be called the body of the lake, was less promising, the banks being merely gentle slopes, with not very high mountains behind, and the ground moorish and cold.

The children, after having collected fuel for our fire, began to play on the green hill where we stood, as heedless as if we had been trees or stones, and amused us exceedingly with their activity: they wrestled, rolled down the hill, pushing one another over and over again, laughing, screaming, and chattering Erse: they were all without shoes and stockings, which, making them fearless of hurting or being hurt, gave a freedom to the action of their limbs which I never saw in English children: they stood upon one another, body, breast, or face, or any other part; sometimes one was uppermost, sometimes another, and sometimes they rolled all together, so that we could not know to which body this leg or that arm belonged. We waited, watching them, till we were assured that the boatman had noticed our signal.—By the bye, if we had received proper directions at Loch Lomond, on our journey to Loch Ketterine, we should have made our way down the lake till we had come opposite to the ferryman's house, where there is a hut, and the people who live there are accustomed to call

him by the same signal as here. Luckily for us we were not so well instructed, for we should have missed the pleasure of receiving the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane and their family.

A young woman who wanted to go to the island accompanied us to the water-side. The walk was pleasant, through fields with hedgerows, the greenest fields we had seen in Scotland; but we were obliged to return without going to the island. The poor man had taken his boat to another place, and the waters were swollen so that we could not go close to the shore, and show ourselves to him, nor could we make him hear by shouting. On our return to the public-house we asked the woman what we should pay her, and were not a little surprised when she answered, "Three shillings." Our horse had had a sixpenny feed of miserable corn, not worth threepence; the rest of the charge was for skimmed milk, oat-bread, porridge, and blue milk cheese: we told her it was far too much; and, giving her half-a-crown, departed. I was sorry she had made this unreasonable demand, because we had liked the woman, and we had before been so well treated in the Highland cottages; but, on thinking more about it, I satisfied myself that it was no scheme to impose upon us, for she was contented with the half-crown, and would, I daresay, have been so with two shillings, if we had offered it her at first. Not being accustomed to fix a price upon porridge and milk, to such as we, at least, when we asked her she did not know what to say; but, seeing that we were travelling for pleasure, no doubt she concluded we were rich, and that what was a small gain to her could be no great loss to us.

When we had gone a little way we saw before us a young man with a bundle over his shoulder, hung on a stick, bearing a great boy on his back: seeing that they were travellers, we offered to take the boy on the car, to which the man replied that he should be more than thankful, and set him up beside me. They had walked from Glasgow, and that morning from Inverary; the

boy was only six years old, "But," said his father, "he is a stout walker," and a fine fellow he was, smartly dressed in tight clean clothes and a nice round hat: he was going to stay with his grandmother at Dalmally. I found him good company; though I could not draw a single word out of him, it was a pleasure to see his happiness gleaming through the shy glances of his healthy countenance. Passed a pretty chapel by the lake-side, and an island with a farm-house upon it, and corn and pasture fields; but, as we went along, we had frequent reason to regret the want of English hedgerows and English culture; for the ground was often swampy or moorish near the lake where comfortable dwellings among green fields might have been. When we came near to the end of the lake we had a steep hill to climb, so William and I walked; and we had such confidence in our horse that we were not afraid to leave the car to his guidance with the child in it; we were soon, however, alarmed at seeing him trot up the hill a long way before us; the child, having raised himself up upon the seat, was beating him as hard as he could with a little stick which he carried in his hand; and when he saw our eyes were on him he sate down, I believe very sorry to resign his office: the horse slackened his pace, and no accident happened.

When we had ascended half-way up the hill, directed by the man, I took a nearer footpath, and at the top came in view of a most impressive scene, a ruined castle on an island almost in the middle of the last compartment of the lake, backed by a mountain cove, down which came a roaring stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water; mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine between; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the castle was wild, yet stately, not dismantled of its turrets, nor the walls broken down, though completely in ruin. After having stood some minutes

I joined William on the high road, and both wishing to stay longer near this place, we requested the man to drive his little boy on to Dalmally, about two miles further, and leave the car at the inn. He told us that the ruin was called Kilchurn Castle, that it belonged to Lord Breadalbane, and had been built by one of the ladies of that family for her defence during her Lord's absence at the Crusades, for which purpose she levied a tax of seven years' rent upon her tenants;[1] he said that from that side of the lake it did not appear, in very dry weather, to stand upon an island; but that it was possible to go over to it without being wet-shod. We were very lucky in seeing it after a great flood; for its enchanting effect was chiefly owing to its situation in the lake, a decayed palace rising out of the plain of waters! I have called it a palace, for such feeling it gave to me, though having been built as a place of defence, a castle or fortress. We turned again and re-ascended the hill, and sate a long time in the middle of it looking on the castle and the huge mountain cove opposite, and William, addressing himself to the ruin, poured out these verses:[2]—

> Child of loud-throated War! the mountain stream
> Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
> Is come, and thou art silent in thy age.

We walked up the hill again, and, looking down the vale, had a fine view of the lake and islands, resembling the views down Windermere, though much less rich. Our walk to Dalmally was pleasant: the vale makes a turn to the right, beyond the head of the lake, and the village of Dalmally, which is, in fact, only a few huts, the manse or minister's house, the chapel, and the inn, stands near the river, which flows into the head of the lake. The whole vale is very pleasing, the lower part of the hill-sides being sprinkled with thatched cottages,

[1] Not very probable.—J. C. S.

[2] *Address to Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe.*—ED.

cultivated ground in small patches near them, which evidently belonged to the cottages.

We were overtaken by a gentleman who rode on a beautiful white pony, like Lilly, and was followed by his servant, a Highland boy, on another pony, a little creature, not much bigger than a large mastiff, on which were slung a pair of crutches and a tartan plaid. The gentleman entered into conversation with us, and on our telling him that we were going to Glen Coe, he advised us, instead of proceeding directly to Tyndrum, the next stage, to go round by the outlet of Loch Awe to Loch Etive, and thence to Glen Coe. We were glad to change our plan, for we wanted much to see more of Loch Awe, and he told us that the whole of the way by Loch Etive was pleasant, and the road to Tyndrum as dreary as possible; indeed, we could see it at that time several miles before us upon the side of a bleak mountain; and he said that there was nothing but moors and mountains all the way. We reached the inn a little before sunset, ordered supper, and I walked out. Crossed a bridge to look more nearly at the parsonage-house and the chapel, which stands upon a bank close to the river, a pretty stream overhung in some parts by trees. The vale is very pleasing; but, like all the other Scotch vales we had yet seen, it told of its kinship with the mountains and of poverty or some neglect on the part of man.

Thursday, September 1st.—We had been attended at supper by a civil boy, whom we engaged to rouse us at six o'clock, and to provide us each a basin of milk and bread, and have the car ready; all which he did punctually, and we were off in good time. The morning was not unpleasant, though rather cold, and we had some fear of rain. Crossed the bridge, and passed by the manse and chapel, our road carrying us back again in the direction we had come; but on the opposite side of the river. Passed close to many of the houses we had seen on the hill-side, which the lame gentleman had told

us belonged to Lord Breadalbane, and were attached to little farms, or "crofts," as he called them. Lord Breadalbane had lately laid out a part of his estates in this way as an experiment, in the hope of preventing discontent and emigration. We were sorry we had not an opportunity of seeing into these cottages, and of learning how far the people were happy or otherwise. The dwellings certainly did not look so comfortable when we were near to them as from a distance; but this might be chiefly owing to what the inhabitants did not feel as an evil—the dirt about the doors. We saw, however—a sight always painful to me—two or three women, each creeping after her single cow, while it was feeding on the slips of grass between the corn-grounds. Went round the head of the lake, and onwards close to the lake-side. Kilchurn Castle was always interesting, though not so grand as seen from the other side, with its own mountain cove and roaring stream. It combined with the vale of Dalmally and the distant hills—a beautiful scene, yet overspread with a gentle desolation. As we went further down we lost sight of the vale of Dalmally. The castle, which we often stopped to look back upon, was very beautiful seen in combination with the opposite shore of the lake—perhaps a little bay, a tuft of trees, or a slope of the hill. Travelled under the foot of the mountain Cruachan, along an excellent road, having the lake close to us on our left, woods overhead, and frequent torrents tumbling down the hills. The distant views across the lake were not peculiarly interesting after we were out of sight of Kilchurn Castle, the lake being wide, and the opposite shore not rich, and those mountains which we could see were not high.

Came opposite to the village where we had dined the day before, and, losing sight of the body of the lake, pursued the narrow channel or pass,[1] which is, I believe, three miles long, out of which issues the river that flows

[1] The Pass of Awe.—J. C. S.

into Loch Etive. We were now enclosed between steep hills, on the opposite side entirely bare, on our side bare or woody; the branch of the lake generally filling the whole area of the vale. It was a pleasing, solitary scene; the long reach of naked precipices on the other side rose directly out of the water, exceedingly steep, not rugged or rocky, but with scanty sheep pasturage and large beds of small stones, purple, dove-coloured, or red, such as are called Screes in Cumberland and Westmoreland. These beds, or rather streams of stones, appeared as smooth as the turf itself, nay, I might say, as soft as the feathers of birds, which they resembled in colour. There was no building on either side of the water; in many parts only just room for the road, and on the other shore no footing, as it might seem, for any creature larger than the mountain sheep, and they, in treading amongst the shelving stones, must often send them down into the lake below.

After we had wound for some time through the valley, having met neither foot-traveller, horse, nor cart, we started at the sight of a single vessel, just as it turned round the point of a hill, coming into the reach of the valley where we were. She floated steadily through the middle of the water, with one large sail spread out, full swollen by the breeze, that blew her right towards us. I cannot express what romantic images this vessel brought along with her—how much more beautiful the mountains appeared, the lake how much more graceful. There was one man on board, who sate at the helm, and he, having no companion, made the boat look more silent than if we could not have seen him. I had almost said the ship, for on that narrow water it appeared as large as the ships which I have watched sailing out of a harbour of the sea. A little further on we passed a stone hut by the lake-side, near which were many charcoal sacks, and we conjectured that the vessel had been depositing charcoal brought from other parts of Loch Awe to be carried to the iron-works at Loch Etive. A

little further on we came to the end of the lake, but where exactly it ended was not easy to determine, for the river was as broad as the lake, and we could only say when it became positively a river by the rushing of the water. It is, indeed, a grand stream, the quantity of water being very large, frequently forming rapids, and always flowing very quickly; but its greatness is short-lived, for, after a course of three miles, it is lost in the great waters of Loch Etive, a sea loch.

Crossed a bridge, and climbing a hill towards Taynuilt, our baiting-place, we saw a hollow to the right below us, through which the river continued its course between rocks and steep banks of wood. William turned aside to look into the dell, but I was too much tired. We had left it, two or three hundred yards behind, an open river, the hills, enclosing the branch of the lake, having settled down into irregular slopes. We were glad when we reached Taynuilt, a village of huts, with a chapel and one stone house, which was the inn. It had begun to rain, and I was almost benumbed with the cold, besides having a bad headache; so it rejoiced me to see kind looks on the landlady's face, and that she was willing to put herself in a bustle for our comfort; we had a good fire presently, and breakfast was set out—eggs, preserved gooseberries, excellent cream, cheese, and butter, but no wheat bread, and the oaten cakes were so hard I could not chew them. We wished to go upon Loch Etive; so, having desired the landlady to prepare a fowl for supper, and engaged beds, which she promised us willingly—a proof that we were not in the great road—we determined to find our way to the lake and endeavour to procure a boat. It rained heavily, but we went on, hoping the sky would clear up.

Walked through unenclosed fields, a sort of half-desolate country; but when we came to the mouth of the river which issues out of Loch Awe, and which we had to cross by a ferry, looking up that river we saw that the vale down which it flowed was richly wooded and beautiful.

We were now among familiar fireside names. We could see the town of Bunawe, a place of which the old woman with whom William lodged ten years at Hawkshead used to tell tales half as long as an ancient romance. It is a small village or port on the same side of Loch Etive on which we stood, and at a little distance is a house built by a Mr. Knott of Coniston Water-head, a partner in the iron-foundry at Bunawe, in the service of whose family the old woman had spent her youth. It was an ugly yellow-daubed building, staring this way and that, but William looked at it with pleasure for poor Ann Tyson's sake.[1] We hailed the ferry-boat, and a little boy came to fetch us; he rowed up against the stream with all his might for a considerable way, and then yielding to it, the boat was shot towards the shore almost like an arrow from a bow. It was pleasing to observe the dexterity with which the lad managed his oars, glorying in the appearance of danger—for he observed us watching him, and afterwards, while he conveyed us over, his pride redoubled; for my part, I was completely dizzy with the swiftness of the motion.

We could not have a boat from the ferry, but were told that if we would walk to a house half a mile up the river, we had a chance of getting one. I went a part of the way with William, and then sate down under the umbrella near some houses. A woman came out to talk with me, and pressed me to take shelter in her house, which I refused, afraid of missing William. She eyed me with extreme curiosity, asking fifty questions respecting the object of our journey. She told me that it rained most parts of the year there, and that there was no chance of fine weather that day; and I believe when William came to tell me that we could have a boat, she thought I was half crazed. We went down to the shore of the lake, and, after having sate some time under a wall, the boatman came to us, and we went upon the

[1] The village dame with whom he lived when a school-boy at Hawkshead.—ED.

water. At first it did not rain heavily, and the air was not cold, and before we had gone far we rejoiced that we had not been faint-hearted. The loch is of a considerable width, but the mountains are so very high that, whether we were close under them or looked from one shore to the other, they maintained their dignity. I speak of the higher part of the loch, above the town of Bunawe and the large river, for downwards they are but hills, and the water spreads out wide towards undetermined shores. On our right was the mountain Cruachan, rising directly from the lake, and on the opposite side another mountain, called Ben Durinish,[1] craggy, and exceedingly steep, with wild wood growing among the rocks and stones.

We crossed the water, which was very rough in the middle, but calmer near the shores, and some of the rocky basins and little creeks among the rocks were as still as a mirror, and they were so beautiful with the reflection of the orange-coloured seaweed growing on the stones or rocks, that a child, with a child's delight in gay colours, might have danced with joy at the sight of them. It never ceased raining, and the tops of the mountains were concealed by mists, but as long as we could see across the water we were contented ; for though little could be seen of the true shapes and permanent appearances of the mountains, we saw enough to give us the most exquisite delight: the powerful lake which filled the large vale, roaring torrents, clouds floating on the mountain sides, sheep that pastured there, sea-birds and land birds. We sailed a considerable way without coming to any houses or cultivated fields. There was no horse-road on either side of the loch, but a person on foot, as the boatman told us, might make his way at the foot of Ben Durinish, namely on that side of the loch on which we were ; there was, however, not the least track to be seen, and it must be very difficult and laborious.

[1] Duirinnis.—ED.

We happened to say that we were going to Glen Coe, which would be the journey of a long day and a half, when one of the men, pointing to the head of the loch, replied that if we were there we should be but an hour's walk from Glen Coe. Though it continued raining, and there was no hope that the rain would cease, we could not help wishing to go by that way: it was an adventure; we were not afraid of trusting ourselves to the hospitality of the Highlanders, and we wanted to give our horse a day's rest, his back having been galled by the saddle. The owner of the boat, who understood English much better than the other man, his helper, said he would make inquiries about the road at a farm-house a little further on. He was very ready to talk with us, and was rather an interesting companion; he spoke after a slow and solemn manner, in book and sermon language and phrases:

> A stately speech,
> Such as grave livers do in Scotland use.[1]

When we came to the farm-house of which the man had spoken, William and he landed to make the necessary inquiries. It was a thatched house at the foot of the high mountain Ben Durinish—a few patches or little beds of corn belonging to it; but the spot was pastoral, the green grass growing to the walls of the house. The dwelling-house was distinguished from the outer buildings, which were numerous, making it look like two or three houses, as is common in Scotland, by a chimney and one small window with sash-panes; on one side was a little woody glen, with a precipitous stream that fell into the bay, which was perfectly still, and bordered with the rich orange-colour reflected from the sea-weed. Cruachan, on the other side of the lake, was exceedingly grand, and appeared of an enormous height, spreading out two large arms that made a cove down which fell many streams swoln by the rain, and in the hollow of the

[1] See *Resolution and Independence*, stanza xiv.—ED.

cove were some huts which looked like a village. The top of the mountain was concealed from us by clouds, and the mists floated high and low upon the sides of it.

William came back to the boat highly pleased with the cheerful hospitality and kindness of the woman of the house, who would scarcely permit him and his guide to go away without taking some refreshment. She was the only person at home, so they could not obtain the desired information ; but William had been well repaid for the trouble of landing ; indeed, rainy as it was, I regretted that I had not landed also, for I should have wished to bear away in my memory a perfect image of this place,—the view from the doors, as well as the simple Highland comforts and contrivances which were near it. I think I never saw a retirement that would have so completely satisfied me, if I had wanted to be altogether shut out from the world, and at the same time among the grandest of the works of God ; but it must be remembered that mountains are often so much dignified by clouds, mists, and other accidents of weather, that one could not know them again in the full sunshine of a summer's noon. But, whatever the mountains may be in their own shapes, the farm-house with its pastoral grounds and corn fields won from the mountain, its warm out-houses in irregular stages one above another on the side of the hill, the rocks, the stream, and sheltering bay, must at all times be interesting objects. The household boat lay at anchor, chained to a rock, which, like the whole border of the lake, was edged with sea-weed, and some fishing-nets were hung upon poles,—affecting images, which led our thoughts out to the wide ocean, yet made these solitudes of the mountains bear the impression of greater safety and more deep seclusion.

The rain became so heavy that we should certainly have turned back if we had not felt more than usual courage from the pleasure we had enjoyed, which raised hope where none was. There were some houses a little higher up, and we determined to go thither and make

further inquiries. We could now hardly see to the other side of the lake, yet continued to go on, and presently heard some people pushing through a thicket close to us, on which the boatman called out, "There's one that can tell us something about the road to Glen Coe, for he was born there." We looked up and saw a ragged, lame fellow, followed by some others, with a fishing-rod over his shoulder; and he was making such good speed through the boughs that one might have half believed he was the better for his lame leg. He was the head of a company of tinkers, who, as the men told us, travel with their fishing-rods as duly as their hammers. On being hailed by us the whole company stopped; and their lame leader and our boatmen shouted to each other in Erse—a savage cry to our ears, in that lonely and romantic place. We could not learn from the tinker all we wished to know, therefore when we came near to the houses William landed again with the owner of the boat. The rain was now so heavy that we could see nothing at all—not even the houses whither William was going.

We had given up all thought of proceeding further at that time, but were desirous to know how far that road to Glen Coe was practicable for us. They met with an intelligent man, who was at work with others in a hay field, though it rained so heavily; he gave them the information they desired, and said that there was an acquaintance of his between that place and Glen Coe, who, he had no doubt, would gladly accommodate us with lodging and anything else we might need. When William returned to the boat we shaped our course back again down the water, leaving the head of Loch Etive not only unvisited, but unseen—to our great regret. The rain was very heavy; the wind had risen, and both wind and tide were against us, so that it was hard labour for the boatmen to push us on. They kept as close to the shore as they could, to be under the wind; but at the doubling of many of the rocky points the tide was so strong that it was difficult to get on at all, and I was

sometimes afraid that we should be dashed against the rocks, though I believe, indeed, there was not much danger.

Came down the same side of the lake under Ben Durinish, and landed at a ferry-house opposite to Bunawe, where we gave the men a glass of whisky; but our chief motive for landing was to look about the place, which had a most wild aspect at that time. It was a low promontory, pushed far into the water, narrowing the lake exceedingly; in the obscurity occasioned by the mist and rain it appeared to be an island; it was stained and weatherbeaten, a rocky place, seeming to bear no produce but such as might be cherished by cold and storms, lichens or the incrustations of sea rocks. We rowed right across the water to the mouth of the river of Loch Awe, our boat following the ferry-boat which was conveying the tinker crew to the other side, whither they were going to lodge, as the men told us, in some kiln, which they considered as their right and privilege—a lodging always to be found where there was any arable land—for every farm has its kiln to dry the corn in: another proof of the wetness of the climate. The kilns are built of stone, covered in, and probably as good a shelter as the huts in which these Highland vagrants were born. They gather sticks or heather for their fire, and, as they are obstinate beggars, for the men said they would not be denied, they probably have plenty of food with little other trouble than that of wandering in search of it, for their smutty faces and tinker equipage serve chiefly for a passport to a free and careless life. It rained very heavily, and the wind blew when we crossed the lake, and their boat and ours went tilting over the high waves. They made a romantic appearance; three women were of the party; two men rowed them over; the lame fellow sate at one end of the boat, and his companion at the other, each with an enormous fishing-rod, which looked very graceful, something like masts to the boat. When we had landed at the other side we saw them, after having begged

at the ferry-house, strike merrily through the fields, no doubt betaking themselves to their shelter for the night.

We were completely wet when we reached the inn; the landlady wanted to make a fire for me up-stairs, but I went into her own parlour to undress, and her daughter, a pretty little girl, who could speak a few words of English, waited on me; I rewarded her with one of the penny books bought at Dumfries for Johnny, with which she was greatly delighted. We had an excellent supper —fresh salmon, a fowl, gooseberries and cream, and potatoes; good beds; and the next morning boiled milk and bread, and were only charged seven shillings and sixpence for the whole—horse, liquor, supper, and the two breakfasts. We thought they had made a mistake, and told them so—for it was only just half as much as we had paid the day before at Dalmally, the case being that Dalmally is in the main road of the tourists. The landlady insisted on my bringing away a little cup instead of our tin can, which she told me had been taken from the car by some children: we set no little value on this cup as a memorial of the good woman's honesty and kindness, and hoped to have brought it home. . . .

Friday, September 2nd.—Departed at about seven o'clock this morning, having to travel eight miles down Loch Etive, and then to cross a ferry. Our road was at first at a considerable distance from the lake, and out of sight of it, among undulating hills covered with coppice woods, resembling the country between Coniston and Windermere, but it afterwards carried us close to the water's edge; and in this part of our ride we were disappointed. We knew that the high mountains were all at the head of the lake, therefore had not expected the same awful grandeur which we beheld the day before, and perceived by glimpses; but the gentleman whom we met with at Dalmally had told us that there were many fine situations for gentlemen's seats on this part

of the lake, which had made us expect greater loveliness near the shores, and better cultivation. It is true there are pleasant bays, with grounds prettily sloping to the water, and coppice woods, where houses would stand in shelter and sun, looking on the lake; but much is yet wanting—waste lands to be ploughed, peat-mosses drained, hedgerows reared; and the woods demand a grant of longer life than is now their privilege.

But after we had journeyed about six miles a beautiful scene opened upon us. The morning had been gloomy, and at this time the sun shone out, scattering the clouds. We looked right down the lake, that was covered with streams of dazzling sunshine, which revealed the indentings of the dark shores. On a bold promontory, on the same side of the loch where we were, stood an old castle, an irregular tall building, not without majesty; and beyond, with leagues of water between, our eyes settled upon the island of Mull, a high mountain, green in the sunshine, and overcast with clouds,—an object as inviting to the fancy as the evening sky in the west, and though of a terrestrial green, almost as visionary. We saw that it was an island of the sea, but were unacquainted with its name; it was of a gem-like colour, and as soft as the sky. The shores of Loch Etive, in their moorish, rocky wildness, their earthly bareness, as they lay in length before us, produced a contrast which, with the pure sea, the brilliant sunshine, the long distance, contributed to the aërial and romantic power with which the mountain island was invested.

Soon after, we came to the ferry. The boat being on the other shore, we had to wait a considerable time, though the water was not wide, and our call was heard immediately. The boatmen moved with surly tardiness, as if glad to make us know that they were our masters. At this point the lake was narrowed to the breadth of not a very wide river by a round ear or promontory on the side on which we were, and a low ridge of peat-mossy ground on the other. It was a dreary place, shut

out from the beautiful prospect of the Isle of Mull, and Dunstaffnage Castle—so the fortress was called. Four or five men came over with the boat; the horse was unyoked, and being harshly driven over rough stones, which were as slippery as ice, with slimy seaweed, he was in terror before he reached the boat, and they completed the work by beating and pushing him by main force over the ridge of the boat, for there was no open end, or plank, or any other convenience for shipping either horse or carriage. I was very uneasy when we were launched on the water. A blackguard-looking fellow, blind of one eye, which I could not but think had been put out in some strife or other, held him by force like a horse-breaker, while the poor creature fretted, and stamped with his feet against the bare boards, frightening himself more and more with every stroke; and when we were in the middle of the water I would have given a thousand pounds to have been sure that we should reach the other side in safety. The tide was rushing violently in, making a strong eddy with the stream of the loch, so that the motion of the boat and the noise and foam of the waves terrified him still more, and we thought it would be impossible to keep him in the boat, and when we were just far enough from the shore to have been all drowned he became furious, and, plunging desperately, his hind-legs were in the water, then, recovering himself, he beat with such force against the boat-side that we were afraid he should send his feet through. All the while the men were swearing terrible oaths, and cursing the poor beast, redoubling their curses when we reached the landing-place, and whipping him ashore in brutal triumph.

We had only room for half a heartful of joy when we set foot on dry land, for another ferry was to be crossed five miles further. We had intended breakfasting at this house if it had been a decent place; but after this affair we were glad to pay the men off and depart, though I was not well and needed refreshment. The

people made us more easy by assuring us that we might easily swim the horse over the next ferry. The first mile or two of our road was over a peat-moss; we then came near to the sea-shore, and had beautiful views backwards towards the Island of Mull and Dunstaffnage Castle, and forward where the sea ran up between the hills. In this part, on the opposite side of the small bay or elbow of the sea, was a gentleman's house on a hillside,[1] and a building on the hill-top which we took for a lighthouse, but were told that it belonged to the mansion, and was only lighted up on rejoicing days—the laird's birthday, for instance.

Before we had left the peat-moss to travel close to the sea-shore we delighted ourselves with looking on a range of green hills, in shape like those bordering immediately upon the sea, abrupt but not high; they were, in fact, a continuation of the same; but retiring backwards, and rising from the black peat-moss. These hills were of a delicate green, uncommon in Scotland; a foaming rivulet ran down one part, and near it lay two herdsmen full in the sun, with their dogs, among a troop of black cattle which were feeding near, and sprinkled over the whole range of hills—a pastoral scene, to our eyes the more beautiful from knowing what a delightful prospect it must overlook. We now came under the steeps by the sea-side, which were bold rocks, mouldering scars, or fresh with green grass. Under the brow of one of these rocks was a burying-ground, with many upright grave-stones and hay-cocks between, and fenced round by a wall neatly sodded. Near it were one or two houses, with out-houses under a group of trees, but no chapel. The neatness of the burying-ground would in itself have been noticeable in any part of Scotland where we have been; but it was more interesting from its situation than for its own sake—within the sound of the gentlest waves of the sea, and near so many

[1] Lochnell House.—J. C. S.

quiet and beautiful objects. There was a range of hills opposite, which we were here first told were the hills of Morven, so much sung of by Ossian. We consulted with some men respecting the ferry, who advised us by all means to send our horse round the loch, and go ourselves over in the boat: they were very civil, and seemed to be intelligent men, yet all disagreed about the length of the loch, though we were not two miles from it: one said it was only six miles long, another ten or fifteen, and afterwards a man whom we met told us it was twenty.

We lost sight of the sea for some time, crossing a half-cultivated space, then reached Loch Creran, a large irregular sea loch, with low sloping banks, coppice woods, and uncultivated grounds, with a scattering of corn fields; as it appeared to us, very thinly inhabited: mountains at a distance. We found only women at home at the ferry-house. I was faint and cold, and went to sit by the fire, but, though very much needing refreshment, I had not heart to eat anything there—the house was so dirty, and there were so many wretchedly dirty women and children; yet perhaps I might have got over the dirt, though I believe there are few ladies who would not have been turned sick by it, if there had not been a most disgusting combination of laziness and coarseness in the countenances and manners of the women, though two of them were very handsome. It was a small hut, and four women were living in it: one, the mother of the children and mistress of the house; the others I supposed to be lodgers, or perhaps servants; but there was no work amongst them. They had just taken from the fire a great pan full of potatoes, which they mixed up with milk, all helping themselves out of the same vessel, and the little children put in their dirty hands to dig out of the mess at their pleasure. I thought to myself, How light the labour of such a house as this! Little sweeping, no washing of floors, and as to scouring the table, I believe it was a thing never thought of.

After a long time the ferryman came home; but we had to wait yet another hour for the tide. In the meanwhile our horse took fright in consequence of his terror at the last ferry, ran away with the car, and dashed out umbrellas, greatcoats, etc.; but luckily he was stopped before any serious mischief was done. We had determined, whatever it cost, not to trust ourselves with him again in the boat; but sending him round the lake seemed almost out of the question, there being no road, and probably much difficulty in going round with a horse; so after some deliberation with the ferryman it was agreed that he should swim over. The usual place of ferrying was very broad, but he was led to the point of a peninsula at a little distance. It being an unusual affair,—indeed, the people of the house said that he was the first horse that had ever swum over,—we had several men on board, and the mistress of the house offered herself as an assistant: we supposed for the sake of a share in eighteen-pennyworth of whisky which her husband called for without ceremony, and of which she and the young lasses, who had helped to push the boat into the water, partook as freely as the men. At first I feared for the horse: he was frightened, and strove to push himself under the boat; but I was soon tolerably easy, for he went on regularly and well, and after from six to ten minutes' swimming landed in safety on the other side. Poor creature! he stretched out his nostrils and stared wildly while the man was trotting him about to warm him, and when he put him into the car he was afraid of the sound of the wheels. For some time our road was up a glen, the banks chiefly covered with coppice woods, an unpeopled, but, though without grandeur, not a dreary tract.

Came to a moor and descended into a broad vale, which opened to Loch Linnhe, an arm of the sea, the prospect being shut in by high mountains, on which the sun was shining among mists and resting clouds. A village and chapel stood on the opposite hill; the hills

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sloped prettily down to the bed of the vale, a large level area —the grounds in general cultivated, but not rich. We went perhaps half a mile down the vale, when our road struck right across it towards the village on the hill-side. We overtook a tall, well-looking man, seemingly about thirty years of age, driving a cart, of whom we inquired concerning the road, and the distance to Port-nacroish, our baiting-place. We made further inquiries respecting our future journey, which he answered in an intelligent manner, being perfectly acquainted with the geography of Scotland. He told us that the village which we saw before us and the whole tract of country was called Appin. William said that it was a pretty, wild place, to which the man replied, "Sir, it is a very bonny place if you did but see it on a fine day," mistaking William's praise for a half-censure; I must say, however, that we hardly ever saw a thoroughly pleasing place in Scotland, which had not something of wildness in its aspect of one sort or other. It came from many causes here: the sea, or sea-loch, of which we only saw as it were a glimpse crossing the vale at the foot of it, the high mountains on the opposite shore, the unenclosed hills on each side of the vale, with black cattle feeding on them, the simplicity of the scattered huts, the half-sheltered, half-exposed situation of the village, the imperfect culture of the fields, the distance from any city or large town, and the very names of Morven and Appin, particularly at such a time, when old Ossian's old friends, sunbeams and mists, as like ghosts as any in the mid-afternoon could be, were keeping company with them. William did all he could to efface the unpleasant impression he had made on the Highlander, and not without success, for he was kind and communicative when we walked up the hill towards the village. He had been a great traveller, in Ireland and elsewhere; but I believe that he had visited no place so beautiful to his eyes as his native home, the strath of Appin under the heathy hills.

We arrived at Portnacroish soon after parting from

Beaver Elk, N. G.

this man. It is a small village—a few huts and an indifferent inn by the side of the loch. Ordered a fowl for dinner, had a fire lighted, and went a few steps from the door up the road, and turning aside into a field stood at the top of a low eminence, from which, looking down the loch to the sea through a long vista of hills and mountains, we beheld one of the most delightful prospects that, even when we dream of fairer worlds than this, it is possible for us to conceive in our hearts. A covering of clouds rested on the long range of the hills of Morven, mists floated very near to the water on their sides, and were slowly shifting about: yet the sky was clear, and the sea, from the reflection of the sky, of an ethereal or sapphire blue, which was intermingled in many places, and mostly by gentle gradations, with beds of bright dazzling sunshine; green islands lay on the calm water, islands far greener, for so it seemed, than the grass of other places; and from their excessive beauty, their unearthly softness, and the great distance of many of them, they made us think of the islands of the blessed in the *Vision of Mirza*—a resemblance more striking from the long tract of mist which rested on the top of the steeps of Morven. The view was endless, and though not so wide, had something of the intricacy of the islands and water of Loch Lomond as we saw them from Inch-ta-vannach; and yet how different! At Loch Lomond we could never forget that it was an inland lake of fresh water, nor here that it was the sea itself, though among multitudes of hills. Immediately below us, on an island a few yards from the shore, stood an old keep or fortress;[1] the vale of Appin opened to the water-side, with cultivated fields and cottages. If there were trees near the shore they contributed little to the delightful effect of the scene: it was the immeasurable water, the lofty mist-covered steeps of Morven to the right, the emerald islands without a bush or tree, the celestial colour and brightness of

[1] Castle Stalker.—J. C. S.

the calm sea, and the innumerable creeks and bays, the communion of land and water as far as the eye could travel. My description must needs be languid; for the sight itself was too fair to be remembered. We sate a long time upon the hill, and pursued our journey at about four o'clock. Had an indifferent dinner, but the cheese was so excellent that William wished to buy the remainder; but the woman would not consent to sell it, and forced us to accept a large portion of it.

We had to travel up the loch, leaving behind us the beautiful scene which we had viewed with such delight before dinner. Often, while we were climbing the hill, did we stop to look back, and when we had gone twenty or thirty yards beyond the point where we had the last view of it, we left the car to the care of some children who were coming from school, and went to take another farewell, always in the hope of bearing away a more substantial remembrance. Travelled for some miles along a road which was so smooth it was more like a gravel walk in a gentleman's grounds than a public highway. Probably the country is indebted for this excellent road to Lord Tweeddale,[1] now a prisoner in France. His house stands upon an eminence within a mile of Portnacroish, commanding the same prospect which I have spoken of, except that it must lose something in not having the old fortress at the foot of it—indeed, it is not to be seen at all from the house or grounds.

We travelled under steep hills, stony or smooth, with coppice-woods and patches of cultivated land, and houses here and there; and at every hundred yards, I may almost venture to say, a streamlet, narrow as a ribbon, came tumbling down, and, crossing our road, fell into the lake below. On the opposite shore, the hills—namely, the continuation of the hills of Morven—were

[1] George, seventh Marquis of Tweeddale, being in France in 1803, was detained by Bonaparte, and died at Verdun, 9th August 1804.—J. C. S.

stern and severe, rising like upright walls from the water's edge, and in colour more resembling rocks than hills, as they appeared to us. We did not see any house, or any place where it was likely a house could stand, for many miles; but as the loch was broad we could not perhaps distinguish the objects thoroughly. A little after sunset our road led us from the vale of the loch. We came to a small river, a bridge, a mill, and some cottages at the foot of a hill, and close to the loch.

Did not cross the bridge, but went up the brook, having it on our left, and soon found ourselves in a retired valley, scattered over with many grey huts, and surrounded on every side by green hills. The hay grounds in the middle of the vale were unenclosed, which was enough to keep alive the Scottish wildness, here blended with exceeding beauty; for there were trees growing irregularly or in clumps all through the valley, rocks or stones here and there, which, with the people at work, hay-cocks sprinkled over the fields, made the vale look full and populous. It was a sweet time of the evening: the moon was up; but there was yet so much of day that her light was not perceived. Our road was through open fields; the people suspended their work as we passed along, and leaning on their pitchforks or rakes, with their arms at their sides, or hanging down, some in one way, some in another, and no two alike, they formed most beautiful groups, the outlines of their figures being much more distinct than by day, and all that might have been harsh or unlovely softened down. The dogs were, as usual, attendant on their masters, and, watching after us, they barked aloud; yet even their barking hardly disturbed the quiet of the place.

I cannot say how long this vale was; it made the larger half of a circle, or a curve deeper than that of half a circle, before it opened again upon the loch. It was less thoroughly cultivated and woody after the last turning—the hills steep and lofty. We met a very tall stout man, a fine figure, in a Highland bonnet, with a

little girl, driving home their cow: he accosted us, saying that we were late travellers, and that we had yet four miles to go before we should reach Ballachulish—a long way, uncertain as we were respecting our accommodations. He told us that the vale was called the Strath of Duror, and when we said it was a pretty place, he answered, Indeed it was, and that they lived very comfortably there, for they had a good master, Lord Tweeddale, whose imprisonment he lamented, speaking earnestly of his excellent qualities. At the end of the vale we came close upon a large bay of the loch, formed by a rocky hill, a continuation of the ridge of high hills on the left side of the strath, making a very grand promontory, under which was a hamlet, a cluster of huts, at the water's edge, with their little fleet of fishing-boats at anchor, and behind, among the rocks, a hundred slips of corn, slips and patches, often no bigger than a garden such as a child, eight years old, would make for sport: it might have been the work of a small colony from China. There was something touching to the heart in this appearance of scrupulous industry, and excessive labour of the soil, in a country where hills and mountains, and even valleys, are left to the care of nature and the pleasure of the cattle that feed among them. It was, indeed, a very interesting place, the more so being in perfect contrast with the few houses at the entrance of the strath—a sea hamlet, without trees, under a naked stony mountain, yet perfectly sheltered, standing in the middle of a large bay which half the winds that travel over the lake can never visit. The other, a little bowery spot, with its river, bridge, and mill, might have been a hundred miles from the sea-side.

The moon was now shining, and though it reminded us how far the evening was advanced, we stopped for many minutes before we could resolve to go on; we saw nothing stirring, neither men, women, nor cattle; but the linen was still bleaching by the stony rivulet, which ran near the houses in water-breaks and tiny cataracts.

For the first half mile after we had left this scene there was nothing remarkable; and afterwards we could only see the hills, the sky, the moon, and moonlight water. When we came within, it might be, half a mile of Ballachulish, the place where we were to lodge, the loch narrowed very much, the hills still continuing high. I speak inaccurately, for it split into two divisions, the one along which we went being called Loch Leven.

The road grew very bad, and we had an anxious journey till we saw a light before us, which with great joy we assured ourselves was from the inn; but what was our distress when, on going a few steps further, we came to a bridge half broken down, with bushes laid across to prevent travellers from going over. After some perplexity we determined that I should walk on to the house before us—for we could see that the bridge was safe for foot-passengers—and ask for assistance. By great good luck, at this very moment four or five men came along the road towards us and offered to help William in driving the car through the water, which was not very deep at that time, though, only a few days before, the damage had been done to the bridge by a flood.

I walked on to the inn, ordered tea, and was conducted into a lodging-room. I desired to have a fire, and was answered with the old scruple about "giving fire,"—with, at the same time, an excuse "that it was so late,"—the girl, however, would ask the landlady, who was lying-in; the fire was brought immediately, and from that time the girl was very civil. I was not, however, quite at ease, for William stayed long, and I was going to leave my fire to seek after him, when I heard him at the door with the horse and car. The horse had taken fright with the roughness of the river-bed and the rattling of the wheels—the second fright in consequence of the ferry—and the men had been obliged to unyoke him and drag the car through, a troublesome affair for William; but he talked less of the trouble and alarm than of the

pleasure he had felt in having met with such true good-will and ready kindness in the Highlanders. They drank their glass of whisky at the door, wishing William twenty good wishes, and asking him twice as many questions,—if he was married, if he had an estate, where he lived, etc. etc. This inn is the ferry-house on the main road up into the Highlands by Fort-William, and here Coleridge, though unknown to us, had slept three nights before.

Saturday, September 3rd.—When we have arrived at an unknown place by moonlight, it is never a moment of indifference when I quit it again with the morning light, especially if the objects have appeared beautiful, or in any other way impressive or interesting. I have kept back, unwilling to go to the window, that I might not lose the picture taken to my pillow at night. So it was at Ballachulish: and instantly I felt that the passing away of my own fancies was a loss. The place had appeared exceedingly wild by moonlight; I had mistaken corn-fields for naked rocks, and the lake had appeared narrower and the hills more steep and lofty than they really were.

We rose at six o'clock, and took a basin of milk before we set forward on our journey to Glen Coe. It was a delightful morning, the road excellent, and we were in good spirits, happy that we had no more ferries to cross, and pleased with the thought that we were going among the grand mountains which we saw before us at the head of the loch. We travelled close to the water's edge, and were rolling along a smooth road, when the horse suddenly backed, frightened by the upright shafts of a roller rising from behind the wall of a field adjoining the road. William pulled, whipped, and struggled in vain; we both leapt upon the ground, and the horse dragged the car after him, he going backwards down the bank of the loch, and it was turned over, half in the water, the horse lying on his back, struggling in the harness, a frightful

sight! I gave up everything; thought that the horse would be lamed, and the car broken to pieces. Luckily a man came up in the same moment, and assisted William in extricating the horse, and, after an hour's delay, with the help of strings and pocket-handkerchiefs, we mended the harness and set forward again, William leading the poor animal all the way, for the regular beating of the waves frightened him, and any little gushing stream that crossed the road would have sent him off. The village where the blacksmith lived was before us—a few huts under the mountains, and, as it seemed, at the head of the loch; but it runs further up to the left, being narrowed by a hill above the village, near which, at the edge of the water, was a slate quarry, and many large boats with masts, on the water below, high mountains shutting in the prospect, which stood in single, distinguishable shapes, yet clustered together—simple and bold in their forms, and their surfaces of all characters and all colours—some that looked as if scarified by fire, others green; and there was one that might have been blasted by an eternal frost, its summit and sides for a considerable way down being as white as hoar-frost at eight o'clock on a winter's morning. No clouds were on the hills; the sun shone bright, but the wind blew fresh and cold.

When we reached the blacksmith's shop, I left William to help to take care of the horse, and went into the house. The mistress, with a child in her arms and two or three running about, received me very kindly, making many apologies for the dirty house, which she partly attributed to its being Saturday; but I could plainly see that it was dirt of all days. I sate in the midst of it with great delight, for the woman's benevolent, happy countenance almost converted her slovenly and lazy way of leaving all things to take care of themselves into a comfort and a blessing.

It was not a Highland hut, but a slated house built by the master of the quarry for the accommodation of

his blacksmith,—the shell of an English cottage, as if left unfinished by the workmen, without plaster, and with floor of mud. Two beds, with not over-clean bed-clothes, were in the room. Luckily for me, there was a good fire and a boiling kettle. The woman was very sorry she had no butter; none was to be had in the village: she gave me oaten and barley bread. We talked over the fire; I answered her hundred questions, and in my turn put some to her. She asked me, as usual, if I was married, how many brothers I had, etc. etc. I told her that William was married, and had a fine boy; to which she replied, "And the man's a decent man too." Her next-door neighbour came in with a baby on her arm, to request that I would accept of some fish, which I broiled in the ashes. She joined in our conversation, but with more shyness than her neighbour, being a very young woman. She happened to say that she was a stranger in that place, and had been bred and born a long way off. On my asking her where, she replied, "At Leadhills"; and when I told her that I had been there, a joy lighted up her countenance which I shall never forget, and when she heard that it was only a fortnight before, her eyes filled with tears. I was exceedingly affected with the simplicity of her manners; her tongue was now let loose, and she would have talked for ever of Leadhills, of her mother, of the quietness of the people in general, and the goodness of Mrs. Otto, who, she told me, was a "varra discreet woman." She was sure we should be "well put up" at Mrs. Otto's, and praised her house and furniture; indeed, it seemed she thought all earthly comforts were gathered together under the bleak heights that surround the villages of Wanlockhead and Leadhills: and afterwards, when I said it was a wild country thereabouts, she even seemed surprised, and said it was not half so wild as where she lived now. One circumstance which she mentioned of Mrs. Otto I must record, both in proof of her "discretion," and the sobriety of the people at

Leadhills, namely, that no liquor was ever drunk in her house after a certain hour of the night—I have forgotten what hour; but it was an early one, I am sure not later than ten.

The blacksmith, who had come in to his breakfast, was impatient to finish our job, that he might go out into the hay-field, for, it being a fine day, every plot of hay-ground was scattered over with hay-makers. On my saying that I guessed much of their hay must be spoiled, he told me no, for that they had high winds, which dried it quickly,—the people understood the climate, "were clever at the work, and got it in with a blink." He hastily swallowed his breakfast, dry bread and a basin of weak tea without sugar, and held his baby on his knee till he had done.

The women and I were again left to the fireside, and there were no limits to their joy in me, for they discovered another bond of connexion. I lived in the same part of England from which Mr. Rose, the superintendent of the slate-quarries, and his wife, had come. "Oh!" said Mrs. Stuart—so her neighbour called her, they not giving each other their Christian names, as is common in Cumberland and Westmoreland,—"Oh!" said she, "what would not I give to see anybody that came from within four or five miles of Leadhills?" They both exclaimed that I must see Mrs. Rose; she would make much of me—she would have given me tea and bread and butter and a good breakfast. I learned from the two women, Mrs. Stuart and Mrs. Duncan—so the other was called—that Stuart had come from Leadhills for the sake of better wages, to take the place of Duncan, who had resigned his office of blacksmith to the quarries, as far as I could learn, in a pet, intending to go to America, that his wife was averse to go, and that the scheme, for this cause and through other difficulties, had been given up. He appeared to be a good-tempered man, and made us a most reasonable charge for mending the car. His wife told me that they must give up the house in a

short time to the other blacksmith ; she did not know whither they should go, but her husband, being a good workman, could find employment anywhere. She hurried me out to introduce me to Mrs. Rose, who was at work in the hay-field ; she was exceedingly glad to see one of her country-women, and entreated that I would go up to her house. It was a substantial plain house, that would have held half-a-dozen of the common huts. She conducted me into a sitting-room up-stairs, and set before me red and white wine, with the remnant of a loaf of wheaten bread, which she took out of a cupboard in the sitting-room, and some delicious butter. She was a healthy and cheerful-looking woman, dressed like one of our country lasses, and had certainly had no better education than Peggy Ashburner, but she was as a chief in this secluded place, a Madam of the village, and seemed to be treated with the utmost respect.

In our way to and from the house we met several people who interchanged friendly greetings with her, but always as with one greatly superior. She attended me back to the blacksmith's, and would not leave me till she had seen us set forward again on our journey. Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Stuart shook me cordially, nay, affectionately, by the hand. I tried to prevail upon the former, who had been my hostess, to accept of some money, but in vain ; she would not take a farthing, and though I told her it was only to buy something for her little daughter, even seemed grieved that I should think it possible. I forgot to mention that while the blacksmith was repairing the car, we walked to the slate-quarry, where we saw again some of the kind creatures who had helped us in our difficulties the night before. The hovel under which they split their slates stood upon an outjutting rock, a part of the quarry rising immediately out of the water, and commanded a fine prospect down the loch below Ballachulish, and upwards towards the grand mountains, and the other horn of the vale where the lake was concealed. The blacksmith drove our car about a

mile of the road; we then hired a man and horse to take me and the car to the top of Glen Coe, being afraid that if the horse backed or took fright we might be thrown down some precipice.

But before we departed we could not resist our inclination to climb up the hill which I have mentioned as appearing to terminate the loch. The mountains, though inferior to those of Glen Coe, on the other side are very majestic; and the solitude in which we knew the unseen lake was bedded at their feet was enough to excite our longings. We climbed steep after steep, far higher than they appeared to us, and I was going to give up the accomplishment of our aim, when a glorious sight on the mountain before us made me forget my fatigue. A slight shower had come on, its skirts falling upon us, and half the opposite side of the mountain was wrapped up in rainbow light, covered as by a veil with one dilated rainbow: so it continued for some minutes; and the shower and rainy clouds passed away as suddenly as they had come, and the sun shone again upon the tops of all the hills. In the meantime we reached the wished-for point, and saw to the head of the loch. Perhaps it might not be so beautiful as we had imaged it in our thoughts, but it was beautiful enough not to disappoint us,—a narrow deep valley, a perfect solitude, without house or hut. One of the hills was thinly sprinkled with Scotch firs, which appeared to be the survivors of a large forest: they were the first natural wild Scotch firs we had seen. Though thinned of their numbers, and left, comparatively, to a helpless struggle with the elements, we were much struck with the gloom, and even grandeur, of the trees.

Hastened back again to join the car, but were tempted to go a little out of our way to look at a nice white house belonging to the laird of Glen Coe, which stood sweetly in a green field under the hill near some tall trees and coppice woods. At this house the horrible massacre of Glen Coe began, which we did not know when we were

there ; but the house must have been rebuilt since that time. We had a delightful walk through fields, among copses, and by a river-side : we could have fancied ourselves in some part of the north of England unseen before, it was so much like it, and yet so different. I must not forget one place on the opposite side of the water, where we longed to live—a snug white house on the mountain-side, surrounded by its own green fields and woods, the high mountain above, the loch below, and inaccessible but by means of boats. A beautiful spot indeed it was ; but in the retired parts of Scotland a comfortable white house is itself such a pleasant sight, that I believe, without our knowing how or why, it makes us look with a more loving eye on the fields and trees than for their own sakes they deserve.

At about one o'clock we set off, William on our own horse, and I with my Highland driver. He was perfectly acquainted with the country, being a sort of carrier or carrier-merchant or shopkeeper, going frequently to Glasgow with his horse and cart to fetch and carry goods and merchandise. He knew the name of every hill, almost every rock ; and I made good use of his knowledge ; but partly from laziness, and still more because it was inconvenient, I took no notes, and now I am little better for what he told me. He spoke English tolerably ; but seldom understood what was said to him without a "What's your wull?" We turned up to the right, and were at the foot of the glen—the laird's house cannot be said to be *in* the glen. The afternoon was delightful,—the sun shone, the mountain-tops were clear, the lake glittered in the great vale behind us, and the stream of Glen Coe flowed down to it glittering among alder-trees. The meadows of the glen were of the freshest green; one new-built stone house in the first reach, some huts, hillocks covered with wood, alder-trees scattered all over. Looking backward, we were reminded of Patterdale and the head of Ulswater, but forward the greatness of the mountains overcame every other idea.

The impression was, as we advanced up to the head of this first reach, as if the glen were nothing, its loneliness and retirement—as if it made up no part of my feeling: the mountains were all in all. That which fronted us—I have forgotten its name—was exceedingly lofty, the surface stony, nay, the whole mountain was one mass of stone, wrinkled and puckered up together. At the second and last reach—for it is not a winding vale—it makes a quick turning almost at right angles to the first; and now we are in the depths of the mountains; no trees in the glen, only green pasturage for sheep, and here and there a plot of hay-ground, and something that tells of former cultivation. I observed this to the guide, who said that formerly the glen had had many inhabitants, and that there, as elsewhere in the Highlands, there had been a great deal of corn where now the lands were left waste, and nothing fed upon them but cattle. I cannot attempt to describe the mountains. I can only say that I thought those on our right—for the other side was only a continued high ridge or craggy barrier, broken along the top into petty spiral forms—were the grandest I had ever seen. It seldom happens that mountains in a very clear air look exceedingly high, but these, though we could see the whole of them to their very summits, appeared to me more majestic in their own nakedness than our imaginations could have conceived them to be, had they been half hidden by clouds, yet showing some of their highest pinnacles. They were such forms as Milton might be supposed to have had in his mind when he applied to Satan that sublime expression—

His stature reached the sky.

The first division of the glen, as I have said, was scattered over with rocks, trees, and woody hillocks, and cottages were to be seen here and there. The second division is bare and stony, huge mountains on all sides, with a slender pasturage in the bottom of the valley; and towards the head of it is a small lake or tarn, and near

the tarn a single inhabited dwelling, and some unfenced hay-ground—a simple impressive scene! Our road frequently crossed large streams of stones, left by the mountain-torrents, losing all appearance of a road. After we had passed the tarn the glen became less interesting, or rather the mountains, from the manner in which they are looked at; but again, a little higher up, they resume their grandeur. The river is, for a short space, hidden between steep rocks: we left the road, and, going to the top of one of the rocks, saw it foaming over stones, or lodged in dark black dens; birch-trees grew on the inaccessible banks, and a few old Scotch firs towered above them. At the entrance of the glen the mountains had been all without trees, but here the birches climb very far up the side of one of them opposite to us, half concealing a rivulet, which came tumbling down as white as snow from the very top of the mountain. Leaving the rock, we ascended a hill which terminated the glen. We often stopped to look behind at the majestic company of mountains we had left. Before us was no single paramount eminence, but a mountain waste, mountain beyond mountain, and a barren hollow or basin into which we were descending.

We parted from our companion at the door of a whisky hovel, a building which, when it came out of the workmen's hands with its unglassed windows, would, in that forlorn region, have been little better than a howling place for the winds, and was now half unroofed. On seeing a smoke, I exclaimed, "Is it possible any people can live there?" when at least half a dozen, men, women, and children, came to the door. They were about to rebuild the hut, and I suppose that they, or some other poor creatures, would dwell there through the winter, dealing out whisky to the starved travellers. The sun was now setting, the air very cold, the sky clear; I could have fancied that it was winter-time, with hard frost. Our guide pointed out King's House to us, our resting-place for the night. We could just distinguish the house

at the bottom of the moorish hollow or basin—I call it so, for it was nearly as broad as long—lying before us, with three miles of naked road winding through it, every foot of which we could see. The road was perfectly white, making a dreary contrast with the ground, which was of a dull earthy brown. Long as the line of road appeared before us, we could scarcely believe it to be three miles—I suppose owing to its being unbroken by any one object, and the moor naked as the road itself, but we found it the longest three miles we had yet travelled, for the surface was so stony we had to walk most of the way.

The house looked respectable at a distance—a large square building, cased in blue slates to defend it from storms,—but when we came close to it the outside forewarned us of the poverty and misery within. Scarce a blade of grass could be seen growing upon the open ground; the heath-plant itself found no nourishment there, appearing as if it had but sprung up to be blighted. There was no enclosure for a cow, no appropriated ground but a small plot like a church-yard, in which were a few starveling dwarfish potatoes, which had, no doubt, been raised by means of the dung left by travellers' horses: they had not come to blossoming, and whether they would either yield fruit or blossom I know not. The first thing we saw on entering the door was two sheep hung up, as if just killed from the barren moor, their bones hardly sheathed in flesh. After we had waited a few minutes, looking about for a guide to lead us into some corner of the house, a woman, seemingly about forty years old, came to us in a great bustle, screaming in Erse, with the most horrible guinea-hen or peacock voice I ever heard, first to one person, then another. She could hardly spare time to show us up-stairs, for crowds of men were in the house—drovers, carriers, horsemen, travellers, all of whom she had to provide with supper, and she was, as she told us, the only woman there.

Never did I see such a miserable, such a wretched place,—long rooms with ranges of beds, no other furniture except benches, or perhaps one or two crazy chairs, the floors far dirtier than an ordinary house could be if it were never washed,—as dirty as a house after a sale on a rainy day, and the rooms being large, and the walls naked, they looked as if more than half the goods had been sold out. We sate shivering in one of the large rooms for three-quarters of an hour before the woman could find time to speak to us again; she then promised a fire in another room, after two travellers, who were going a stage further, had finished their whisky, and said we should have supper as soon as possible. She had no eggs, no milk, no potatoes, no loaf-bread, or we should have preferred tea. With length of time the fire was kindled, and, after another hour's waiting, supper came,—a shoulder of mutton so hard that it was impossible to chew the little flesh that might be scraped off the bones, and some sorry soup made of barley and water, for it had no other taste.

After supper, the woman, having first asked if we slept on blankets, brought in two pair of sheets, which she begged that I would air by the fire, for they would be dirtied below-stairs. I was very willing, but behold! the sheets were so wet, that it would have been at least a two-hours' job before a far better fire than could be mustered at King's House,—for, that nothing might be wanting to make it a place of complete starvation, the peats were not dry, and if they had not been helped out by decayed wood dug out of the earth along with them, we should have had no fire at all. The woman was civil, in her fierce, wild way. She and the house, upon that desolate and extensive Wild, and everything we saw, made us think of one of those places of rendezvous which we read of in novels—Ferdinand Count Fathom, or Gil Blas,—where there is one woman to receive the booty, and prepare the supper at night. She told us that she was only a servant, but that she had now lived there

five years, and that, when but a "young lassie," she had lived there also. We asked her if she had always served the same master, "Nay, nay, many masters, for they were always changing." I verily believe that the woman was attached to the place like a cat to the empty house when the family who brought her up are gone to live elsewhere. The sheets were so long in drying that it was very late before we went to bed. We talked over our day's adventures by the fireside, and often looked out of the window towards a huge pyramidal mountain[1] at the entrance of Glen Coe. All between, the dreary waste was clear, almost, as sky, the moon shining full upon it. A rivulet ran amongst stones near the house, and sparkled with light: I could have fancied that there was nothing else, in that extensive circuit over which we looked, that had the power of motion.

In comparing the impressions we had received at Glen Coe, we found that though the expectations of both had been far surpassed by the grandeur of the mountains, we had upon the whole both been disappointed, and from the same cause: we had been prepared for images of terror, had expected a deep, den-like valley with overhanging rocks, such as William has described in these lines, speaking of the Alps:—

> Brook and road
> Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
> And with them did we journey several hours
> At a slow step. The immeasurable height
> Of woods decaying, never to be decayed!
> The stationary blasts of waterfalls;
> And everywhere along the hollow rent
> Winds thwarting winds, bewilder'd and forlorn;
> The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
> The rocks that mutter'd close upon our ears,
> Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
> As if a voice were in them; the sick sight

[1] Buchail, the Shepherd of Etive.—J. C. S.

And giddy prospect of the raving stream ;
The unfetter'd clouds, and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light,
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The Types and Symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.[1]

The place had nothing of this character, the glen being open to the eye of day, the mountains retiring in independent majesty. Even in the upper part of it, where the stream rushed through the rocky chasm, it was but a deep trench in the vale, not the vale itself, and could only be seen when we were close to it.

FOURTH WEEK

Sunday, September 4th.—We had desired to be called at six o'clock, and rose at the first summons. Our beds had proved better than we expected, and we had not slept ill ; but poor Coleridge had passed a wretched night here four days before. This we did not know ; but since, when he told us of it, the notion of what he must have suffered, with the noise of drunken people about his ears all night, himself sick and tired, has made our discomfort cling to my memory, and given these recollections a twofold interest. I asked if it was possible to have a couple of eggs boiled before our departure : the woman hesitated ; she thought I might, and sent a boy into the out-houses to look about, who brought in one egg after long searching. Early as we had risen it was not very early when we set off, for everything at King's House was in unison — equally uncomfortable. As the woman had told us the night before, "They had no hay and that was a loss." There were neither stalls nor bedding in the stable, so that

[1] See *The Simplon Pass*, in "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 69.—ED.

William was obliged to watch the horse while it was feeding, for there were several others in the stable, all standing like wild beasts, ready to devour each other's portion of corn: this, with the slowness of the servant and other hindrances, took up much time, and we were completely starved, for the morning was very cold, as I believe all the mornings in that desolate place are.

When we had gone about a quarter of a mile I recollected that I had left the little cup given me by the kind landlady at Taynuilt, which I had intended that John should hereafter drink out of, in memory of our wanderings. I would have turned back for it, but William pushed me on, unwilling that we should lose so much time, though indeed he was as sorry to part with it as myself.

Our road was over a hill called the Black Mount. For the first mile, or perhaps more, after we left King's House, we ascended on foot; then came upon a new road, one of the finest that was ever trod; and, as we went downwards almost all the way afterwards, we travelled very quickly. The motion was pleasant, the different reaches and windings of the road were amusing; the sun shone, the mountain-tops were clear and cheerful, and we in good spirits, in a bustle of enjoyment, though there never was a more desolate region: mountains behind, before, and on every side; I do not remember to have seen either patch of grass, flower, or flowering heather within three or four miles of King's House. The low ground was not rocky, but black, and full of white frost-bleached stones, the prospect only varied by pools, seen everywhere both near and at a distance, as far as the ground stretched out below us: these were interesting spots, round which the mind assembled living objects, and they shone as bright as mirrors in the forlorn waste. We passed neither tree nor shrub for miles—I include the whole space from Glen Coe—yet we saw perpetually traces of a long decayed forest, pieces of black mouldering wood.

Through such a country as this we had travelled perhaps seven and a half miles this morning, when, after descending a hill, we turned to the right, and saw an unexpected sight in the moorland hollow into which we were entering, a small lake bounded on the opposite side by a grove of Scotch firs, two or three cottages at the head of it, and a lot of cultivated ground with scattered hay-cocks. The road along which we were going, after having made a curve considerably above the tarn, was seen winding through the trees on the other side, a beautiful object, and, luckily for us, a drove of cattle happened to be passing there at the very time, a stream coursing the road, with off-stragglers to the borders of the lake, and under the trees on the sloping ground.

In conning over our many wanderings I shall never forget the gentle pleasure with which we greeted the lake of Inveroran and its few grey cottages: we suffered our horse to slacken his pace, having now no need of the comfort of quick motion, though we were glad to think that one of those cottages might be the public-house where we were to breakfast. A forest—now, as it appeared, dwindled into the small grove bordering the lake—had, not many years ago, spread to that side of the vale where we were: large stumps of trees which had been cut down were yet remaining undecayed, and there were some single trees left alive, as if by their battered black boughs to tell us of the storms that visit the valley which looked now so sober and peaceful. When we arrived at the huts, one of them proved to be the inn, a thatched house without a sign-board. We were kindly received, had a fire lighted in the parlour, and were in such good humour that we seemed to have a thousand comforts about us; but we had need of a little patience in addition to this good humour before breakfast was brought, and at last it proved a disappointment: the butter not eatable, the barley-cakes fusty, the oat-bread so hard I could not chew it, and there were only

four eggs in the house, which they had boiled as hard as stones.

Before we had finished breakfast two foot-travellers came in, and seated themselves at our table; one of them was returning, after a long absence, to Fort-William, his native home; he had come from Egypt, and, many years ago, had been on a recruiting party at Penrith, and knew many people there. He seemed to think his own country but a dismal land.

There being no bell in the parlour, I had occasion to go several times and ask for what we wanted in the kitchen, and I would willingly have given twenty pounds to have been able to take a lively picture of it. About seven or eight travellers, probably drovers, with as many dogs, were sitting in a complete circle round a large peat-fire in the middle of the floor, each with a mess of porridge, in a wooden vessel, upon his knee; a pot, suspended from one of the black beams, was boiling on the fire; two or three women pursuing their household business on the outside of the circle, children playing on the floor. There was nothing uncomfortable in this confusion: happy, busy, or vacant faces, all looked pleasant; and even the smoky air, being a sort of natural indoor atmosphere of Scotland, served only to give a softening, I may say harmony, to the whole.

We departed immediately after breakfast; our road leading us, as I have said, near the lake-side and through the grove of firs, which extended backward much further than we had imagined. After we had left it we came again among bare moorish wastes, as before, under the mountains, so that Inveroran still lives in our recollection as a favoured place, a flower in the desert.

Descended upon the whole, I believe very considerably, in our way to Tyndrum; but it was a road of long ups and downs, over hills and through hollows of uncultivated ground; a chance farm perhaps once in three miles, a glittering rivulet bordered with greener grass than grew on the broad waste, or a broken fringe of

alders or birches, partly concealing and partly pointing out its course.

Arrived at Tyndrum at about two o'clock. It is a cold spot. Though, as I should suppose, situated lower than Inveroran, and though we saw it in the hottest time of the afternoon sun, it had a far colder aspect from the want of trees. We were here informed that Coleridge, who, we supposed, was gone to Edinburgh, had dined at this very house a few days before, in his road to Fort-William. By the help of the cook, who was called in, the landlady made out the very day: it was the day after we parted from him; as she expressed it, the day after the "great speet," namely, the great rain. We had a moorfowl and mutton-chops for dinner, well cooked, and a reasonable charge. The house was clean for a Scotch inn, and the people about the doors were well dressed. In one of the parlours we saw a company of nine or ten, with the landlady, seated round a plentiful table,—a sight which made us think of the fatted calf in the alehouse pictures of the Prodigal Son. There seemed to be a whole harvest of meats and drinks, and there was something of festivity and picture-like gaiety even in the fresh-coloured dresses of the people and their Sunday faces. The white table-cloth, glasses, English dishes, etc., were all in contrast with what we had seen at Inveroran: the places were but about nine miles asunder, both among hills; the rank of the people little different, and each house appeared to be a house of plenty.

We were I think better pleased with our treatment at this inn than any of the lonely houses on the road, except Taynuilt; but Coleridge had not fared so well, and was dissatisfied, as he has since told us, and the two travellers who breakfasted with us at Inveroran had given a bad account of the house.

Left Tyndrum at about five o'clock; a gladsome afternoon; the road excellent, and we bowled downwards through a pleasant vale, though not populous, or well

cultivated, or woody, but enlivened by a river that glittered as it flowed. On the side of a sunny hill a knot of men and women were gathered together at a preaching. We passed by many droves of cattle and Shetland ponies, which accident stamped a character upon places, else unrememberable—not an individual character, but the soul, the spirit, and solitary simplicity of many a Highland region.

We had about eleven miles to travel before we came to our lodging, and had gone five or six, almost always descending, and still in the same vale, when we saw a small lake before us after the vale had made a bending to the left; it was about sunset when we came up to the lake; the afternoon breezes had died away, and the water was in perfect stillness. One grove-like island, with a ruin that stood upon it overshadowed by the trees, was reflected on the water. This building, which, on that beautiful evening, seemed to be wrapped up in religious quiet, we were informed had been raised for defence by some Highland chieftain. All traces of strength, or war, or danger are passed away, and in the mood in which we were we could only look upon it as a place of retirement and peace. The lake is called Loch Dochart. We passed by two others of inferior beauty, and continued to travel along the side of the same river, the Dochart, through an irregular, undetermined vale,—poor soil and much waste land.

At that time of the evening when, by looking steadily, we could discover a few pale stars in the sky, we saw upon an eminence, the bound of our horizon, though very near to us, and facing the bright yellow clouds of the west, a group of figures that made us feel how much we wanted in not being painters. Two herdsmen, with a dog beside them, were sitting on the hill, overlooking a herd of cattle scattered over a large meadow by the river-side. Their forms, looked at through a fading light, and backed by the bright west, were exceedingly distinct, a beautiful picture in the quiet of a Sabbath evening,

exciting thoughts and images of almost patriarchal simplicity and grace. We were much pleased with the situation of our inn, where we arrived between eight and nine o'clock. The river was at the distance of a broad field from the door; we could see it from the upper windows and hear its murmuring; the moon shone, enlivening the large corn fields with cheerful light. We had a bad supper, and the next morning they made us an unreasonable charge; and the servant was uncivil, because, forsooth! we had no wine.

N.B.—The travellers in the morning had spoken highly of this inn.[1]

Monday, September 5th.—After drinking a basin of milk we set off again at a little after six o'clock—a fine morning—eight miles to Killin—the river Dochart always on our left. The face of the country not very interesting, though not unpleasing, reminding us of some of the vales of the north of England, though meagre, nipped-up, or shrivelled compared with them. There were rocks, and rocky knolls, as about Grasmere and Wytheburn, and copses, but of a starveling growth; the cultivated ground poor. Within a mile or two of Killin the land was better cultivated, and, looking down the vale, we had a view of Loch Tay, into which the Dochart falls. Close to the town, the river took up a roaring voice, beating its way over a rocky descent among large black stones: islands in the middle turning the stream this way and that; the whole course of the river very wide. We crossed it by means of three bridges, which make one continued bridge of a great length. On an island below the bridge is a gateway with tall pillars, leading to an old burying-ground belonging to some noble family.[2] It has a singular appearance, and the place is altogether uncommon and romantic—a remnant of

[1] Suie.—J. C. S. *Quære*, Luib.—ED.

[2] The burial-place of Macnab of Macnab.—J. C. S.

ancient grandeur: extreme natural wildness—the sound of roaring water, and withal, the ordinary half-village, half-town bustle of an every-day place.

The inn at Killin is one of the largest on the Scotch road: it stands pleasantly, near the chapel, at some distance from the river Dochart, and out of reach of its tumultuous noise; and another broad, stately, and silent stream, which you cannot look at without remembering its boisterous neighbour, flows close under the windows of the inn, and beside the churchyard, in which are many graves. That river falls into the lake at the distance of nearly a mile from the mouth of the Dochart. It is bordered with tall trees and corn fields, bearing plentiful crops, the richest we had seen in Scotland.

After breakfast we walked onwards, expecting that the stream would lead us into some considerable vale; but it soon became little better than a common rivulet, and the glen appeared to be short; indeed, we wondered how the river had grown so great all at once. Our horse had not been able to eat his corn, and we waited a long time in the hope that he would be better. At eleven o'clock, however, we determined to set off, and give him all the ease possible by walking up the hills, and not pushing beyond a slow walk. We had fourteen miles to travel to Kenmore, by the side of Loch Tay. Crossed the same bridge again, and went down the south side of the lake. We had a delightful view of the village of Killin, among rich green fields, corn and wood, and up towards the two horns of the vale of Tay, the valley of the Dochart, and the other valley with its full-grown river, the prospect terminated by mountains. We travelled through lanes, woods, or open fields, never close to the lake, but always near it, for many miles, the road being carried along the side of a hill, which rose in an almost regularly receding steep from the lake. The opposite shore did not much differ from that down which we went, but it seemed more thinly inhabited, and not so well cultivated. The sun shone, the cottages

were pleasant, and the goings-on of the harvest—for all the inhabitants were at work in the corn fields—made the way cheerful. But there is an uniformity in the lake which, comparing it with other lakes, made it appear tiresome. It has no windings: I should even imagine, although it is so many miles long, that, from some points not very high on the hills, it may be seen from one end to the other. There are few bays, no lurking-places where the water hides itself in the land, no outjutting points or promontories, no islands; and there are no commanding mountains or precipices. I think that this lake would be the most pleasing in spring-time, or in summer before the corn begins to change colour, the long tracts of hills on each side of the vale having at this season a kind of patchy appearance, for the corn fields in general were very small, mere plots, and of every possible shade of bright yellow. When we came in view of the foot of the lake we perceived that it ended, as it had begun, in pride and loveliness. The village of Kenmore, with its neat church and cleanly houses, stands on a gentle eminence at the end of the water. The view, though not near so beautiful as that of Killin, is exceedingly pleasing. Left our car, and turned out of the road at about the distance of a mile from the town, and after having climbed perhaps a quarter of a mile, we were conducted into a locked-up plantation, and guessed by the sound that we were near the cascade, but could not see it. Our guide opened a door, and we entered a dungeon-like passage, and, after walking some yards in total darkness, found ourselves in a quaint apartment stuck over with moss, hung about with stuffed foxes and other wild animals, and ornamented with a library of wooden books covered with old leather backs, the mock furniture of a hermit's cell. At the end of the room, through a large bow-window, we saw the waterfall, and at the same time, looking down to the left, the village of Kenmore and a part of the lake—a very beautiful prospect.

MEMORANDUM BY THE AUTHOR

THE transcript of the First Part of this Journal, and the Second as far as page 43, were written before the end of the year 1803. I do not know exactly when I concluded the remainder of the Second Part, but it was resumed on the 2nd of February 1804. The Third Part was begun at the end of the month of April 1805, and finished on the 31st of May.[1]

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[1] It is difficult to know what the Author meant by the First, Second, and Third "Parts" of her Journal; as it is divided into separate "Weeks" throughout. It is not of much consequence however, and the above short "Memorandum"—inserted in the course of the transcript—has a special interest, as showing that the work of copying her Journal was carried on by Dorothy Wordsworth from 1803 to 1805.—ED.

On resuming her work of copying, the author wrote:—

April 11th, 1805.—I am setting about a task which, however free and happy the state of my mind, I could not have performed well at this distance of time; but now, I do not know that I shall be able to go on with it at all. I will strive, however, to do the best I can, setting before myself a different object from that hitherto aimed at, which was, to omit no incident, however trifling, and to describe the country so minutely that you should, where the objects were the most interesting, feel as if you had been with us. I shall now only attempt to give you an idea of those scenes which pleased us most, dropping the incidents of the ordinary days, of which many have slipped from my memory, and others which remain it would be difficult, and often painful to me, to endeavour to draw out and disentangle from other thoughts. I the less regret my inability to do more, because, in describing a great part of what we saw from the time we left Kenmore, my work would be little more than a repetition of what I have said before, or, where it was not so, a longer time was necessary to enable us to bear away what was most interesting than we could afford to give.

Monday, *September* 5*th.*—We arrived at Kenmore after sunset.

Tuesday, *September* 6*th.*—Walked before breakfast in Lord Breadalbane's grounds, which border upon the river Tay. The higher elevations command fine views of the lake; and the walks are led along the river's banks, and shaded with tall trees: but it seemed to us that a bad taste had been at work, the banks being regularly shaven and cut as if by rule and line. One or two of such walks I should well have liked to see; but they are all equally trim, and I could not but regret that the fine trees had not been left to grow out of a turf that cattle were permitted to feed upon. There was one avenue which would well have graced the ruins of an abbey or some stately castle. It was of a very great length, perfectly straight, the trees meeting at the top in a cathedral arch, lessening in perspective,—the boughs the roof, the stems the pillars. I never saw so beautiful an avenue. We were told that some improver of pleasure-grounds had advised Lord B. to cut down the trees, and lay the whole open to the lawn, for the avenue is very near his house. His own better taste, or that of some other person, I suppose, had saved them from the axe. Many workmen were employed in building a large mansion something like that of Inverary, close to the old house, which was yet standing; the situation, as we thought, very bad, considering that Lord Breadalbane had the command of all the ground at the foot of the lake, including hills both high and low. It is in a

hollow, without prospect either of the lake or river, or anything else—seeing nothing, and adorning nothing. After breakfast, left Kenmore, and travelled through the vale of Tay, I believe fifteen or sixteen miles ; but in the course of this we turned out of our way to the Falls of Moness, a stream tributary to the Tay, which passes through a narrow glen with very steep banks. A path like a woodman's track has been carried through the glen, which, though the private property of a gentleman, has not been taken out of the hands of Nature, but merely rendered accessible by this path, which ends at the waterfalls. They tumble from a great height, and are indeed very beautiful falls, and we could have sate with pleasure the whole morning beside the cool basin in which the waters rest, surrounded by high rocks and overhanging trees. In one of the most retired parts of the dell, we met a young man coming slowly along the path, intent upon a book which he was reading : he did not seem to be of the rank of a gentleman, though above that of a peasant.

Passed through the village of Aberfeldy, at the foot of the glen of Moness. The birks of Aberfeldy are spoken of in some of the Scotch songs, which no doubt grew in the stream of Moness ; but near the village we did not see any trees that were remarkable, except a row of laburnums, growing as a common field hedge ; their leaves were of a golden colour, and as lively as the yellow blossoms could have been in the spring. Afterwards we saw many laburnums in the woods, which we were told had been "planted" ; though I remember that Withering speaks of the laburnum as one of the British plants, and growing in Scotland. The twigs and branches being stiff, were not so graceful as those of our garden laburnums, but I do not think I ever before saw any that were of so brilliant colours in their autumnal decay. In our way to and from Moness we crossed the Tay by a bridge of ambitious and ugly architecture. Many of the bridges in Scotland are so, having eye-holes

between the arches, not in the battlements but at the outspreading of the pillar of the arch, which destroys its simplicity, and takes from the appearance of strength and security, without adding anything of lightness. We returned, by the same road, to the village of Weem, where we had left our car. The vale of Tay was very wide, having been so from within a short distance of Kenmore: the reaches of the river are long; and the ground is more regularly cultivated than in any vale we had yet seen—chiefly corn, and very large tracts. Afterwards the vale becomes narrow and less cultivated, the reaches shorter—on the whole resembling the vale of Nith, but we thought it inferior in beauty.

One among the cottages in this narrow and wilder part of the vale fixed our attention almost as much as a Chinese or a Turk would do passing through the vale of Grasmere. It was a cottage, I believe, little differing in size and shape from all the rest; but it was like a visitor, a stranger come into the Highlands, or a model set up of what may be seen in other countries. The walls were neatly plastered or rough-cast, the windows of clean bright glass, and the door was painted—before it a flower-garden, fenced with a curiously-clipped hedge, and against the wall was placed the sign of a spinning-wheel. We could not pass this humble dwelling, so distinguished by an appearance of comfort and neatness, without some conjectures respecting the character and manner of life of the person inhabiting it. Leisure he must have had; and we pleased ourselves with thinking that some self-taught mind might there have been nourished by knowledge gathered from books, and the simple duties and pleasures of rural life.

At Logierait, the village where we dined, the vale widens again, and the Tummel joins the Tay and loses its name; but the Tay falls into the channel of the Tummel, continuing its course in the same direction, almost at right angles to the former course of the Tay. We were sorry to find that we had to cross the Tummel

by a ferry, and resolved not to venture in the same boat with the horse. Dined at a little public-house, kept by a young widow, very talkative and laboriously civil. She took me out to the back-door, and said she would show me a place which had once been very grand, and, opening a door in a high wall, I entered a ruinous court-yard, in which was a large old mansion, the walls entire and very strong, but the roof broken in. The woman said it had been a palace of one of the kings of Scotland. It was a striking and even an affecting object, coming upon it, as I did, unawares,—a royal residence shut up and hidden, while yet in its strength, by mean cottages; there was no appearance of violence, but decay from desertion, and I should think that it may remain many years without undergoing further visible change. The woman and her daughter accompanied us to the ferry and crossed the water with us; the woman said, but with not much appearance of honest heart-feeling, that she could not be easy to let us go without being there to know how we sped, so I invited the little girl to accompany her, that she might have a ride in the car. The men were cautious, and the horse got over with less alarm than we could have expected. Our way was now up the vale, along the banks of the Tummel, an impetuous river; the mountains higher than near the Tay, and the vale more wild, and the different reaches more interesting.

When we approached near to Fascally, near the junction of the Garry with the Tummel, the twilight was far advanced, and our horse not being perfectly recovered, we were fearful of taking him on to Blair-Athole—five miles further; besides, the Pass of Killicrankie was within half a mile, and we were unwilling to go through a place so celebrated in the dark; therefore, being joined by a traveller, we inquired if there was any public-house near; he said there was; and that though the accommodations were not good, we might do well enough for one night, the host and his wife being very honest people. It proved to be rather better than a common

cottage of the country; we seated ourselves by the fire, William called for a glass of whisky, and asked if they could give us beds. The woman positively refused to lodge us, though we had every reason to believe that she had at least one bed for me; we entreated again and again in behalf of the poor horse, but all in vain; she urged, though in an uncivil way, that she had been sitting up the whole of one or two nights before on account of a fair, and that now she wanted to go to bed and sleep; so we were obliged to remount our car in the dark, and with a tired horse we moved on, and went through the Pass of Killicrankie, hearing only the roaring of the river, and seeing a black chasm with jagged-topped black hills towering above. Afterwards the moon rose, and we should not have had an unpleasant ride if our horse had been in better plight, and we had not been annoyed, as we were almost at every twenty yards, by people coming from a fair held that day near Blair—no pleasant prognostic of what might be our accommodation at the inn, where we arrived between ten and eleven o'clock, and found the house in an uproar; but we were civilly treated, and were glad, after eating a morsel of cold beef, to retire to rest, and I fell asleep in spite of the noisy drunkards below stairs, who had outstayed the fair.

Wednesday, September 7th.—Rose early, and went before breakfast to the Duke of Athol's gardens and pleasure-grounds, where we completely tired ourselves with a three-hours' walk. Having been directed to see all the waterfalls, we submitted ourselves to the gardener, who dragged us from place to place, calling our attention to, it might be, half-a-dozen—I cannot say how many—dripping streams, very pretty in themselves, if we had had the pleasure of discovering them; but they were generally robbed of their grace by the obtrusive ornaments which were first seen. The whole neighbourhood, a great country, seems to belong to the Duke of

Athol. In his domain are hills and mountains, glens and spacious plains, rivers and innumerable torrents; but near Blair are no old woods, and the plantations, except those at a little distance from the house, appear inconsiderable, being lost to the eye in so extensive a circuit.

The castle stands on low ground, and far from the Garry, commanding a prospect all round of distant mountains, a bare and cold scene, and, from the irregularity and width of it, not so grand as one should expect, knowing the great height of some of the mountains. Within the Duke's park are three glens, the glen of the river Tilt and two others, which, if they had been planted more judiciously, would have been very sweet retirements; but they are choked up, the whole hollow of the glens—I do not speak of the Tilt, for that is rich in natural wood—being closely planted with trees, and those chiefly firs; but many of the old fir-trees are, as single trees, very fine. On each side of the glen is an ell-wide gravel walk, which the gardener told us was swept once a week. It is conducted at the top of the banks, on each side, at nearly equal height, and equal distance from the stream; they lead you up one of these paths, and down the other—very wearisome, as you will believe—mile after mile! We went into the garden, where there was plenty of fruit—gooseberries, hanging as thick as possible upon the trees, ready to drop off; I thought the gardener might have invited us to refresh ourselves with some of his fruit after our long fatigue. One part of the garden was decorated with statues, "images," as poor Mr. Gill used to call those at Racedown, dressed in gay painted clothes; and in a retired corner of the grounds, under some tall trees, appeared the figure of a favourite old gamekeeper of one of the former Dukes, in the attitude of pointing his gun at the game—"reported to be a striking likeness," said the gardener. Looking at some of the tall larches, with long hairy twigs, very beautiful trees, he told us that

they were among the first which had ever been planted in Scotland, that a Duke of Athol had brought a single larch from London in a pot, in his coach, from which had sprung the whole family that had overspread Scotland. This, probably, might not be accurate, for others might afterwards have come, or seed from other trees. He told us many anecdotes of the present Duke, which I wish I could perfectly remember. He is an indefatigable sportsman, hunts the wild deer on foot, attended by twelve Highlanders in the Highland dress, which he himself formerly used to wear; he will go out at four o'clock in the morning, and not return till night. His fine family, "Athol's honest men, and Athol's bonny lasses," to whom Burns, in his bumpers, drank health and long life, are dwindled away: of nine, I believe only four are left: the mother of them is dead in a consumption, and the Duke married again. We rested upon the heather seat which Burns was so loth to quit that moonlight evening when he first went to Blair Castle, and had a pleasure in thinking that he had been under the same shelter, and viewed the little waterfall opposite with some of the happy and pure feelings of his better mind. The castle has been modernized, which has spoiled its appearance. It is a large irregular pile, not handsome, but I think may have been picturesque, and even noble, before it was docked of its battlements and whitewashed.

The most interesting object we saw at Blair was the chapel, shaded by trees, in which the body of the impetuous Dundee lies buried. This quiet spot is seen from the windows of the inn, whence you look, at the same time, upon a high wall and a part of the town—a contrast which, I know not why, made the chapel and its grove appear more peaceful, as if kept so for some sacred purpose. We had a very nice breakfast, which we sauntered over after our weary walk.

Being come to the most northerly point of our destined course, we took out the map, loth to turn our

backs upon the Highlands, and, looking about for something which we might yet see, we fixed our eyes upon two or three spots not far distant, and sent for the landlord to consult with him. One of them was Loch Rannoch, a fresh-water lake, which he told us was bordered by a natural pine forest, that its banks were populous, and that the place being very remote, we might there see much of the simplicity of the Highlander's life. The landlord said that we must take a guide for the first nine or ten miles; but afterwards the road was plain before us, and very good, so at about ten o'clock we departed, having engaged a man to go with us. The Falls of Bruar, which we wished to visit for the sake of Burns, are about three miles from Blair, and our road was in the same direction for two miles.

After having gone for some time under a bare hill, we were told to leave the car at some cottages, and pass through a little gate near a brook which crossed the road. We walked upwards at least three quarters of a mile in the hot sun, with the stream on our right, both sides of which to a considerable height were planted with firs and larches intermingled—children of poor Burns's song; for his sake we wished that they had been the natural trees of Scotland, birches, ashes, mountain-ashes, etc.; however, sixty or seventy years hence they will be no unworthy monument to his memory. At present, nothing can be uglier than the whole chasm of the hill-side with its formal walks. I do not mean to condemn them, for, for aught I know, they are as well managed as they could be; but it is not easy to see the use of a pleasure-path leading to nothing, up a steep and naked hill in the midst of an unlovely tract of country, though by the side of a tumbling stream of clear water. It does not surely deserve the name of a pleasure-path. It is three miles from the Duke of Athol's house, and I do not believe that one person living within five miles of the place would wish to go twice to it. The falls are high, the rocks and stones fretted and gnawed by the water.

I do not wonder at the pleasure which Burns received from this stream; I believe we should have been much pleased if we had come upon it as he did. At the bottom of the hill we took up our car, and, turning back, joined the man who was to be our guide.

Crossed the Garry, and went along a moor without any road but straggling cart-tracks. Soon began to ascend a high hill, and the ground grew so rough—road there was none—that we were obliged to walk most of the way. Ascended to a considerable height, and commanded an extensive prospect bounded by lofty mountains, and having crossed the top of the fell we parted with our guide, being in sight of the vale into which we were to descend, and to pursue upwards till we should come to Loch Rannoch, a lake, as described to us, bedded in a forest of Scotch pines.

When left to ourselves we sate down on the hillside, and looked with delight into the deep vale below, which was exceedingly green, not regularly fenced or cultivated, but the level area scattered over with bushes and trees, and through that level ground glided a glassy river, not in serpentine windings, but in direct turnings backwards and forwards, and then flowed into the head of the Lake of Tummel; but I will copy a rough sketch which I made while we sate upon the hill, which, imperfect as it is, will give a better idea of the course of the river—which I must add is more curious than beautiful—than my description. The ground must be often overflowed in winter, for the water seemed to touch the very edge of its banks. At this time the scene was soft and cheerful, such as invited us downwards, and made us proud of our adventure. Coming near to a cluster of huts, we turned thither, a few steps out of our way, to inquire about the road; these huts were on the hill, placed side by side, in a figure between a square and a circle, as if for the sake of mutual shelter, like haystacks in a farmyard—no trees near them. We called at one of the doors, and three hale, stout men came out, who could speak very little

English, and stared at us with an almost savage look of wonder. One of them took much pains to set us forward, and went a considerable way down the hill till we came in sight of the cart road, which we were to follow; but we had not gone far before we were disheartened. It was with the greatest difficulty William could lead the horse and car over the rough stones, and to sit in it was impossible; the road grew worse and worse, therefore we resolved to turn back, having no reason to expect anything better, for we had been told that after we should leave the untracked ground all would be fair before us. We knew ourselves where we stood to be about eight miles distant from the point where the river Tummel, after having left the lake, joins the Garry at Fascally near the Pass of Killicrankie, therefore we resolved to make our way thither, and endeavour to procure a lodging at the same public-house where it had been refused to us the night before. The road was likely to be very bad; but, knowing the distance, we thought it more prudent than to venture farther with nothing before us but uncertainty. We were forced to unyoke the horse, and turn the car ourselves, owing to the steep banks on either side of the road, and after much trouble we got him in again, and set our faces down the vale towards Loch Tummel, William leading the car and I walking by his side.

For the first two or three miles we looked down upon the lake, our road being along the side of the hill directly above it. On the opposite side another range of hills rose up in the same manner, — farm-houses thinly scattered among the copses near the water, and cultivated ground in patches. The lake does not wind, nor are the shores much varied by bays,—the mountains not commanding; but the whole a pleasing scene. Our road took us out of sight of the water, and we were obliged to procure a guide across a high moor, where it was impossible that the horse should drag us at all, the ground being exceedingly rough and untracked: of

course fatiguing for foot-travellers, and on foot we must travel. After some time, the river Tummel again served us for a guide, when it had left the lake. It was no longer a gentle stream, a mirror to the sky, but we could hear it roaring at a considerable distance between steep banks of rock and wood. We had to cross the Garry by a bridge, a little above the junction of the two rivers; and were now not far from the public-house, to our great joy, for we were very weary with our laborious walk. I do not think that I had walked less than sixteen miles, and William much more, to which add the fatigue of leading the horse, and the rough roads, and you will not wonder that we longed for rest. We stopped at the door of the house, and William entered as before, and again the woman refused to lodge us, in a most inhuman manner, giving no other reason than that she would not do it. We pleaded for the poor horse, entreated, soothed, and flattered, but all in vain, though the night was cloudy and dark. We begged to sit by the fire till morning, and to this she would not consent; indeed, if it had not been for the sake of the horse, I would rather have lain in a barn than on the best of feather-beds in the house of such a cruel woman.

We were now, after our long day's journey, five miles from the inn at Blair, whither we, at first, thought of returning; but finally resolved to go to a public-house which we had seen in a village we passed through, about a mile above the ferry over the Tummel, having come from that point to Blair, for the sake of the Pass of Killicrankie and Blair itself, and had now the same road to measure back again. We were obliged to leave the Pass of Killicrankie unseen; but this disturbed us little at a time when we had seven miles to travel in the dark, with a poor beast almost sinking with fatigue, for he had not rested once all day. We went on spiritless, and at a dreary pace. Passed by one house which we were half inclined to go up to and ask for a night's lodging; and soon after, being greeted by a gentle voice from a poor

woman, whom, till she spoke, though we were close to her, we had not seen, we stopped, and asked if she could tell us where we might stay all night, and put up our horse. She mentioned the public-house left behind, and we told our tale, and asked her if she had no house to which she could take us. "Yes, to be sure she had a house, but it was only a small cottage"; and she had no place for the horse, and how we could lodge in her house she could not tell; but we should be welcome to whatever she had, so we turned the car, and she walked by the side of it, talking to us in a tone of human kindness which made us friends at once.

I remember thinking to myself, as I have often done in a stage-coach, though never with half the reason to prejudge favourably, What sort of countenance and figure shall we see in this woman when we come into the light? And indeed it was an interesting moment when, after we had entered her house, she blew the embers on the hearth, and lighted a candle to assist us in taking the luggage out of the car. Her husband presently arrived, and he and William took the horse to the public-house. The poor woman hung the kettle over the fire. We had tea and sugar of our own, and she set before us barley cakes, and milk which she had just brought in; I recollect she said she "had been west to fetch it." The Highlanders always direct you by east and west, north and south—very confusing to strangers. She told us that it was her business to "keep the gate" for Mr. ——, who lived at ——, just below,—that is, to receive messages, take in letters, etc. Her cottage stood by the side of the road leading to his house, within the gate, having, as we saw in the morning, a dressed-up porter's lodge outside; but within was nothing but the naked walls, unplastered, and floors of mud, as in the common huts. She said that they lived rent-free in return for their services; but spoke of her place and Mr. —— with little respect, hinting that he was very proud; and indeed her appearance, and subdued manners, and that

soft voice which had prepossessed us so much in her favour, seemed to belong to an injured and oppressed being. We talked a great deal with her, and gathered some interesting facts from her conversation, which I wish I had written down while they were fresh in my memory. They had only one child, yet seemed to be very poor, not discontented but languid, and willing to suffer rather than rouse to any effort. Though it was plain she despised and hated her master, and had no wish to conceal it, she hardly appeared to think it worth while to speak ill of him. We were obliged to sit up very late while our kind hostess was preparing our beds. William lay upon the floor on some hay, without sheets; my bed was of chaff; I had plenty of covering, and a pair of very nice strong clean sheets,—she said with some pride that she had good linen. I believe the sheets had been of her own spinning, perhaps when she was first married, or before, and she probably will keep them to the end of her life of poverty.

Thursday, September 8th.—Before breakfast we walked to the Pass of Killicrankie. A very fine scene; the river Garry forcing its way down a deep chasm between rocks, at the foot of high rugged hills covered with wood, to a great height. The Pass did not, however, impress us with awe, or a sensation of difficulty or danger, according to our expectations; but, the road being at a considerable height on the side of the hill, we at first only looked into the dell or chasm. It is much grander seen from below, near the river's bed. Everybody knows that this Pass is famous in military history. When we were travelling in Scotland an invasion was hourly looked for, and one could not but think with some regret of the times when from the now depopulated Highlands forty or fifty thousand men might have been poured down for the defence of the country, under such leaders as the Marquis of Montrose or the brave man who had so distinguished himself upon the ground where we were

standing. I will transcribe a sonnet suggested to William by this place, and written in October 1803 :—

> Six thousand Veterans practised in War's game,
> Tried men, at Killicrankie were array'd
> Against an equal host that wore the Plaid,
> Shepherds and herdsmen. Like a whirlwind came
> The Highlanders ; the slaughter spread like flame,
> And Garry, thundering down his mountain road,
> Was stopp'd, and could not breathe beneath the load
> Of the dead bodies. 'Twas a day of shame
> For them whom precept and the pedantry
> Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
> Oh ! for a single hour of that Dundee
> Who on that day the word of onset gave :
> Like conquest might the men of England see,
> And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

We turned back again, and going down the hill below the Pass, crossed the same bridge we had come over the night before, and walked through Lady Perth's grounds by the side of the Garry till we came to the Tummel, and then walked up to the cascade of the Tummel. The fall is inconsiderable, scarcely more than an ordinary "wear"; but it makes a loud roaring over large stones, and the whole scene is grand—hills, mountains, woods, and rocks. —— is a very pretty place, all but the house. Stoddart's print gives no notion of it. The house stands upon a small plain at the junction of the two rivers, a close deep spot, surrounded by high hills and woods. After we had breakfasted William fetched the car, and, while we were conveying the luggage to the outside of the gate, where it stood, Mr. ——, *mal apropos*, came very near to the door, called the woman out, and railed at her in the most abusive manner for "harbouring" people in that way. She soon slipped from him, and came back to us : I wished that William should go and speak to her master, for I was afraid that he might turn the poor woman away ; but she would not suffer it, for she did not care whether they stayed or not. In the meantime, Mr. ——

continued scolding her husband; indeed, he appeared to be not only proud, but very ignorant, insolent, and low-bred. The woman told us that she had sometimes lodged poor travellers who were passing along the road, and permitted others to cook their victuals in her house, for which Mr. —— had reprimanded her before; but, as she said, she did not value her place, and it was no matter. In sounding forth the dispraise of Mr. ——, I ought not to omit mentioning that the poor woman had great delight in talking of the excellent qualities of his mother, with whom she had been a servant, and lived many years. After having interchanged good wishes we parted with our charitable hostess, who, telling us her name, entreated us, if ever we came that way again, to inquire for her.

We travelled down the Tummel till it is lost in the Tay, and then, in the same direction, continued our course along the vale of Tay, which is very wide for a considerable way, but gradually narrows, and the river, always a fine stream, assumes more dignity and importance. Two or three miles before we reached Dunkeld, we observed whole hill-sides, the property of the Duke of Athol, planted with fir-trees till they are lost among the rocks near the tops of the hills. In forty or fifty years these plantations will be very fine, being carried from hill to hill, and not bounded by a visible artificial fence.

Reached Dunkeld at about three o'clock. It is a pretty, small town, with a respectable and rather large ruined abbey, which is greatly injured by being made the nest of a modern Scotch kirk, with sash windows, —very incongruous with the noble antique tower,—a practice which we afterwards found is not uncommon in Scotland. Sent for the Duke's gardener after dinner, and walked with him into the pleasure-grounds, intending to go to the Falls of the Bran, a mountain stream which here joins the Tay. After walking some time on a shaven turf under the shade of old trees, by the side

of the Tay, we left the pleasure-grounds, and crossing the river by a ferry, went up a lane on the hill opposite till we came to a locked gate by the road-side, through which we entered into another part of the Duke's pleasure-grounds bordering on the Bran, the glen being for a considerable way—for aught I know, two miles—thridded by gravel walks. The walks are quaintly enough intersected, here and there by a baby garden of fine flowers among the rocks and stones. The waterfall, which we came to see, warned us by a loud roaring that we must expect it; we were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the gardener desired us to look at a painting of the figure of Ossian, which, while he was telling us the story of the young artist who performed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle, flying asunder as if by the touch of magic, and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid room, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions—the great cascade, which was opposite to the window that faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls. We both laughed heartily, which, no doubt, the gardener considered as high commendation; for he was very eloquent in pointing out the beauties of the place.

We left the Bran, and pursued our walk through the plantations, where we readily forgave the Duke his little devices for their sakes. They are already no insignificant woods, where the trees happen to be oaks, birches, and others natural to the soil; and under their shade the walks are delightful. From one hill, through different openings under the trees, we looked up the vale of Tay to a great distance, a magnificent prospect at that time of the evening; woody and rich—corn, green fields, and cattle, the winding Tay, and distant mountains. Looked down the river to the town of Dunkeld, which lies low, under irregular hills, covered with wood to their rocky summits, and bounded by higher mountains, which are bare. The hill of Birnam, no longer Birnam

"wood," was pointed out to us. After a very long walk we parted from our guide when it was almost dark, and he promised to call on us in the morning to conduct us to the gardens.

Friday, September 9th.—According to appointment, the gardener came with his keys in his hand, and we attended him whithersoever he chose to lead, in spite of past experience at Blair. We had, however, no reason to repent, for we were repaid for the trouble of going through the large gardens by the apples and pears of which he gave us liberally, and the walks through the woods on that part of the grounds opposite to where we had been the night before were very delightful. The Duke's house is neither large nor grand, being just an ordinary gentleman's house, upon a green lawn, and whitewashed, I believe. The old abbey faces the house on the east side, and appears to stand upon the same green lawn, which, though close to the town, is entirely excluded from it by high walls and trees.

We had been undetermined respecting our future course when we came to Dunkeld, whether to go on directly to Perth and Edinburgh, or to make a circuit and revisit the Trossachs. We decided upon the latter plan, and accordingly after breakfast set forward towards Crieff, where we intended to sleep, and the next night at Callander. The first part of our road, after having crossed the ferry, was up the glen of the Bran. Looking backwards, we saw Dunkeld very pretty under the hills, and surrounded by rich cultivated ground, but we had not a good distant view of the abbey.

Left our car, and went about a hundred yards from the road to see the Rumbling Brig, which, though well worth our going out of the way even much further, disappointed us, as places in general do which we hear much spoken of as savage, tremendous, etc.,—and no wonder, for they are usually described by people to whom rocks are novelties. The gardener had told us

that we should pass through the most populous glen in Scotland, the glen of Amulree. It is not populous in the usual way, with scattered dwellings; but many clusters of houses, hamlets such as we had passed near the Tummel, which had a singular appearance, being like small encampments, were generally without trees, and in high situations—every house the same as its neighbour, whether for men or cattle. There was nothing else remarkable in the glen. We halted at a lonely inn at the foot of a steep barren moor, which we had to cross; then, after descending considerably, came to the narrow glen, which we had approached with no little curiosity, not having been able to procure any distinct description of it.

At Dunkeld, when we were hesitating what road to take, we wished to know whether that glen would be worth visiting, and accordingly put several questions to the waiter, and, among other epithets used in the course of interrogation, we stumbled upon the word "grand," to which he replied, "No, I do not think there are any gentlemen's seats in it." However, we drew enough from this describer and the gardener to determine us finally to go to Callander, the Narrow Glen being in the way.

Entered the glen at a small hamlet at some distance from the head, and turning aside a few steps, ascended a hillock which commanded a view to the top of it—a very sweet scene, a green valley, not very narrow, with a few scattered trees and huts, almost invisible in a misty gleam of afternoon light. At this hamlet we crossed a bridge, and the road led us down the glen, which had become exceedingly narrow, and so continued to the end: the hills on both sides heathy and rocky, very steep, but continuous; the rocks not single or overhanging, not scooped into caverns or sounding with torrents: there are no trees, no houses, no traces of cultivation, not one outstanding object. It is truly a solitude, the road even making it appear still more so: the bottom of

the valley is mostly smooth and level, the brook not noisy: everything is simple and undisturbed, and while we passed through it the whole place was shady, cool, clear, and solemn. At the end of the long valley we ascended a hill to a great height, and reached the top, when the sun, on the point of setting, shed a soft yellow light upon every eminence. The prospect was very extensive; over hollows and plains, no towns, and few houses visible—a prospect, extensive as it was, in harmony with the secluded dell, and fixing its own peculiar character of removedness from the world, and the secure possession of the quiet of nature more deeply in our minds. The following poem was written by William on hearing of a tradition relating to it, which we did not know when we were there:—

In this still place remote from men
Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen,
In this still place where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one.
He sung of battles and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death,
And should, methinks, when all was pass'd,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heap'd, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled,
In some complaining, dim retreat
Where fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the bard sleep here indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it? I blame them not
Whose fancy in this lonely spot
Was moved, and in this way express'd
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell
Would break the silence of this Dell;
It is not quiet, is not ease,

But something deeper far than these;
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
And happy feelings of the dead:
And therefore was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race,
Lies buried in this lonely place.

Having descended into a broad cultivated vale, we saw nothing remarkable. Observed a gentleman's house,[1] which stood pleasantly among trees. It was dark some time before we reached Crieff, a small town, though larger than Dunkeld.

Saturday, September 10th.—Rose early, and departed without breakfast. We were to pass through one of the most celebrated vales of Scotland, Strath Erne. We found it a wide, long, and irregular vale, with many gentlemen's seats under the hills, woods, copses, frequent cottages, plantations, and much cultivation, yet with an intermixture of barren ground; indeed, except at Killin and Dunkeld, there was always something which seemed to take from the composure and simplicity of the cultivated scenes. There is a struggle to overcome the natural barrenness, and the end not attained, an appearance of something doing or imperfectly done, a passing with labour from one state of society into another. When you look from an eminence on the fields of Grasmere Vale, the heart is satisfied with a simple undisturbed pleasure, and no less, on one of the green or heathy dells of Scotland, where there is no appearance of change to be, or having been, but such as the seasons make. Strath Erne is so extensive a vale that, had it been in England, there must have been much inequality, as in Wensley Dale; but at Wensley there is a unity, a softness, a melting together, which in the large vales of Scotland I never perceived. The difference at Strath

[1] Monzie probably.—J. C. S.

Erne may come partly from the irregularity, the undefined outline, of the hills which enclose it; but it is caused still more by the broken surface, I mean broken as to colour and produce, the want of hedgerows, and also the great number of new fir plantations. After some miles it becomes much narrower as we approach nearer the mountains at the foot of the lake of the same name, Loch Erne.

Breakfasted at a small public-house, a wretchedly dirty cottage, but the people were civil, and though we had nothing but barley cakes we made a good breakfast, for there were plenty of eggs. Walked up a high hill to view the seat of Mr. Dundas, now Lord Melville—a spot where, if he have gathered much wisdom from his late disgrace or his long intercourse with the world, he may spend his days as quietly as he need desire. It is a secluded valley, not rich, but with plenty of wood: there are many pretty paths through the woods, and moss huts in different parts. After leaving the cottage where we breakfasted the country was very pleasing, yet still with a want of richness; but this was less perceived, being huddled up in charcoal woods, and the vale narrow. Loch Erne opens out in a very pleasing manner, seen from a hill along which the road is carried through a wood of low trees; but it does not improve afterwards, lying directly from east to west without any perceivable bendings: and the shores are not much broken or varied, not populous, and the mountains not sufficiently commanding to make up for the deficiencies. Dined at the head of the lake. I scarcely know its length, but should think not less than four or five miles, and it is wide in proportion. The inn is in a small village—a decent house.

Walked about half a mile along the road to Tyndrum, which is through a bare glen,[1] and over a mountain pass. It rained when we pursued our journey again, and con-

[1] Glen Ogle.—J. C. S.

tinued to rain for several hours. The road which we were to take was up another glen, down which came a stream that fell into the lake on the opposite side at the head of it, so, after having crossed the main vale, a little above the lake, we entered into the smaller glen. The road delightfully smooth and dry—one gentleman's house very pleasant among large coppice woods. After going perhaps three miles up this valley, we turned to the left into another, which seemed to be much more beautiful. It was a level valley, not—like that which we had passed—a wide sloping cleft between the hills, but having a quiet, slow-paced stream, which flowed through level green grounds tufted with trees intermingled with cottages. The tops of the hills were hidden by mists, and the objects in the valley seen through misty rain, which made them look exceedingly soft, and indeed partly concealed them, and we always fill up what we are left to guess at with something as beautiful as what we see. This valley seemed to have less of the appearance of barrenness or imperfect cultivation than any of the same character we had passed through; indeed, we could not discern any traces of it. It is called Strath Eyer. "Strath" is generally applied to a broad vale; but this, though open, is not broad.

We next came to a lake, called Loch Lubnaig, a name which signifies "winding." In shape it somewhat resembles Ulswater, but is much narrower and shorter, being only four miles in length. The character of this lake is simple and grand. On the side opposite to where we were is a range of steep craggy mountains, one of which—like Place Fell—encroaching upon the bed of the lake, forces it to make a considerable bending. I have forgotten the name of this precipice: it is a very remarkable one, being almost perpendicular, and very rugged.

We, on the other side, travelled under steep and rocky hills which were often covered with low woods to a considerable height; there were one or two farm-

houses, and a few cottages. A neat white dwelling [1] on the side of the hill over against the bold steep of which I have spoken, had been the residence of the famous traveller Bruce, who, all his travels ended, had arranged the history of them in that solitude—as deep as any Abyssinian one—among the mountains of his native country, where he passed several years. Whether he died there or not we did not learn; but the manner of his death was remarkable and affecting,—from a fall down-stairs in his own house, after so many dangers through which fortitude and courage had never failed to sustain him. The house stands sweetly, surrounded by coppice-woods and green fields. On the other side, I believe, were no houses till we came near to the outlet, where a few low huts looked very beautiful, with their dark brown roofs, near a stream which hurried down the mountain, and after its turbulent course travelled a short way over a level green, and was lost in the lake.

Within a few miles of Callander we come into a grand region; the mountains to a considerable height were covered with wood, enclosing us in a narrow passage, the stream on our right, generally concealed by wood, made a loud roaring; at one place, in particular, it fell down the rocks in a succession of cascades. The scene is much celebrated in Scotland, and is called the Pass of Leny. It was nearly dark when we reached Callander. We were wet and cold, and glad of a good fire. The inn was comfortable; we drank tea; and after tea the waiter presented us with a pamphlet descriptive of the neighbourhood of Callander, which we brought away with us, and I am very sorry I lost it.

[1] Ardhullary.—J. C. S.

FIFTH WEEK

Sunday, September 11th.—Immediately after breakfast, the morning being fine, we set off with cheerful spirits towards the Trossachs, intending to take up our lodging at the house of our old friend the ferryman. A boy accompanied us to convey the horse and car back to Callander from the head of Loch Achray. The country near Callander is very pleasing; but, as almost everywhere else, imperfectly cultivated. We went up a broad vale, through which runs the stream from Loch Ketterine, and came to Loch Vennachar, a larger lake than Loch Achray, the small one which had given us such unexpected delight when we left the Pass of the Trossachs. Loch Vennachar is much larger, but greatly inferior in beauty to the image which we had conceived of its neighbour, and so the reality proved to us when we came up to that little lake, and saw it before us in its true shape in the cheerful sunshine. The Trossachs, overtopped by Benledi and other high mountains, enclose the lake at the head; and those houses which we had seen before, with their corn fields sloping towards the water, stood very prettily under low woods. The fields did not appear so rich as when we had seen them through the veil of mist; but yet, as in framing our expectations we had allowed for a much greater difference, so we were even a second time surprised with pleasure at the same spot.

Went as far as these houses of which I have spoken, in the car, and then walked on, intending to pursue the road up the side of Loch Ketterine along which Coleridge had come; but we had resolved to spend some hours in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs, and accordingly coasted the head of Loch Achray, and pursued the brook between the two lakes as far as there was any track. Here we found, to our surprise—for we had expected nothing but heath and rocks like the rest of the neigh-

bourhood of the Trossachs—a secluded farm, a plot of verdant ground with a single cottage and its company of out-houses. We turned back, and went to the very point from which we had first looked upon Loch Achray when we were here with Coleridge. It was no longer a visionary scene: the sun shone into every crevice of the hills, and the mountain-tops were clear. After some time we went into the pass from the Trossachs, and were delighted to behold the forms of objects fully revealed, and even surpassing in loveliness and variety what we had conceived. The mountains, I think, appeared not so high; but on the whole we had not the smallest disappointment; the heather was fading, though still beautiful.

Sate for half-an-hour in Lady Perth's shed, and scrambled over the rocks and through the thickets at the head of the lake. I went till I could make my way no further, and left William to go to the top of the hill, whence he had a distinct view, as on a map, of the intricacies of the lake and the course of the river. Returned to the huts, and, after having taken a second dinner of the food we had brought from Callander, set our faces towards the head of Loch Ketterine. I can add nothing to my former description of the Trossachs, except that we departed with our old delightful remembrances endeared, and many new ones. The path or road—for it was neither the one nor the other, but something between both—is the pleasantest I have ever travelled in my life for the same length of way,—now with marks of sledges or wheels, or none at all, bare or green, as it might happen; now a little descent, now a level; sometimes a shady lane, at others an open track through green pastures; then again it would lead us into thick coppice-woods, which often entirely shut out the lake, and again admitted it by glimpses. We have never had a more delightful walk than this evening. Ben Lomond and the three pointed-topped mountains of Loch Lomond, which we had seen from the Garrison, were very

majestic under the clear sky, the lake perfectly calm, the air sweet and mild. I felt that it was much more interesting to visit a place where we have been before than it can possibly be the first time, except under peculiar circumstances. The sun had been set for some time, when, being within a quarter of a mile of the ferryman's hut, our path having led us close to the shore of the calm lake, we met two neatly dressed women, without hats, who had probably been taking their Sunday evening's walk. One of them said to us in a friendly, soft tone of voice, "What! you are stepping westward?" I cannot describe how affecting this simple expression was in that remote place, with the western sky in front, yet glowing with the departed sun. William wrote the following poem long after, in remembrance of his feelings and mine:—

"What! you are stepping westward?" Yea,
'Twould be a wildish destiny
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold,
Behind all gloomy to behold,
And stepping westward seem'd to be
A kind of heavenly destiny;
I liked the greeting, 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seem'd to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft; and she who spake
Was walking by her native Lake;
The salutation was to me
The very sound of courtesy;
Its power was felt, and while my eye
Was fix'd upon the glowing sky,

> The echo of the voice enwrought
> A human sweetness with the thought
> Of travelling through the world that lay
> Before me in my endless way.

We went up to the door of our boatman's hut as to a home, and scarcely less confident of a cordial welcome than if we had been approaching our own cottage at Grasmere. It had been a very pleasing thought, while we were walking by the side of the beautiful lake, that, few hours as we had been there, there was a home for us in one of its quiet dwellings. Accordingly, so we found it ; the good woman, who had been at a preaching by the lake-side, was in her holiday dress at the door, and seemed to be rejoiced at the sight of us. She led us into the hut in haste to supply our wants ; we took once more a refreshing meal by her fireside, and, though not so merry as the last time, we were not less happy, bating our regrets that Coleridge was not in his old place. I slept in the same bed as before, and listened to the household stream, which now only made a very low murmuring.

Monday, September 12th.—Rejoiced in the morning to see the sun shining upon the hills when I first looked out through the open window-place at my bed's head. We rose early, and after breakfast, our old companion, who was to be our guide for the day, rowed us over the water to the same point where Coleridge and I had sate down and eaten our dinner, while William had gone to survey the unknown coast. We intended to cross Loch Lomond, follow the lake to Glenfalloch, above the head of it, and then come over the mountains to Glengyle, and so down the glen, and passing Mr. Macfarlane's house, back again to the ferry-house, where we should sleep. So, a third time we went through the mountain hollow, now familiar ground. The inhabitants had not yet got in all their hay, and were at work in the fields ; our guide often stopped to talk with them, and no doubt

was called upon to answer many inquiries respecting us two strangers.

At the ferry-house of Inversneyde we had not the happy sight of the Highland girl and her companion, but the good woman received us cordially, gave me milk, and talked of Coleridge, who, the morning after we parted from him, had been at her house to fetch his watch, which he had forgotten two days before. He has since told me that he questioned her respecting the miserable condition of her hut, which, as you may remember, admitted the rain at the door, and retained it in the hollows of the mud floor: he told her how easy it would be to remove these inconveniences, and to contrive something, at least, to prevent the wind from entering at the window-places, if not a glass window for light and warmth by day. She replied that this was very true, but if they made any improvements the laird would conclude that they were growing rich, and would raise their rent.

The ferryman happened to be just ready at the moment to go over the lake with a poor man, his wife and child. The little girl, about three years old, cried all the way, terrified by the water. When we parted from this family, they going down the lake, and we up it, I could not but think of the difference in our condition to that poor woman, who, with her husband, had been driven from her home by want of work, and was now going a long journey to seek it elsewhere: every step was painful toil, for she had either her child to bear or a heavy burthen. *I* walked as she did, but pleasure was my object, and if toil came along with it, even *that* was pleasure,—pleasure, at least, it would be in the remembrance.

We were, I believe, nine miles from Glenfalloch when we left the boat. To us, with minds at ease, the walk was delightful; it could not be otherwise, for we passed by a continual succession of rocks, woods, and mountains; but the houses were few, and the ground cultivated only in small portions near the water, consequently there was not that sort of variety which leaves distinct separate

remembrances, but one impression of solitude and greatness. While the Highlander and I were plodding on together side by side, interspersing long silences with now and then a question or a remark, looking down to the lake he espied two small rocky islands, and pointing to them, said to me, "It will be gay[1] and dangerous sailing there in stormy weather when the water is high." In giving my assent I could not help smiling, but I afterwards found that a like combination of words is not uncommon in Scotland, for, at Edinburgh, William being afraid of rain, asked the ostler what he thought, who, looking up to the sky, pronounced it to be "gay and dull," and therefore rain might be expected. The most remarkable object we saw was a huge single stone, I believe three or four times the size of Bowder Stone. The top of it, which on one side was sloping like the roof of a house, was covered with heather. William climbed up the rock, which would have been no easy task but to a mountaineer, and we constructed a rope of pocket-handkerchiefs, garters, plaids, coats, etc., and measured its height. It was *so* many times the length of William's walking-stick, but, unfortunately, having lost the stick, we have lost the measure. The ferryman told us that a preaching was held there once in three months by a certain minister—I think of Arrochar —who engages, as a part of his office, to perform the service. The interesting feelings we had connected with the Highland Sabbath and Highland worship returned here with double force. The rock, though on one side a high perpendicular wall, in no place overhung so as to form a shelter, in no place could it be more than a screen from the elements. Why then had it been selected for such a purpose? Was it merely from being a central situation and a conspicuous object? Or did there belong to it some inheritance of superstí-

[1] This is none other than the well-known Scottish word "*gey*,"—indifferently, tolerable, considerable.—J. C. S.

tion from old times? It is impossible to look at the stone without asking, How came it hither? Had then that obscurity and unaccountableness, that mystery of power which is about it, any influence over the first persons who resorted hither for worship? Or have they now on those who continue to frequent it? The lake is in front of the perpendicular wall, and behind, at some distance, and totally detached from it, is the continuation of the ridge of mountains which forms the vale of Loch Lomond—a magnificent temple, of which this spot is a noble Sanctum Sanctorum.

We arrived at Glenfalloch at about one or two o'clock. It is no village; there being only scattered huts in the glen, which may be four miles long, according to my remembrance: the middle of it is very green, and level, and tufted with trees. Higher up, where the glen parts into two very narrow ones, is the house of the laird; I daresay a pretty place. The view from the door of the public-house is exceedingly beautiful; the river flows smoothly into the lake, and the fields were at that time as green as possible. Looking backward, Ben Lomond very majestically shuts in the view. The top of the mountain, as seen here, being of a pyramidal form, it is much grander than with the broken outline, and stage above stage, as seen from the neighbourhood of Luss. We found nobody at home at the inn, but the ferryman shouted, wishing to have a glass of whisky, and a young woman came from the hay-field, dressed in a white bed-gown, without hat or cap. There was no whisky in the house, so he begged a little whey to drink with the fragments of our cold meat brought from Callander. After a short rest in a cool parlour we set forward again, having to cross the river and climb up a steep mountain on the opposite side of the valley. I observed that the people were busy bringing in the hay before it was dry into a sort of "fauld" or yard, where they intended to leave it, ready to be gathered into the house with the first threatening of rain, and if not com-

pletely dry brought out again. Our guide bore me in his arms over the stream, and we soon came to the foot of the mountain. The most easy rising, for a short way at first, was near a naked rivulet which made a fine cascade in one place. Afterwards, the ascent was very laborious, being frequently almost perpendicular.

It is one of those moments which I shall not easily forget, when at that point from which a step or two would have carried us out of sight of the green fields of Glenfalloch, being at a great height on the mountain, we sate down, and heard, as if from the heart of the earth, the sound of torrents ascending out of the long hollow glen. To the eye all was motionless, a perfect stillness. The noise of waters did not appear to come this way or that, from any particular quarter: it was everywhere, almost, one might say, as if "exhaled" through the whole surface of the green earth. Glenfalloch, Coleridge has since told me, signifies the Hidden Vale; but William says, if we were to name it from our recollections of that time, we should call it the Vale of Awful Sound. We continued to climb higher and higher; but the hill was no longer steep, and afterwards we pursued our way along the top of it with many small ups and downs. The walk was very laborious after the climbing was over, being often exceedingly stony, or through swampy moss, rushes, or rough heather. As we proceeded, continuing our way at the top of the mountain, encircled by higher mountains at a great distance, we were passing, without notice, a heap of scattered stones round which was a belt of green grass —green, and as it seemed rich, where all else was either poor heather and coarse grass, or unprofitable rushes and spongy moss. The Highlander made a pause, saying, "This place is much changed since I was here twenty years ago." He told us that the heap of stones had been a hut where a family was then living, who had their winter habitation in the valley, and brought their goats thither in the summer to feed on the mountains,

and that they were used to gather them together at night and morning to be milked close to the door, which was the reason why the grass was yet so green near the stones. It was affecting in that solitude to meet with this memorial of manners passed away; we looked about for some other traces of humanity, but nothing else could we find in that place. We ourselves afterwards espied another of those ruins, much more extensive—the remains, as the man told us, of several dwellings. We were astonished at the sagacity with which our Highlander discovered the track, where often no track was visible to us, and scarcely even when he pointed it out. It reminded us of what we read of the Hottentots and other savages. He went on as confidently as if it had been a turnpike road—the more surprising, as when he was there before it must have been a plain track, for he told us that fishermen from Arrochar carried herrings regularly over the mountains by that way to Loch Ketterine when the glens were much more populous than now.

Descended into Glengyle, above Loch Ketterine, and passed through Mr. Macfarlane's grounds, that is, through the whole of the glen, where there was now no house left but his. We stopped at his door to inquire after the family, though with little hope of finding them at home, having seen a large company at work in a hay field, whom we conjectured to be his whole household—as it proved, except a servant-maid, who answered our inquiries. We had sent the ferryman forward from the head of the glen to bring the boat round from the place where he left it to the other side of the lake. Passed the same farm-house we had such good reason to remember, and went up to the burying-ground that stood so sweetly near the water-side. The ferryman had told us that Rob Roy's grave was there, so we could not pass on without going up to the spot. There were several tomb-stones, but the inscriptions were either worn-out or unintelligible to us, and the place choked up with nettles

and brambles. You will remember the description I have given of the spot. I have nothing here to add, except the following poem[1] which it suggested to William :—

A famous Man is Robin Hood,
The English Ballad-singer's joy,
And Scotland boasts of one as good,
She has her own Rob Roy !

Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
And let us chaunt a passing stave
In honour of that Outlaw brave.

Heaven gave Rob Roy a daring heart
And wondrous length and strength of arm,
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet Robin was as wise as brave,
As wise in thought as bold in deed,
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves :
They stir us up against our kind,
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion ; make a law,
Too false to guide us or control :
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few :
These find I graven on my heart :
That tells me what to do.

"The Creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind !
With them no strife can last ; they live
In peace, and peace of mind.

[1] See *Rob Roy's Grave*, in "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 403.—ED.

"For why? Because the good old rule
Suffices them, the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson which is quickly learn'd,
A signal this which all can see!
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To tyrannous cruelty.

"And freakishness of mind is check'd;
He tamed who foolishly aspires,
While to the measure of their might
All fashion their desires.

"All kinds and creatures stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit,
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,
And who is to submit.

"Since then," said Robin, "right is plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived
Through summer's heat and winter's snow;
The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—would at least have been
But through untowardness of fate;
For polity was then too strong:
He came an age too late.

Or shall we say an age too soon?
For were the bold man living now,
How might he flourish in his pride
With buds on every bough?

Then Rents and Land-marks, Rights of chase,
Sheriffs and Factors, Lairds and Thanes,
Would all have seem'd but paltry things
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never linger'd here,
To these few meagre vales confined,
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind.

And to his Sword he would have said,
" Do thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth ;
Judge thou of law and fact.

" 'Tis fit that we should do our part ;
Becoming that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpass'd
In fatherly concern.

" Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough ;
I'll shew that I can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

" I, too, will have my Kings that take
From me the sign of life and death,
Kingdoms shall shift about like clouds
Obedient to my breath."

And if the word had been fulfill'd
As might have been, then, thought of joy !
France would have had her present Boast,
And we our brave Rob Roy.

Oh ! say not so, compare them not ;
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave !
Would wrong thee nowhere ; least of all
Here, standing by thy Grave.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan,
Hadst this to boast of—thou didst love
The Liberty of Man.

And had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirr'd thyself,
And battled for the right.

For Robin was the poor man's stay;
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand,
And all the oppress'd who wanted strength
Had Robin's to command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's Braes.

And far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
Kindling with instantaneous joy
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

Soon after we saw our boat coming over the calm water. It was late in the evening, and I was stiff and weary, as well I might, after such a long and toilsome walk, so it was no poor gratification to sit down and be conscious of advancing in our journey without further labour. The stars were beginning to appear, but the brightness of the west was not yet gone;—the lake perfectly still, and when we first went into the boat we rowed almost close to the shore under steep crags hung with birches: it was like a new-discovered country of which we had not dreamed, for in walking down the lake, owing to the road in that part being carried at a considerable height on the hill-side, the rocks and the indentings of the shore had been hidden from us. At this time, those rocks and their images in the calm water composed one mass, the surfaces of both equally distinct, except where the water trembled with the motion of our boat. Having rowed a while under the bold steeps, we launched out further when the shores were no longer abrupt. We hardly spoke to each other as we moved along receding from the west, which diffused a solemn animation over the lake. The sky was cloudless: and everything seemed at rest except our solitary boat, and the mountain-streams,—seldom heard, and but faintly. I think I have rarely experienced a more elevated

pleasure than during our short voyage of this night. The good woman had long been looking out for us, and had prepared everything for our refreshment ; and as soon as we had finished supper, or rather tea, we went to bed. William, I doubt not, rested well, and, for my part, I slept as soundly on my chaff bed as ever I have done in childhood after the long day's playing of a summer's holiday.

Tuesday, 13*th September*.—Again a fine morning. I strolled into the green field in which the house stands while the woman was preparing breakfast, and at my return found one of her neighbours sitting by the fire, a feeble paralytic old woman. After having inquired concerning our journey the day before, she said, "I have travelled far in my time," and told me she had married an English soldier who had been stationed at the Garrison ; they had had many children, who were all dead or in foreign countries ; and she had returned to her native place, where now she had lived several years, and was more comfortable than she could ever have expected to be, being very kindly dealt with by all her neighbours. Pointing to the ferryman and his wife, she said they were accustomed to give her a day of their labour in digging peats, in common with others, and in that manner she was provided with fuel, and, by like voluntary contributions, with other necessaries. While this infirm old woman was relating her story in a tremulous voice, I could not but think of the changes of things, and the days of her youth, when the shrill fife, sounding from the walls of the Garrison, made a merry noise through the echoing hills. I asked myself, if she were to be carried again to the deserted spot after her course of life, no doubt a troublesome one, would the silence appear to her the silence of desolation or of peace ?

After breakfast we took a final leave of our hostess, and, attended by her husband, again set forward on foot. My limbs were a little stiff, but the morning being uncommonly fine I did not fear to aim at the accomplish-

ment of a plan we had laid of returning to Callander by a considerable circuit. We were to go over the mountains from Loch Ketterine, a little below the ferry-house on the same side of the water, descending to Loch Voil, a lake from which issues the stream that flows through Strath Eyer into Loch Lubnaig. Our road, as is generally the case in passing from one vale into another, was through a settling between the hills, not far from a small stream. We had to climb considerably, the mountain being much higher than it appears to be, owing to its retreating in what looks like a gradual slope from the lake, though we found it steep enough in the climbing. Our guide had been born near Loch Voil, and he told us that at the head of the lake, if we would look about for it, we should see the burying-place of a part of his family, the MacGregors, a clan who had long possessed that district, a circumstance which he related with no unworthy pride of ancestry. We shook hands with him at parting, not without a hope of again entering his hut in company with others whom we loved.

Continued to walk for some time along the top of the hill, having the high mountains of Loch Voil before us, and Ben Lomond and the steeps of Loch Ketterine behind. Came to several deserted mountain huts or shiels, and rested for some time beside one of them, upon a hillock of its green plot of monumental herbage. William here conceived the notion of writing an ode upon the affecting subject of those relics of human society found in that grand and solitary region. The spot of ground where we sate was even beautiful, the grass being uncommonly verdant, and of a remarkably soft and silky texture.

After this we rested no more till we came to the foot of the mountain, where there was a cottage, at the door of which a woman invited me to drink some whey: this I did, while William went to inquire respecting the road at a new stone house a few steps further. He was told to cross the brook, and proceed to the other side of the

vale, and that no further directions were necessary, for we should find ourselves at the head of the lake, and on a plain road which would lead us downward. We waded the river and crossed the vale, perhaps half a mile or more. The mountains all round are very high; the vale pastoral and unenclosed, not many dwellings, and but few trees; the mountains in general smooth near the bottom. They are in large unbroken masses, combining with the vale to give an impression of bold simplicity.

Near the head of the lake, at some distance from us, we discovered the burial-place of the MacGregors, and did not view it without some interest, with its ornamental balls on the four corners of the wall, which, I daresay, have been often looked at with elevation of heart by our honest friend of Loch Ketterine. The lake is divided right across by a narrow slip of flat land, making a small lake at the head of the large one. The whole may be about five miles long.

As we descended, the scene became more fertile, our way being pleasantly varied—through coppices or open fields, and passing farm-houses, though always with an intermixture of uncultivated ground. It was harvest-time, and the fields were quietly—might I be allowed to say pensively?—enlivened by small companies of reapers. It is not uncommon in the more lonely parts of the Highlands to see a single person so employed. The following poem was suggested to William by a beautiful sentence in Thomas Wilkinson's *Tour in Scotland:*[1]

> Behold her single in the field,
> Yon solitary Highland Lass,
> Reaping and singing by herself—
> Stop here, or gently pass.
> Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
> And sings a melancholy strain.
> Oh! listen, for the Vale profound
> Is overflowing with the sound.

[1] See *The Solitary Reaper*, in "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 397, with note appended.—ED.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian Sands ;
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago ;—
Or is it some more humble lay—
Familiar matter of to-day—
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sung
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;
I listen'd till I had my fill,
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

Towards the foot of the lake, on the opposite side, which was more barren than that on which we travelled, was a bare road up a steep hill, which leads to Glen Finlas, formerly a royal forest. It is a wild and rocky glen, as we had been told by a person who directed our notice to its outlet at Loch Achray. The stream which passes through it falls into that lake near the head. At the end of Loch Voil the vale is wide and populous—large pastures with many cattle, large tracts of corn. We walked downwards a little way, and then crossed over to the same road along which we had travelled from Loch Erne to Callander, being once again at the entrance of Strath Eyer. It might be about four or five o'clock in the afternoon ; we were ten miles from Callander, exceedingly tired, and wished heartily for the

poor horse and car. Walked up Strath Eyer, and saw in clear air and sunshine what had been concealed from us when we travelled before in the mist and rain. We found it less woody and rich than it had appeared to be, but, with all deductions, a very sweet valley.

Not far from Loch Lubnaig, though not in view of it, is a long village, with two or three public-houses, and being in despair of reaching Callander that night without over-fatigue we resolved to stop at the most respectable-looking house, and, should it not prove wretched indeed, to lodge there if there were beds for us : at any rate it was necessary to take some refreshment. The woman of the house spoke with gentleness and civility, and had a good countenance, which reconciled me to stay, though I had been averse to the scheme, dreading the dirt usual in Scotch public-houses by the way-side. She said she had beds for us, and clean sheets, and we desired her to prepare them immediately. It was a two-storied house, light built, though in other respects no better than the huts, and—as all the slated cottages are —much more uncomfortable in appearance, except that there was a chimney in the kitchen. At such places it is fit that travellers should make up their minds to wait at least an hour longer than the time necessary to prepare whatever meal they may have ordered, which we, I may truly say, did with most temperate philosophy. I went to talk with the mistress, who was baking barley cakes, which she wrought out with her hands as thin as the oaten bread we make in Cumberland. I asked her why she did not use a rolling-pin, and if it would not be much more convenient, to which she returned me no distinct answer, and seemed to give little attention to the question : she did not know, or that was what they were used to, or something of the sort. It was a tedious process, and I thought could scarcely have been managed if the cakes had been as large as ours ; but they are considerably smaller, which is a great loss of time in the baking.

This woman, whose common language was the Gaelic, talked with me a very good English, asking many questions, yet without the least appearance of an obtrusive or impertinent curiosity; and indeed I must say that I never, in those women with whom I conversed, observed anything on which I could put such a construction. They seemed to have a faith ready for all; and as a child when you are telling him stories, asks for "more, more," so they appeared to delight in being amused without effort of their own minds. Among other questions she asked me the old one over again, if I was married; and when I told her that I was not, she appeared surprised, and, as if recollecting herself, said to me, with a pious seriousness and perfect simplicity, "To be sure, there is a great promise for virgins in Heaven"; and then she began to tell how long she had been married, that she had had a large family and much sickness and sorrow, having lost several of her children. We had clean sheets and decent beds.

Wednesday, September 14th. — Rose early, and departed before breakfast. The morning was dry, but cold. Travelled as before, along the shores of Loch Lubnaig, and along the pass of the roaring stream of Leny, and reached Callander at a little past eight o'clock. After breakfast set off towards Stirling, intending to sleep there; the distance eighteen miles. We were now entering upon a populous and more cultivated country, having left the mountains behind, therefore I shall have little to tell; for what is most interesting in such a country is not to be seen in passing through it as we did. Half way between Callander and Stirling is the village of Doune, and a little further on we crossed a bridge over a pleasant river, the Teith. Above the river stands a ruined castle of considerable size, upon a woody bank. We wished to have had time to go up to the ruin. Long before we reached the town of Stirling, saw the Castle, single, on its stately and commanding emin-

ence. The rock or hill rises from a level plain; the print in Stoddart's book does indeed give a good notion of its form. The surrounding plain appears to be of a rich soil, well cultivated. The crops of ripe corn were abundant. We found the town quite full; not a vacant room in the inn, it being the time of the assizes: there was no lodging for us, and hardly even the possibility of getting anything to eat in a bye-nook of the house. Walked up to the Castle. The prospect from it is very extensive, and must be exceedingly grand on a fine evening or morning, with the light of the setting or rising sun on the distant mountains, but we saw it at an unfavourable time of day, the mid-afternoon, and were not favoured by light and shade. The Forth makes most intricate and curious turnings, so that it is difficult to trace them, even when you are overlooking the whole. It flows through a perfect level, and in one place cuts its way in the form of a large figure of eight. Stirling is the largest town we had seen in Scotland, except Glasgow. It is an old irregular place; the streets towards the Castle on one side very steep. On the other, the hill or rock rises from the fields. The architecture of a part of the Castle is very fine, and the whole building in good repair: some parts indeed, are modern. At Stirling we bought Burns's Poems in one volume, for two shillings. Went on to Falkirk, ten or eleven miles. I do not recollect anything remarkable after we were out of sight of Stirling Castle, except the Carron Ironworks, seen at a distance;—the sky above them was red with a fiery light. In passing through a turnpike gate we were greeted by a Highland drover, who, with many others, was coming from a fair at Falkirk, the road being covered all along with horsemen and cattle. He spoke as if we had been well known to him, asking us how we had fared on our journey. We were at a loss to conceive why he should interest himself about us, till he said he had passed us on the Black Mountain, near King's House. It was pleasant to observe the effect of solitary

places in making men friends, and to see so much kindness, which had been produced in such a chance encounter, retained in a crowd. No beds in the inns at Falkirk—every room taken up by the people come to the fair. Lodged in a private house, a neat clean place —kind treatment from the old man and his daughter.

Thursday, September 15th.—Breakfasted at Linlithgow, a small town. The house is yet shown from which the Regent Murray was shot. The remains of a royal palace, where Queen Mary was born, are of considerable extent; the banks of gardens and fish-ponds may yet be distinctly traced, though the whole surface is transformed into smooth pasturage where cattle graze. The castle stands upon a gentle eminence, the prospect not particularly pleasing, though not otherwise; it is bare and wide. The shell of a small ancient church is standing, into which are crammed modern pews, galleries, and pulpit—very ugly, and discordant with the exterior. Nothing very interesting till we came to Edinburgh. Dined by the way at a small town or village upon a hill, the back part of the houses on one side overlooking an extensive prospect over flat corn fields. I mention this for the sake of a pleasant hour we passed sitting on the bank, where we read some of Burns's poems in the volume which we had bought at Stirling.

Arrived at Edinburgh a little before sunset. As we approached, the Castle rock resembled that of Stirling—in the same manner appearing to rise from a plain of cultivated ground, the Firth of Forth being on the other side, and not visible. Drove to the White Hart in the Grassmarket, an inn which had been mentioned to us, and which we conjectured would better suit us than one in a more fashionable part of the town. It was not noisy, and tolerably cheap. Drank tea, and walked up to the Castle, which luckily was very near. Much of the daylight was gone, so that except it had

been a clear evening, which it was not, we could not have seen the distant prospect.

Friday, September 16th.—The sky the evening before, as you may remember the ostler told us, had been "gay and dull," and this morning it was downright dismal: very dark, and promising nothing but a wet day, and before breakfast was over the rain began, though not heavily. We set out upon our walk, and went through many streets to Holyrood House, and thence to the hill called Arthur's Seat, a high hill, very rocky at the top, and below covered with smooth turf, on which sheep were feeding. We climbed up till we came to St. Anthony's Well and Chapel, as it is called, but it is more like a hermitage than a chapel,—a small ruin, which from its situation is exceedingly interesting, though in itself not remarkable. We sate down on a stone not far from the chapel, overlooking a pastoral hollow as wild and solitary as any in the heart of the Highland mountains: there, instead of the roaring of torrents, we listened to the noises of the city, which were blended in one loud indistinct buzz,—a regular sound in the air, which in certain moods of feeling, and at certain times, might have a more tranquillizing effect upon the mind than those which we are accustomed to hear in such places. The Castle rock looked exceedingly large through the misty air: a cloud of black smoke overhung the city, which combined with the rain and mist to conceal the shapes of the houses,—an obscurity which added much to the grandeur of the sound that proceeded from it. It was impossible to think of anything that was little or mean, the goings-on of trade, the strife of men, or every-day city business:—the impression was one, and it was visionary; like the conceptions of our childhood of Bagdad or Balsora when we have been reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Though the rain was very heavy we remained upon the hill for some time, then returned by the same road by which we

had come, through green flat fields, formerly the pleasure-grounds of Holyrood House, on the edge of which stands the old roofless chapel, of venerable architecture. It is a pity that it should be suffered to fall down, for the walls appear to be yet entire. Very near to the chapel is Holyrood House, which we could not but lament has nothing ancient in its appearance, being sash-windowed and not an irregular pile. It is very like a building for some national establishment,—a hospital for soldiers or sailors. You have a description of it in Stoddart's Tour, therefore I need not tell you what we saw there.

When we found ourselves once again in the streets of the city, we lamented over the heavy rain, and indeed before leaving the hill, much as we were indebted to the accident of the rain for the peculiar grandeur and affecting wildness of those objects we saw, we could not but regret that the Firth of Forth was entirely hidden from us, and all distant objects, and we strained our eyes till they ached, vainly trying to pierce through the thick mist. We walked industriously through the streets, street after street, and, in spite of wet and dirt, were exceedingly delighted. The old town, with its irregular houses, stage above stage, seen as we saw it, in the obscurity of a rainy day, hardly resembles the work of men, it is more like a piling up of rocks, and I cannot attempt to describe what we saw so imperfectly, but must say that, high as my expectations had been raised, the city of Edinburgh far surpassed all expectation. Gladly would we have stayed another day, but could not afford more time, and our notions of the weather of Scotland were so dismal, notwithstanding we ourselves had been so much favoured, that we had no hope of its mending. So at about six o'clock in the evening we departed, intending to sleep at an inn in the village of Roslin, about five miles from Edinburgh. The rain continued till we were almost at Roslin ; but then it was quite dark, so we did not see the Castle that night.

Saturday, September 17th.—The morning very fine. We rose early and walked through the glen of Roslin, past Hawthornden, and considerably further, to the house of Mr. Walter Scott at Lasswade. Roslin Castle stands upon a woody bank above a stream, the North Esk, too large, I think, to be called a brook, yet an inconsiderable river. We looked down upon the ruin from higher ground. Near it stands the Chapel, a most elegant building, a ruin, though the walls and roof are entire. I never passed through a more delicious dell than the glen of Roslin, though the water of the stream is dingy and muddy. The banks are rocky on each side, and hung with pine wood. About a mile from the Castle, on the contrary side of the water, upon the edge of a very steep bank, stands Hawthornden, the house of Drummond the poet, whither Ben Jonson came on foot from London to visit his friend. We did hear to whom the house at present belongs, and some other particulars, but I have a very indistinct recollection of what was told us, except that many old trees had been lately cut down. After Hawthornden the glen widens, ceases to be rocky, and spreads out into a rich vale, scattered over with gentlemen's seats.

Arrived at Lasswade before Mr. and Mrs. Scott had risen, and waited some time in a large sitting-room. Breakfasted with them, and stayed till two o'clock, and Mr. Scott accompanied us back almost to Roslin, having given us directions respecting our future journey, and promised to meet us at Melrose two days after.[1]

We ordered dinner on our return to the inn, and went to view the inside of the Chapel of Roslin, which is kept locked up, and so preserved from the injuries it

[1] See Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. i. pp. 402-7, for an account of this visit. Lockhart says, "I have drawn up the account of this meeting from my recollection, partly of Mr. W.'s conversation, partly from that of his sister's charming 'Diary,' which he was so kind as to read to me on the 16th May 1836."—ED.

might otherwise receive from idle boys ; but as nothing is done to keep it together, it must in the end fall. The architecture within is exquisitely beautiful. The stone both of the roof and walls is sculptured with leaves and flowers, so delicately wrought that I could have admired them for hours, and the whole of their groundwork is stained by time with the softest colours. Some of those leaves and flowers were tinged perfectly green, and at one part the effect was most exquisite : three or four leaves of a small fern, resembling that which we call adder's tongue, grew round a cluster of them at the top of a pillar, and the natural product and the artificial were so intermingled that at first it was not easy to distinguish the living plant from the other, they being of an equally determined green, though the fern was of a deeper shade

We set forward again after dinner. The afternoon was pleasant. Travelled through large tracts of ripe corn, interspersed with larger tracts of moorland—the houses at a considerable distance from each other, no longer thatched huts, but farm-houses resembling those of the farming counties in England, having many corn-stacks close to them. Dark when we reached Peebles ; found a comfortable old-fashioned public-house, had a neat parlour, and drank tea.

SIXTH WEEK

Sunday, September 18th.—The town of Peebles is on the banks of the Tweed. After breakfast walked up the river to Neidpath Castle, about a mile and a half from the town. The castle stands upon a green hill, overlooking the Tweed, a strong square-towered edifice, neglected and desolate, though not in ruin, the garden overgrown with grass, and the high walls that fenced it broken down. The Tweed winds between green steeps,

upon which, and close to the river-side, large flocks of sheep pasturing; higher still are the grey mountains; but I need not describe the scene, for William has done it better than I could do in a sonnet which he wrote the same day; the five last lines, at least, of his poem will impart to you more of the feeling of the place than it would be possible for me to do:[1]—

> Degenerate Douglas! thou unworthy Lord
> Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
> And love of havoc (for with such disease
> Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word
> To level with the dust a noble horde,
> A brotherhood of venerable trees,
> Leaving an ancient Dome and Towers like these
> Beggar'd and outraged! Many hearts deplored
> The fate of those old Trees; and oft with pain
> The Traveller at this day will stop and gaze
> On wrongs which Nature scarcely seems to heed;
> For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
> And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
> And the green silent pastures yet remain.

I was spared any regret for the fallen woods when we were there, not then knowing the history of them. The soft low mountains, the castle, and the decayed pleasure-grounds, the scattered trees which have been left in different parts, and the road carried in a very beautiful line along the side of the hill, with the Tweed murmuring through the unfenced green pastures spotted with sheep, together composed an harmonious scene, and I wished for nothing that was not there. When we were with Mr. Scott he spoke of cheerful days he had spent in that castle not many years ago, when it was inhabited by Professor Ferguson and his family, whom the Duke of Queensberry, its churlish owner, forced to quit it. We discovered a very fine echo within a few yards of the building.

[1] See in the "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803," the *Sonnet composed at —— Castle.*—ED.

The town of Peebles looks very pretty from the road in returning: it is an old town, built of grey stone, the same as the castle. Well-dressed people were going to church. Sent the car before, and walked ourselves, and while going along the main street William was called aside in a mysterious manner by a person who gravely examined him—whether he was an Irishman or a foreigner, or what he was; I suppose our car was the occasion of suspicion at a time when every one was talking of the threatened invasion. We had a day's journey before us along the banks of the Tweed, a name which has been sweet to my ears almost as far back as I can remember anything. After the first mile or two our road was seldom far from the river, which flowed in gentleness, though perhaps never silent; the hills on either side high and sometimes stony, but excellent pasturage for sheep. In some parts the vale was wholly of this pastoral character, in others we saw extensive tracts of corn ground, even spreading along whole hill-sides, and without visible fences, which is dreary in a flat country; but there is no dreariness on the banks of the Tweed,—the hills, whether smooth or stony, uncultivated or covered with ripe corn, had the same pensive softness. Near the corn tracts were large farm-houses, with many corn-stacks; the stacks and house and out-houses together, I recollect, in one or wo places upon the hills, at a little distance, seemed almost as large as a small village or hamlet. It was a clear autumnal day, without wind, and, being Sunday, the business of the harvest was suspended, and all that we saw, and felt, and heard, combined to excite one sensation of pensive and still pleasure.

Passed by several old halls yet inhabited, and others in ruin; but I have hardly a sufficiently distinct recollection of any of them to be able to describe them, and I now at this distance of time regret that I did not take notes. In one very sweet part of the vale a gate crossed the road, which was opened by an old woman who lived

in a cottage close to it; I said to her, "You live in a very pretty place!" "Yes," she replied, "the water of Tweed is a bonny water." The lines of the hills are flowing and beautiful, the reaches of the vale long; in some places appear the remains of a forest, in others you will see as lovely a combination of forms as any traveller who goes in search of the picturesque need desire, and yet perhaps without a single tree; or at least if trees there are, they shall be very few, and he shall not care whether they are there or not.

The road took us through one long village, but I do not recollect any other; yet I think we never had a mile's length before us without a house, though seldom several cottages together. The loneliness of the scattered dwellings, the more stately edifices decaying or in ruin, or, if inhabited, not in their pride and freshness, aided the general effect of the gently varying scenes, which was that of tender pensiveness; no bursting torrents when we were there, but the murmuring of the river was heard distinctly, often blended with the bleating of sheep. In one place we saw a shepherd lying in the midst of a flock upon a sunny knoll, with his face towards the sky,—happy picture of shepherd life.

The transitions of this vale were all gentle except one, a scene of which a gentleman's house was the centre, standing low in the vale, the hills above it covered with gloomy fir plantations, and the appearance of the house itself, though it could scarcely be seen, was gloomy. There was an allegorical air—a person fond of Spenser will understand me—in this uncheerful spot, single in such a country,

> "The house was hearsed about with a black wood."

We have since heard that it was the residence of Lord Traquair, a Roman Catholic nobleman, of a decayed family.

We left the Tweed when we were within about a mile and a half or two miles of Clovenford, where we were to

lodge. Turned up the side of a hill, and went along sheep-grounds till we reached the spot —a single stone house, without a tree near it or to be seen from it. On our mentioning Mr. Scott's name the woman of the house showed us all possible civility, but her slowness was really amusing. I should suppose it is a house little frequented, for there is no appearance of an inn. Mr. Scott, who she told me was a very clever gentleman, "goes there in the fishing season"; but indeed Mr. Scott is respected everywhere: I believe that by favour of his name one might be hospitably entertained throughout all the borders of Scotland. We dined and drank tea—did not walk out, for there was no temptation; a confined barren prospect from the window.

At Clovenford, being so near to the Yarrow, we could not but think of the possibility of going thither, but came to the conclusion of reserving the pleasure for some future time, in consequence of which, after our return, William wrote the poem which I shall here transcribe:[1]—

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd,
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd.
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my winsome Marrow,
"Whate'er betide we'll turn aside
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow Folk frae Selkirk Town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow:—'tis their own,
Each Maiden to her dwelling.
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow,
But we will downwards with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

[1] See in "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803," *Yarrow Unvisited.*—ED.

"There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus.
There's pleasant Teviot Dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow,
Why throw away a needful day,
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn,
My true-love sigh'd for sorrow,
And look'd me in the face to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow.

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's Holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open Strath
We'll wander Scotland thorough,
But though so near we will not turn
Into the Dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burnmill Meadow,
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow.
We will not see them, will not go,
To-day nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown,
It must, or we shall rue it,
We have a vision of our own,
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, 'winsome Marrow,'
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.

"If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy,
Should life be dull and spirits low,
'Twill sooth us in our sorrow
That earth hath something yet to show—
The bonny Holms of Yarrow."

The next day we were to meet Mr. Scott, and again join the Tweed. I wish I could have given you a better idea of what we saw between Peebles and this place. I have most distinct recollections of the effect of the whole day's journey; but the objects are mostly melted together in my memory, and though I should recognise them if we revisit the place, I cannot call them out so as to represent them to you with distinctness. William, in attempting in verse to describe this part of the Tweed, says of it,

More pensive in sunshine
Than others in moonshine,

which perhaps may give you more power to conceive what it is than all I have said.

Monday, September 19th.—We rose early, and went to Melrose, six miles, before breakfast. After ascending a hill, descended, and overlooked a dell, on the opposite side of which was an old mansion, surrounded with trees and steep gardens, a curious and pleasing, yet melancholy spot; for the house and gardens were evidently going to decay, and the whole of the small dell, except near the house, was unenclosed and uncultivated, being a sheep-walk to the top of the hills. Descended to Gala Water, a pretty stream, but much smaller than the Tweed, into which the brook flows from the glen I have spoken of. Near the Gala is a large modern house, the situation very pleasant, but the old building which we had passed put to shame the fresh colouring and meagre outline of the new one. Went through a part of the village

of Galashiels, pleasantly situated on the bank of the stream; a pretty place it once has been, but a manufactory is established there; and a townish bustle and ugly stone houses are fast taking place of the brown-roofed thatched cottages, of which a great number yet remain, partly overshadowed by trees. Left the Gala, and, after crossing the open country, came again to the Tweed, and pursued our way as before near the river, perhaps for a mile or two, till we arrived at Melrose. The valley for this short space was not so pleasing as before, the hills more broken, and though the cultivation was general, yet the scene was not rich, while it had lost its pastoral simplicity. At Melrose the vale opens out wide; but the hills are high all round—single distinct risings. After breakfast we went out, intending to go to the Abbey, and in the street met Mr. Scott, who gave us a cordial greeting, and conducted us thither himself. He was here on his own ground, for he is familiar with all that is known of the authentic history of Melrose and the popular tales connected with it. He pointed out many pieces of beautiful sculpture in obscure corners which would have escaped our notice. The Abbey has been built of a pale red stone; that part which was first erected of a very durable kind, the sculptured flowers and leaves and other minute ornaments being as perfect in many places as when first wrought. The ruin is of considerable extent, but unfortunately it is almost surrounded by insignificant houses, so that when you are close to it you see it entirely separated from many rural objects, and even when viewed from a distance the situation does not seem to be particularly happy, for the vale is broken and disturbed, and the Abbey at a distance from the river, so that you do not look upon them as companions of each other. And surely this is a national barbarism: within these beautiful walls is the ugliest church that was ever beheld—if it had been hewn out of the side of a hill it could not have been more dismal; there was no neatness, nor even decency, and it appeared

to be so damp, and so completely excluded from fresh air, that it must be dangerous to sit in it; the floor is unpaved, and very rough. What a contrast to the beautiful and graceful order apparent in every part of the ancient design and workmanship! Mr. Scott went with us into the gardens and orchards of a Mr. Riddel, from which we had a very sweet view of the Abbey through trees, the town being entirely excluded. Dined with Mr. Scott at the inn; he was now travelling to the assizes at Jedburgh in his character of Sheriff of Selkirk, and on that account, as well as for his own sake, he was treated with great respect, a small part of which was vouchsafed to us as his friends, though I could not persuade the woman to show me the beds, or to make any sort of promise till she was assured from the Sheriff himself that he had no objection to sleep in the same room with William.

Tuesday, September 20th.—Mr. Scott departed very early for Jedburgh, and we soon followed, intending to go by Dryburgh to Kelso. It was a fine morning. We went without breakfast, being told that there was a public-house at Dryburgh. The road was very pleasant, seldom out of sight of the Tweed for any length of time, though not often close to it. The valley is not so pleasantly defined as between Peebles and Clovenford, yet so soft and beautiful, and in many parts pastoral, but that peculiar and pensive simplicity which I have spoken of before was wanting, yet there was a fertility chequered with wildness which to many travellers would be more than a compensation. The reaches of the vale were shorter, the turnings more rapid, the banks often clothed with wood. In one place was a lofty scar, at another a green promontory, a small hill skirted by the river, the hill above irregular and green, and scattered over with trees. We wished we could have brought the ruins of Melrose to that spot, and mentioned this to Mr. Scott, who told us that the monks had first fixed their

abode there, and raised a temporary building of wood. The monastery of Melrose was founded by a colony from Rievaux Abbey in Yorkshire, which building it happens to resemble in the colour of the stone, and I think partly in the style of architecture, but is much smaller, that is, has been much smaller, for there is not at Rievaux any one single part of the ruin so large as the remains of the church at Melrose, though at Rievaux a far more extensive ruin remains. It is also much grander, and the situation at present much more beautiful, that ruin not having suffered like Melrose Abbey from the encroachments of a town. The architecture at Melrose is, I believe, superior in the exactness and taste of some of the minute ornamental parts; indeed, it is impossible to conceive anything more delicate than the workmanship, especially in the imitations of flowers.

We descended to Dryburgh after having gone a considerable way upon high ground. A heavy rain when we reached the village, and there was no public-house. A well-dressed, well-spoken woman courteously—shall I say charitably?—invited us into her cottage, and permitted us to make breakfast; she showed us into a neat parlour, furnished with prints, a mahogany table, and other things which I was surprised to see, for her husband was only a day-labourer, but she had been Lady Buchan's waiting-maid, which accounted for these luxuries and for a noticeable urbanity in her manners. All the cottages in this neighbourhood, if I am not mistaken, were covered with red tiles, and had chimneys. After breakfast we set out in the rain to the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which are near Lord Buchan's house, and, like Bothwell Castle, appropriated to the pleasure of the owner. We rang a bell at the gate, and, instead of a porter, an old woman came to open it through a narrow side-alley cut in a thick plantation of evergreens. On entering, saw the thatch of her hut just above the trees, and it looked very pretty, but the poor creature

herself was a figure to frighten a child,—bowed almost double, having a hooked nose and overhanging eyebrows, a complexion stained brown with smoke, and a cap that might have been worn for months and never washed. No doubt she had been cowering over her peat fire, for if she had emitted smoke by her breath and through every pore, the odour could not have been stronger. This ancient woman, by right of office, attended us to show off the curiosities, and she had her tale as perfect, though it was not quite so long a one, as the gentleman Swiss, whom I remember to have seen at Blenheim with his slender wand and dainty white clothes. The house of Lord Buchan and the Abbey stand upon a large flat peninsula, a green holm almost covered with fruit-trees. The ruins of Dryburgh are much less extensive than those of Melrose, and greatly inferior both in the architecture and stone, which is much mouldered away. Lord Buchan has trained pear-trees along the walls, which are bordered with flowers and gravel walks, and he has made a pigeon-house, and a fine room in the ruin, ornamented with a curiously-assorted collection of busts of eminent men, in which lately a ball was given; yet, deducting for all these improvements, which are certainly much less offensive than you could imagine, it is a very sweet ruin, standing so enclosed in wood, which the towers overtop, that you cannot know that it is not in a state of natural desolation till you are close to it. The opposite bank of the Tweed is steep and woody, but unfortunately many of the trees are firs. The old woman followed us after the fashion of other guides, but being slower of foot than a younger person, it was not difficult to slip away from the scent of her poor smoke-dried body. She was sedulous in pointing out the curiosities, which, I doubt not, she had a firm belief were not to be surpassed in England or Scotland.

Having promised us a sight of the largest and oldest yew-tree ever seen, she conducted us to it; it was a

goodly tree, but a mere dwarf compared with several of our own country—not to speak of the giant of Lorton. We returned to the cottage, and waited some time in hopes that the rain would abate, but it grew worse and worse, and we were obliged to give up our journey, to Kelso, taking the direct road to Jedburgh.

We had to ford the Tweed, a wide river at the crossing-place. It would have been impossible to drive the horse through, for he had not forgotten the fright at Connel Ferry, so we hired a man to lead us. After crossing the water, the road goes up the bank, and we had a beautiful view of the ruins of the Abbey, peering above the trees of the woody peninsula, which, in shape, resembles that formed by the Tees at Lickburn, but is considerably smaller. Lord Buchan's house is a very neat, modest building, and almost hidden by trees. It soon began to rain heavily. Crossing the Teviot by a stone bridge—the vale in that part very wide—there was a great deal of ripe corn, but a want of trees, and no appearance of richness. Arrived at Jedburgh half an hour before the Judges were expected out of Court to dinner.

We gave in our passport—the name of Mr. Scott, the Sheriff—and were very civilly treated, but there was no vacant room in the house except the Judge's sitting-room, and we wanted to have a fire, being exceedingly wet and cold. I was conducted into that room, on condition that I would give it up the moment the Judge came from Court.[1] After I had put off my wet clothes I went up into a bedroom, and sate shivering there, till the people of the inn had procured lodgings for us in a private house.

We were received with hearty welcome by a good woman, who, though above seventy years old, moved about as briskly as if she was only seventeen. Those

[1] Compare Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. i. p. 403.—ED.

parts of the house which we were to occupy were neat and clean; she showed me every corner, and, before I had been ten minutes in the house, opened her very drawers that I might see what a stock of linen she had; then asked me how long we should stay, and said she wished we were come for three months. She was a most remarkable person; the alacrity with which she ran up-stairs when we rung the bell, and guessed at, and strove to prevent, our wants was surprising; she had a quick eye, and keen strong features, and a joyousness in her motions, like what used to be in old Molly when she was particularly elated. I found afterwards that she had been subject to fits of dejection and ill-health: we then conjectured that her overflowing gaiety and strength might in part be attributed to the same cause as her former dejection. Her husband was deaf and infirm, and sate in a chair with scarcely the power to move a limb—an affecting contrast! The old woman said they had been a very hard-working pair; they had wrought like slaves at their trade—her husband had been a currier; and she told me how they had portioned off their daughters with money, and each a feather-bed, and that in their old age they had laid out the little they could spare in building and furnishing that house, and she added with pride that she had lived in her youth in the family of Lady Egerton, who was no high lady, and now was in the habit of coming to her house whenever she was at Jedburgh, and a hundred other things; for when she once began with Lady Egerton, she did not know how to stop, nor did I wish it, for she was very entertaining. Mr. Scott sate with us an hour or two, and repeated a part of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. When he was gone our hostess came to see if we wanted anything, and to wish us good-night. On all occasions her manners were governed by the same spirit: there was no withdrawing one's attention from her. We were so much interested that William, long afterwards, thought it worth while to express in verse the sensations which

she had excited, and which then remained as vividly in his mind as at the moment when we lost sight of Jedburgh :[1]—

Age ! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,
And call a train of laughing Hours ;
And bid them dance, and bid them sing,
And Thou, too, mingle in the Ring !
Take to thy heart a new delight !
If not, make merry in despite
That one should breathe who scorns thy power.
—But dance ! for under Jedborough Tower
A Matron dwells who, tho' she bears
Our mortal complement of years,
Lives in the light of youthful glee,
And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay ! start not at that Figure—there !
Him who is rooted to his Chair !
Look at him, look again ; for He
Hath long been of thy Family.
With legs that move not, if they can,
And useless arms, a Trunk of Man,
He sits, and with a vacant eye ;
A Sight to make a Stranger sigh !
Deaf, drooping, such is now his doom ;
His world is in that single room—
Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?
Can merry-making enter here ?

The joyous Woman is the Mate
Of him in that forlorn estate ;
He breathes a subterraneous damp ;
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp,
He is as mute as Jedborough Tower,
She jocund as it was of yore
With all its bravery on, in times
When all alive with merry chimes
Upon a sun-bright morn of May
It roused the Vale to holiday.

[1] See in "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803, *The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband.*—ED.

I praise thee, Matron ! and thy due
Is praise, heroic praise and true.
With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
The picture of a life well spent ;
This do I see, and something more,
A strength unthought of heretofore.
Delighted am I for thy sake,
And yet a higher joy partake :
Our human nature throws away
Its second twilight, and looks gay,
A Land of promise and of pride
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah ! see her helpless Charge ! enclosed
Within himself as seems, composed ;
To fear of loss and hope of gain,
The strife of happiness and pain—
Utterly dead ! yet in the guise
Of little Infants when their eyes
Begin to follow to and fro
The persons that before them go,
He tracks her motions, quick or slow.
Her buoyant spirits can prevail
Where common cheerfulness would fail.
She strikes upon him with the heat
Of July suns ; he feels it sweet ;
An animal delight, though dim !
'Tis all that now remains for him !

I look'd, I scann'd her o'er and o'er,
And, looking, wondered more and more :
When suddenly I seem'd to espy
A trouble in her strong black eye,
A remnant of uneasy light,
A flash of something over-bright !
Not long this mystery did detain
My thoughts. She told in pensive strain
That she had borne a heavy yoke,
Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;
Ill health of body, and had pined
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it !—but let praise ascend
To Him who is our Lord and Friend !
Who from disease and suffering
As bad almost as Life can bring,
Hath call'd for thee a second Spring ;
Repaid thee for that sore distress
By no untimely joyousness ;
Which makes of thine a blissful state ;
And cheers thy melancholy Mate !

Wednesday, September 21st.—The house where we lodged was airy, and even cheerful, though one of a line of houses bordering on the churchyard, which is the highest part of the town, overlooking a great portion of it to the opposite hills. The kirk is, as at Melrose, within the walls of a conventual church ; but the ruin is much less beautiful, and the church a very neat one. The churchyard was full of graves, and exceedingly slovenly and dirty ; one most indecent practice I observed : several women brought their linen to the flat table-tombstones, and, having spread it upon them, began to batter as hard as they could with a wooden roller, a substitute for a mangle.

After Mr. Scott's business in the Courts was over, he walked with us up the Jed—"sylvan Jed" it has been properly called by Thomson—for the banks are yet very woody, though wood in large quantities has been felled within a few years. There are some fine red scars near the river, in one or two of which we saw the entrances to caves, said to have been used as places of refuge in times of insecurity.

Walked up to Ferniehurst, an old hall, in a secluded situation, now inhabited by farmers ; the neighbouring ground had the wildness of a forest, being irregularly scattered over with fine old trees. The wind was tossing their branches, and sunshine dancing among the leaves, and I happened to exclaim, "What a life there is in trees !" on which Mr. Scott observed that the words reminded him of a young lady who had been born and

educated on an island of the Orcades, and came to spend a summer at Kelso and in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. She used to say that in the new world into which she was come nothing had disappointed her so much as trees and woods; she complained that they were lifeless, silent, and, compared with the grandeur of the ever-changing ocean, even insipid. At first I was surprised, but the next moment I felt that the impression was natural. Mr. Scott said that she was a very sensible young woman, and had read much. She talked with endless rapture and feeling of the power and greatness of the ocean; and with the same passionate attachment returned to her native island without any probability of quitting it again.[1]

The valley of the Jed is very solitary immediately under Ferniehurst; we walked down the river, wading almost up to the knees in fern, which in many parts overspread the forest-ground. It made me think of our walks at Alfoxden, and of *our own* park—though at Ferniehurst is no park at present—and the slim fawns that we used to startle from their couching-places among the fern at the top of the hill. We were accompanied on our walk by a young man from the Braes of Yarrow, an acquaintance of Mr. Scott's,[2] who, having been much delighted with some of William's poems which he had chanced to see in a newspaper, had wished to be introduced to him; he lived in the most retired part of the dale of Yarrow, where he had a farm: he was fond of reading, and well-informed, but at first meeting as shy as any of our Grasmere lads, and not less rustic in his appearance. He had been in the Highlands, and gave me such an account of Loch Rannoch as made us regret that we had not persevered in our journey thither, especially as he told us that the bad road ended at a very little

[1] Compare Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. i. p. 404.—ED.

[2] William Laidlaw.—ED.

distance from the place where we had turned back, and that we should have come into another good road, continued all along the shore of the lake. He also mentioned that there was a very fine view from the steeple at Dunkeld.

The town of Jedburgh, in returning along the road, as it is seen through the gently winding narrow valley, looks exceedingly beautiful on its low eminence, surmounted by the conventual tower, which is arched over, at the summit, by light stone-work resembling a coronet; the effect at a distance is very graceful. The hills all round are high, and rise rapidly from the town, which though it stands considerably above the river, yet, from every side except that on which we walked, appears to stand in a bottom.

We had our dinner sent from the inn, and a bottle of wine, that we might not disgrace the Sheriff, who supped with us in the evening,—stayed late, and repeated some of his poem.

Thursday, September 22nd.—After breakfast, the minister, Dr. Somerville, called upon us with Mr. Scott, and we went to the manse, a very pretty house, with pretty gardens, and in a beautiful situation, though close to the town. Dr. Somerville and his family complained bitterly of the devastation that had been made among the woods within view from their windows, which looked up the Jed. He conducted us to the church, which under his directions has been lately repaired, and is a very neat place within. Dr. Somerville spoke of the dirt and other indecencies in the churchyard, and said that he had taken great pains to put a stop to them, but wholly in vain. The business of the assizes closed this day, and we went into Court to hear the Judge pronounce his charge, which was the most curious specimen of old woman's oratory and newspaper-paragraph loyalty that was ever heard. When all was over they returned to the inn in procession, as they had come, to the sound of

a trumpet, the Judge first, in his robes of red, the Sheriffs next, in large cocked hats, and inferior officers following, a show not much calculated to awe the beholders. After this we went to the inn. The landlady and her sister inquired if we had been comfortable, and lamented that they had not had it in their power to pay us more attention. I began to talk with them, and found out that they were from Cumberland: they knew Captain and Mrs. Wordsworth, who had frequently been at Jedburgh, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister having married a gentleman of that neighbourhood. They spoke of them with great pleasure. I returned to our lodgings to take leave of the old woman, who told me that I had behaved "very discreetly," and seemed exceedingly sorry that we were leaving her so soon. She had been out to buy me some pears, saying that I must take away some "Jeddered" pears. We learned afterwards that Jedburgh is famous in Scotland for pears, which were first cultivated there in the gardens of the monks.

Mr. Scott was very glad to part from the Judge and his retinue, to travel with us in our car to Hawick; his servant drove his own gig. The landlady, very kindly, had put up some sandwiches and cheese-cakes for me, and all the family came out to see us depart. Passed the monastery gardens, which are yet gardens, where there are many remarkably large old pear-trees. We soon came into the vale of Teviot, which is open and cultivated, and scattered over with hamlets, villages, and many gentlemen's seats, yet, though there is no inconsiderable quantity of wood, you can never, in the wide and cultivated parts of the Teviot, get rid of the impression of barrenness, and the fir plantations, which in this part are numerous, are for ever at war with simplicity. One beautiful spot I recollect of a different character, which Mr. Scott took us to see a few yards from the road. A stone bridge crossed the water at a deep and still place, called Horne's Pool, from a contemplative schoolmaster, who had lived not far from it, and was

accustomed to walk thither, and spend much of his leisure near the river. The valley was here narrow and woody. Mr. Scott pointed out to us Ruberslaw, Minto Crags, and every other remarkable object in or near the vale of Teviot, and we scarcely passed a house for which he had not some story. Seeing us look at one, which stood high on the hill on the opposite side of the river, he told us that a gentleman lived there who, while he was in India, had been struck with the fancy of making his fortune by a new speculation, and so set about collecting the gods of the country, with infinite pains and no little expense, expecting that he might sell them for an enormous price. Accordingly, on his return they were offered for sale, but no purchasers came. On the failure of this scheme, a room was hired in London in which to exhibit them as a show; but alas! nobody would come to see; and this curious assemblage of monsters is now, probably, quietly lodged in the vale of Teviot. The latter part of this gentleman's history is more affecting:—he had an only daughter, whom he had accompanied into Spain two or three years ago for the recovery of her health, and so for a time saved her from a consumption, which now again threatened her, and he was about to leave his pleasant residence, and attend her once more on the same errand, afraid of the coming winter.

We passed through a village, whither Leyden, Scott's intimate friend, the author of *Scenes of Infancy*,[1] was used to walk over several miles of moorland country every day to school, a poor barefooted boy. He is now in India, applying himself to the study of Oriental literature, and, I doubt not, it is his dearest thought that he may come and end his days upon the banks of Teviot, or some other of the Lowland streams—for he is, like Mr. Scott, passionately attached to the district of the Borders.

[1] The full title was *Scenes of Infancy, descriptive of Teviotdale*, published in 1803.—ED.

Arrived at Hawick to dinner; the inn is a large old house with walls above a yard thick, formerly a gentleman's house. Did not go out this evening.

Friday, September 23rd.—Before breakfast, walked with Mr. Scott along a high road for about two miles, up a bare hill. Hawick is a small town. From the top of the hill we had an extensive view over the moors of Liddisdale, and saw the Cheviot Hills. We wished we could have gone with Mr. Scott into some of the remote dales of this country, where in almost every house he can find a home and a hearty welcome. But after breakfast we were obliged to part with him, which we did with great regret: he would gladly have gone with us to Langholm, eighteen miles further. Our way was through the vale of Teviot, near the banks of the river.

Passed Branxholm Hall, one of the mansions belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, which we looked at with particular interest for the sake of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Only a very small part of the original building remains: it is a large strong house, old, but not ancient in its appearance—stands very near the riverside; the banks covered with plantations.

A little further on, met the Edinburgh coach with several passengers, the only stage-coach that had passed us in Scotland. Coleridge had come home by that conveyance only a few days before. The quantity of arable land gradually diminishes, and the plantations become fewer, till at last the river flows open to the sun, mostly through unfenced and untilled grounds, a soft pastoral district, both the hills and the valley being scattered over with sheep: here and there was a single farmhouse, or cluster of houses, and near them a portion of land covered with ripe corn.

Near the head of the vale of Teviot, where that stream is but a small rivulet, we descended towards another valley, by another small rivulet. Hereabouts Mr. Scott had directed us to look about for some old stumps of trees, said to be the place where Johnny

Armstrong was hanged; but we could not find them out. The valley into which we were descending, though, for aught I know, it is unnamed in song, was to us more interesting than the Teviot itself. Not a spot of tilled ground was there to break in upon its pastoral simplicity; the same soft yellow green spread from the bed of the streamlet to the hill-tops on each side, and sheep were feeding everywhere. It was more close and simple than the upper end of the vale of Teviot, the valley being much narrower, and the hills equally high and not broken into parts, but on each side a long range. The grass, as we had first seen near Crawfordjohn, had been mown in the different places of the open ground, where it might chance to be best; but there was no part of the surface that looked perfectly barren, as in those tracts.

We saw a single stone house a long way before us, which we conjectured to be, as it proved, Moss Paul, the inn where we were to bait. The scene, with this single dwelling, was melancholy and wild, but not dreary, though there was no tree nor shrub; the small streamlet glittered, the hills were populous with sheep; but the gentle bending of the valley, and the correspondent softness in the forms of the hills, were of themselves enough to delight the eye. At Moss Paul we fed our horse;—several travellers were drinking whisky. We neither ate nor drank, for we had, with our usual foresight and frugality in travelling, saved the cheese-cakes and sandwiches which had been given us by our countrywoman at Jedburgh the day before. After Moss Paul, we ascended considerably, then went down other reaches of the valley, much less interesting, stony and barren. The country afterwards not peculiar, I should think, for I scarcely remember it.

Arrived at Langholm at about five o'clock. The town, as we approached, from a hill, looked very pretty, the houses being roofed with blue slates, and standing close to the river Esk, here a large river, that scattered its waters wide over a stony channel. The inn neat

and comfortable—exceedingly clean: I could hardly believe we were still in Scotland.

After tea walked out; crossed a bridge, and saw, at a little distance up the valley, Langholm House, a villa of the Duke of Buccleuch: it stands upon a level between the river and a steep hill, which is planted with wood. Walked a considerable way up the river, but could not go close to it on account of the Duke's plantations, which are locked up. When they ended, the vale became less cultivated; the view through the vale towards the hills very pleasing, though bare and cold.

Saturday, September 24th.—Rose very early and travelled about nine miles to Longtown, before breakfast, along the banks of the Esk. About half a mile from Langholm crossed a bridge. At this part of the vale, which is narrow, the steeps are covered with old oaks and every variety of trees. Our road for some time through the wood, then came to a more open country, exceedingly rich and populous; the banks of the river frequently rocky, and hung with wood; many gentlemen's houses. There was the same rich variety while the river continued to flow through Scottish grounds; but not long after we had passed through the last turnpike gate in Scotland and the first in England—but a few yards asunder—the vale widens, and its aspect was cold, and even dreary, though Sir James Graham's plantations are very extensive. His house, a large building, stands in this open part of the vale. Longtown was before us, and ere long we saw the well-remembered guide-post, where the circuit of our six weeks' travels had begun, and now was ended.

We did not look along the white line of the road to Solway Moss without some melancholy emotion, though we had the fair prospect of the Cumberland mountains full in view, with the certainty, barring accidents, of reaching our own dear home the next day. Breakfasted at the Graham's Arms. The weather had been very

fine from the time of our arrival at Jedburgh, and this was a very pleasant day. The sun "shone fair on Carlisle's walls" when we first saw them from the top of the opposite hill. Stopped to look at the place on the sand near the bridge where Hatfield had been executed. Put up at the same inn as before, and were recognised by the woman who had waited on us. Everybody spoke of Hatfield as an injured man. After dinner went to a village six miles further, where we slept.

Sunday, September 25th, 1803.—A beautiful autumnal day. Breakfasted at a public-house by the road-side; dined at Threlkeld; arrived at home between eight and nine o'clock, where we found Mary in perfect health, Joanna Hutchinson with her, and little John asleep in the clothes-basket by the fire.

SONNET [1]

COMPOSED BETWEEN DALSTON AND GRASMERE, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1803

FLY, some kind spirit, fly to Grasmere Vale!
Say that we come, and come by this day's light.
Glad tidings!—spread them over field and height,
But, chiefly, let one Cottage hear the tale!
There let a mystery of joy prevail,
The kitten frolic with unruly might,
And Rover whine as at a second sight
Of near-approaching good that will not fail:
And from that Infant's face let joy appear;
Yea, let our Mary's one companion child,
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
With intimations manifold and dear,
While we have wander'd over wood and wild—
Smile on its Mother now with bolder cheer!

[1] See "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803," "Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale!"—ED.

VIII

JOURNAL OF A MOUNTAIN RAMBLE BY DOROTHY AND WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

November 7th to 13th, 1805

JOURNAL OF A MOUNTAIN RAMBLE, WRITTEN BY DOROTHY WORDSWORTH[1]

. . . . . .

Wednesday, November 7th.—On a damp and gloomy morning we set forward, William on foot, and I upon the pony, with William's greatcoat slung over the saddle crutch, and a wallet containing our bundle of "needments." As we went along the mist gathered upon the valleys, and it even rained all the way to the head of Patterdale; but there was never a drop upon my habit larger than the smallest pearls upon a lady's ring. The trees of the larger island upon Rydale Lake were of the most gorgeous colours; the whole island reflected in the water, as I remember once in particular to have seen it with dear Coleridge, when either he or William observed that the rocky shore, spotted and streaked with purplish brown heath, and its image in the water, together were like an immense caterpillar, such as, when we were children, we used to call *Woolly Boys*, from their hairy coats. . . . As the mist thickened, our enjoyments increased, and my hopes grew bolder; and when we were at the top of Kirkstone (though we could not see fifty yards before us) we were as happy travellers as ever paced side by side on a holiday ramble. At such a time and in such a place every scattered stone the size of one's head becomes a companion. There is a

[1] This title is given by the editor. There is none in the original MS.—ED.

fragment of an old wall at the top of Kirkstone, which, magnified yet obscured as it was by the mist, was scarcely less interesting to us when we cast our eyes upon it, than the view of a noble monument of ancient grandeur has been—yet this same pile of stones we had never before observed. When we had descended considerably, the fields of Hartsop, below Brotherswater, were first seen like a lake, coloured by the reflection of yellow clouds. I mistook them for the water; but soon after we saw the lake itself gleaming faintly with a grey, steely brightness; then appeared the brown oaks, and the birches of splendid colour, and, when we came still nearer to the valley, the cottages under their tufts of trees and the old Hall of Hartsop with its long irregular front and elegant chimneys. . . .

Thursday, November 8th.—Incessant rain till eleven o'clock, when it became fair, and William and I walked to Blowick. Luff joined us by the way. The wind was strong, and drove the clouds forward along the side of the hill above our heads; four or five goats were bounding among the rocks; the sheep moved about more quietly, or cowered in their sheltering-places. The two storm-stiffened black yew-trees on the crag above Luff's house were striking objects, close under or seen through the flying mists. . . . When we stood upon the naked crag upon the common, overlooking the woods and bush-besprinkled fields of Blowick, the lake, clouds, and mists were all in motion to the sound of sweeping winds—the church and cottages of Patterdale scarcely visible from the brightness of the thin mist. Looking backwards towards the foot of the water, the scene less visionary. Place Fell steady and bold as a lion; the whole lake driving down like a great river, waves dancing round the small islands. We walked to the house. The owner was salving sheep in the barn; an appearance of poverty and decay everywhere. He asked us if we wanted to purchase the estate. We

could not but stop frequently, both in going and returning, to look at the exquisite beauty of the woods opposite. The general colour of the trees was dark-brown, rather that of ripe hazel-nuts ; but towards the water there were yet beds of green, and in some of the hollow places in the highest part of the woods the trees were of a yellow colour, and through the glittering light they looked like masses of clouds as you see them gathered together in the west, and tinged with the golden light of the sun. After dinner we walked with Mrs. Luff up the vale ; I had never had an idea of the extent and width of it, in passing through along the road, on the other side. We walked along the path which leads from house to house ; two or three times it took us through some of those copses or groves that cover every little hillock in the middle of the lower part of the vale, making an intricate and beautiful intermixture of lawn and woodland. We left William to prolong his walk, and when he came into the house he told us that he had pitched upon the spot where he should like to build a house better than in any other he had ever yet seen. Mrs. Luff went with him by moonlight to view it. The vale looked as if it were filled with white light when the moon had climbed up to the middle of the sky ; but long before we could see her face a while all the eastern hills were in black shade, those on the opposite side were almost as bright as snow. Mrs. Luff's large white dog lay in the moonshine upon the round knoll under the old yew-tree, a beautiful and romantic image—the dark tree with its dark shadow, and the elegant creature as fair as a spirit.

Friday, November 9th.—It rained till near ten o'clock ; but a little after that time, it being likely for a tolerably fine day, we packed up, and with Luff's servant to help to row, set forward in the boat. As we proceeded the day grew finer, clouds and sunny gleams on the mountains. In a grand bay under Place Fell we

saw three fishermen with a boat dragging a net, and rowed up to them. They had just brought the net ashore, and hundreds of fish were leaping in their prison. They were all of one kind, what are called Skellies. After we had left them the fishermen continued their work, a picturesque group under the lofty and bare crags; the whole scene was very grand, a raven croaking on the mountain above our heads. Landed at Sanwick, the man took the boat home, and we pursued our journey towards the village along a beautiful summer path, at first through a copse by the lake-side, then through green fields. The village and brook very pretty, shut out from mountains and lake; it reminded me of Somersetshire. Passed by Harry Hebson's house; I longed to go in for the sake of former times. William went up one side of the vale, and we the other, and he joined us after having crossed the one-arched bridge above the church; a beautiful view of the church with its "base ring of mossy wall" and single yew-tree. At the last house in the vale we were kindly greeted by the master. . . . We were well prepared to face the mountain, which we began to climb almost immediately. Martindale divides itself into two dales at the head. In one of these (that to the left) there is no house to be seen, nor any building but a cattle-shed on the side of a hill which is sprinkled over with wood, evidently the remains of a forest, formerly a very extensive one. At the bottom of the other valley is the house of which I have spoken, and beyond the enclosures of this man's farm there are no other. A few old trees remain, relics of the forest; a little stream passes in serpentine windings through the uncultivated valley, where many cattle were feeding. The cattle of this country are generally white or light-coloured; but those were mostly dark-brown or black, which made the scene resemble many parts of Scotland. When we sat on the hillside, though we were well contented with the quiet everyday sounds, the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep,

and the very gentle murmuring of the valley stream, yet we could not but think what a grand effect the sound of the bugle-horn would have among these mountains. It is still heard once a year at the chase—a day of festivity for all the inhabitants of the district, except the poor deer, the most ancient of them all. The ascent, even to the top of the mountain, is very easy. When we had accomplished it we had some exceedingly fine mountain views, some of the mountains being resplendent with sunshine, others partly hidden by clouds. Ullswater was of a dazzling brightness bordered by black hills, the plain beyond Penrith smooth and bright (or rather *gleamy*) as the sea or sea-sands. Looked into Boar Dale above Sanwick—deep and bare, a stream winding down it. After having walked a considerable way on the tops of the hills, came in view of Glenridding and the mountains above Grisdale. Luff then took us aside, before we had begun to descend, to a small ruin, which was formerly a chapel or place of worship where the inhabitants of Martindale and Patterdale were accustomed to meet on Sundays. There are now no traces by which you could discover that the building had been different from a common sheepfold; the loose stones and the few which yet remain piled up are the same as those which lie about on the mountain; but the shape of the building being oblong is not that of a common sheepfold, and it stands east and west. Whether it was ever consecrated ground or not I know not; but the place may be kept holy in the memory of some now living in Patterdale; for it was the means of preserving the life of a poor old man last summer, who, having gone up the mountain to gather peats, had been overtaken by a storm, and could not find his way down again. He happened to be near the remains of the old chapel, and, in a corner of it, he contrived, by laying turf and ling and stones from one wall to the other, to make a shelter from the wind, and there he lay all night. The woman who had sent him

on his errand began to grow uneasy towards night, and the neighbours went out to seek him. At that time the old man had housed himself in his nest, and he heard the voices of the men, but could not make *them* hear, the wind being so loud, and he was afraid to leave the spot lest he should not be able to find it again, so he remained there all night; and they returned to their homes, giving him up for lost; but the next morning the same persons discovered him huddled up in the sheltered nook. He was at first stupefied and unable to move; but after he had eaten and drunk, and recollected himself a little, he walked down the mountain, and did not afterwards seem to have suffered.[1] As we descend, the vale of Patterdale appears very simple and grand, with its two heads, Deep Dale, and Brotherswater or Hartsop. It is remarkable that two pairs of brothers should have been drowned in that lake. There is a tradition, at least, that it took its name from two who were drowned there many years ago, and it is a fact that two others did meet that melancholy fate about twenty years since. . . .

Saturday, November 10th.—A beautiful morning. When we were at breakfast we heard suddenly the tidings of Lord Nelson's death and the victory of Trafalgar. Went to the inn to make further inquiries. Returned by William's rock and grove, and were so much pleased with the spot that William determined to buy it if possible, therefore we prepared to set off to Parkhouse that William might apply to Thomas Wilkinson to negotiate for him with the owner. We went down that side of the lake opposite to Stybarrow Crag. I dismounted, and we sat some time under the same rock as before, above Blowick. Owing to the brightness of the

[1] Compare the account given of this incident in *The Excursion*, towards the close of book ii.; also in the Fenwick note to *The Excursion*.—ED

sunshine the church and other buildings were even more concealed from us than by the mists the other day. It had been a sharp frost in the night, and the grass and trees were yet wet. We observed the lemon-coloured leaves of the birches in the wood below, as the wind turned them to the sun, sparkle, or rather flash, like diamonds. The day continued unclouded to the end.

Monday, November 12th.—The morning being fine, we resolved to go to Lowther. . . . Crossed the ford at Yanworth. Found Thomas Wilkinson at work in one of his fields; he cheerfully laid down the spade and walked by our side with William. We left our horses at the mill below Brougham, and walked through the woods till we came to the quarry, where the road ends—the very place which has been the boundary of some of the happiest of the walks of my youth. The sun did not shine when we were there, and it was mid-day; therefore, if it had shone, the light could not have been the same; yet so vividly did I call to mind those walks, that, when I was in the wood, I almost seemed to see the same rich light of evening upon the trees which I had seen in those happy hours. . . .

Tuesday, November 13th.—A very wet morning; no hope of being able to return home. William read in a book lent him by Thomas Wilkinson. I read *Castle Rackrent.* The day cleared at one o'clock, and after dinner, at a little before three, we set forward. . . . Before we reached Ullswater the sun shone, and only a few scattered clouds remained on the hills, except at the tops of the very highest. The lake perfectly calm. We had a delightful journey. . . . The trees in Gowborough Park were very beautiful, the hawthorns leafless, their round heads covered with rich red berries, and adorned with arches of green brambles; and eglantine hung with glossy hips; many birches yet tricked out in full foliage of bright yellow; oaks brown or leafless; the smooth

branches of the ashes bare; most of the alders green as in spring. At the end of Gowborough Park a large troop of deer were moving slowly, or standing still, among the fern. I was grieved when our companions startled them with a whistle, disturbing a beautiful image of grave simplicity and thoughtful enjoyment, for I could have fancied that even they were partaking with me a sensation of the solemnity of the closing day. I think I have more pleasure in looking at deer than any other animals, perhaps chiefly from their living in a more natural state. The sun had been set some time, though we could only just perceive that the daylight was partly gone, and the lake was more brilliant than before. . . . A delightful evening; the Seven Stars close to the hill-tops in Patterdale; all the stars seemed brighter than usual. The steeps were reflected in Brotherswater, and above the lake appeared like enormous black perpendicular walls. The torrents of Kirkstone had been swollen by the rains, and filled the mountain pass with their roaring, which added greatly to the solemnity of our walk. The stars in succession took their stations on the mountain-tops. Behind us, when we had climbed very high, we saw one light in the vale at a great distance, like a large star, a solitary one, in the gloomy region. All the cheerfulness of the scene was in the sky above us. . . .[1]

[1] A curious *recast* of this journal by his sister was published by Wordsworth, in his *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes.*—ED.

IX

EXTRACTS

FROM

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

1820

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820

Monday, July 10th, 1820. —We—William, Mary, and Dorothy Wordsworth—left the Rectory House, Lambeth, at a quarter to eight o'clock. Had the "Union" coach to ourselves, till within two stages of Canterbury, when two young ladies demanded inside places. . . . The Cathedral of Canterbury, described by Erasmus as lifting itself up in "such majesty towards heaven, that it strikes religion into the beholders from a distance," looks stately on the plain, when first seen from the gently descending road, and appeared to me a much finer building than in former times ; and I felt, as I had often done during my last abode in London, that, whatever change, tending to melancholy, twenty years might have produced, they had called forth the capacity of enjoying the sight of ancient buildings to which my youth was, comparatively, a stranger. Between London and Canterbury the scenes are varied and cheerful ; first Blackheath, and its bordering villas, and shady trees ; goats, asses, sheep, etc., pasturing at large near the houses. The Thames glorious ; ships like castles, cutting their way as through green meadows, the river being concealed from view ; then it spreads out like a wide lake, scattered over with vessels.

Dover, Tuesday, July 11th.—We walked to the Castle before breakfast. The building, when you are

close to it, appears even *sublime*, from its immense height and bulk; but it is not rich or beautiful in architecture. The old warder stood in waiting upon the hill to lead us forward. After ascending above a hundred stone steps, we were greeted by the slender tinkling of a bell, a delicately wild sound in that place. It is fixed at the top of a pillar, on which is inscribed a poetical petition in behalf of the prisoners confined above in the Castle.

Calais, Tuesday, July 11th.—Landed on the shores of France at half-past one. What shall I say of Calais? I looked about for what I remembered, and looked for new things, and in both quests was gratified. . . On my bedroom door is inscribed "Sterne's Room," and a print of him hangs over the fireplace. The walls painted in panels, handsome carpets, chimney-piece marble-coloured, hearth red, bed-curtains white, sheets coarse, coverlet a mixture of cotton and woollen, beautifully white; but how clumsy all contrivances of braziers and smiths! The bell hangs on the outside of the wall, and gives a single, loud, dull stroke when pulled by the string, so that you must stand and pull four or five times, as if you were calling the people to prayers.

Calais, Wednesday, July 12th.—We rose at five; sunshine and clear, but rather cold air. The Cathedral, a large edifice, not finely wrought; but the first effect is striking, from the size of the numerous pillars and arches, though they are paltry in the finishing, merely white-washed and stuck over with bad pictures and tawdry images; yet the whole view at the entrance was affecting. Old men and women—*young* women and girls kneeling at their silent prayers, and some we espied, in obscure recesses, before a concealed crucifix, image, or altar. One grey-haired man I cannot forget, whose countenance bore the impression of worldly cares subdued, and peace in heavenly aspiration. . . . Another figure I must

not leave unnoticed, a squalid, ragged woman. She sate alone upon some steps at the side of the entrance to the quire. There she sate, with a white dog beside her; no one was near, and the dog and she evidently belonged to each other, probably her only friend, for never was there a more wretchedly forlorn and miserable-looking human being. She did not notice us; but her rags and her sickly aspect drew a penny from me, and the change in the woman's skinny, doleful face is not to be imagined: it was brightened by a light and gracious smile—the effect was almost as of something supernatural —she bowed her body, waved her hand, and, with a politeness of gesture unknown in England in almost any station of life, beckoned that we might enter the church, where the people were kneeling upon chairs, of which there might be a thousand—*two* thousand—I cannot say how many—piled up in different parts of the Cathedral. . . .

9 *o'clock*, *Inn-yard*, *Calais*.—Off we drove, preceded by our friends, each postilion smacking his whip along the street with a dexterity truly astonishing. Never before did I know the power of a clumsy whip, in concert with the rattling of wheels upon rough pavement! The effect was certainly not less upon the spectators, and we jolted away as merry as children—showed our passports —passed the gateways, drawbridges, and shabby soldiers, and, fresh to the feeling of being in a foreign land, drove briskly forward, watchful and gay. The country for many miles populous; this makes it amusing, though sandy and flat; no trees worth looking at singly *as* trees. . . .

Half-past 10.—The party gone to bed. This *salle*, where I sit, how unlike a parlour in an English inn! Yet the history of a sea-fight, or a siege, painted on the walls, with the costumes of Philip the Second, or even of our own time, would have better suited my associations, with the names of Gravelines and Dunkirk, than the story of Cupid and Psyche now before my eyes, as large

as life, on French paper! The paper is in panels, with big mirrors between, in gilt frames. With all this taste and finery, and wax candles,[1] and Brussels carpets, what a mixture of troublesome awkwardness! They brought us a ponderous teapot that would not pour out the tea; the latches (with metal enough to fasten up a dungeon) can hardly, by unpractised hands, be made to open and shut the doors! I have seen the diligence come into the yard and unload—heavy, dirty, dusty—a lap-dog walking about the top, like a panther in its cage, and viewing the gulf below. A monkey was an outside passenger when it departed.

Furnes, July 13th, Thursday, 5 o'clock.—I will describe this Square. Houses yellow, grey, white, and *there* is a green one! Yet the effect is not gaudy—a half Grecian church, with Gothic spire; storks have built their nests, and are sitting upon the venerable tower of another church, a sight that pleasingly reminds us of our neighbourhood to Holland. The interior of that which outwardly mimics the Grecian is Gothic, and rather handsome in form, but whitewashed, and bedaubed with tinsel, and dolls, and tortured images. . . . Bells continually tinkling. *There* goes a woman to her prayers, in a long black cloak, and bright blue stockings; *here* comes a nicely-dressed old woman, leaning on her staff! Surely it is a blessing to the aged in Roman Catholic countries to have the churches always open for them, if it were only that it makes a variety in the course of a long day! How soothing, how natural to the aged, thus to withdraw from the stir of household cares, and occupations in which they can no longer take a part! and I must say (little as I have yet seen of this mode of worshipping God) I never beheld more of the expression of piety and earnest feeling than in some of the very old people in these churches. Every avenue of the square of this town

[1] A charge was made for wax candles.—D. W.

presents some picturesque continuation of buildings. All is old, and old-*fashioned;* nothing to complain of but a want of Dutch cleanliness, yet it does not obtrude on the eye, out of doors, and the exterior is grave, decent, and quiet. . . .

The priests in their gaudy attire, with their young white-robed attendants, made a solemn appearance, while clouds of incense were ascending over their heads to the large crucifix above the altar; and the "pealing organ" sounded to the "full-voiced quire." There was a beautiful nun in a grey garment with a long black scarf, white forehead band, belt, and rosary. Intent upon her devotions, she did not cast an eye towards us, and we stood to look at her. The faces of many of the women are handsome, but the steady grace, the chastened motions of their persons, and the mild seriousness of their countenances, are *most* remarkable. . . .

From Furnes to Bruges we had travelled through a flat country, yet with an endless variety, produced by the various produce of a beautiful soil carefully cultivated. We had been told that the country between Ghent and Bruges was much of the same kind, only not so interesting, therefore we were not sorry to interpose the variety of the packet-boat to Ghent. . . . And, when all was ready, took our places on the deck of the vessel. The tinkling of a bell, the signal for departure; and we glided gently away with motion only perceptible by the *eye*, looking at the retreating objects on the shore. . . . Two nuns and a priest (his prayer-book in his hand), an English dandy, a handsome lady-like Flemish girl, dressed in an elegant gauze mob-cap with flowers, and robe *à la française*, were the most noticeable people. . . . The groups under the awning would make a lively picture. The priest, in his cocked hat, standing at his prayers, the pretty maiden in her cap and flowers, and *there* are the nuns. My brother and the nuns are very merry. *They* seem to have left their prayer-books at home, and one of them has a pamphlet in her hand that looks like

a magazine. Low cottages, pretty and clean, close to the bank; a woman scouring a copper vessel, in white jacket, red cap, blue petticoat, and clean sailcloth apron; the flat country to be seen over the low banks of the canal, spires and towers, and sometimes a village may be descried among trees; many little public-houses to tempt a landing; near one I see a pleasant arbour, with seats aloft for smoking. . . . The nuns are merry; so is the priest, in his spectacles; the dandy recommends shoes, in preference to boots, as more convenient. "There is nobody that can clean either on the Continent." For my part, I think they clean *them* as well as anything else, except their vessels for cookery! they cannot get the dust out of a chair, or *rub* a table! . . . William and I remained till the carriages were safely landed, amid a confusion of tongues, French, German, and English, and inarticulate shoutings, such as belong to all nations. . . . Canals round the town, rows of trees, fortifications converted into pleasure-grounds. We pass through old and picturesque streets, with an intermixture of houses of a later date, and showy shops; an appearance of commerce and bustle, which makes the contrast with Bruges the more striking, as the architecture of the ancient houses is of the same kind. William and I, with our English lady, reached first the appointed inn, though our friends had left the boat long before us. . . .

Ghent.—After tea, walked through the city. The buildings, streets, squares, all are picturesque. The houses, green, blue, pink, yellow, with richest ornaments still varying. Strange it is that so many and such strongly-contrasted colours should compose an undiscordant whole. Towers and spires overlook the lofty houses, and nothing is wanting of venerable antiquity at Ghent to give to the mind the same melancholy composure, which cannot but be felt in passing through the streets of Bruges—nothing but the impression that no change is going on, except through the silent progress of

time. *There* the very dresses of the women might have been the same for hundreds of years. *Here*, though the black cloak is prevalent, we see a mixture of all kinds, from the dress of the English or French belle to that of the poorest of our poor in a country town. . . .

Saturday, July 15th.—The architecture is a mixture of Gothic and Grecian. Three orders of pillars, one above another, the Gothic part very rich. . . . Multitudes of swallows were wheeling round the roof, regardless of carts and hammers, or whatever noise was heard below, and the effect was indescribably interesting. The restless motions and plaintive call of those little creatures seemed to impart a stillness to every other object, and had the power to lead the imagination gently on to the period when that once superb but now decaying structure shall be "lorded over and possessed by nature." . . .

Arrival at Brussels.—Light and shade very solemn upon the drawbridge. Passing through a heavy gateway, we entered the city, and drove through street after street with a pleasure wholly new to us. Garlands of fresh boughs and flowers in festoons hung on each side, and the great height of the houses, especially in the narrow streets (lighted as they were), gave a beautiful effect to the exhibition. Some of the streets were very steep, others long or winding ; and in the triangular openings at the junction of different streets there was generally some stately ornament. For instance, in one place a canopy, with white drapery attached to the centre, and suspended in four inverted arches by means of four pillars at the distance of six or seven yards from the centre.

Sunday, July 16th.—Brussels.—After breakfast, proceeded through the park, a very large open space with shady walks, statues, fountains, pools, arbours, and seats, and surrounded by palaces and fine houses—to the Cathedral, which, though immensely large, was so filled with people that we could scarcely make our way so as,

by standing upon chairs (for which we paid two sous each), to have a view of the building over the multitudes of heads. The priests, at high mass, could not be seen; but the melody of human voices, accompanied by the organ, pierced through every recess—then came bursts of sound like thunder; and, at times, the solemn rousing of the trumpet. Powerful as was the effect of the music, the excessive heat and crowding after a short while overcame every other feeling, and we were glad to go into the open air. Our *laquais de place* conducted us to the house of a shopkeeper, where, from a room in the attics, we might view the procession. It was close to one of the triangular openings with which most of the streets of Brussels terminate. To the right, we looked down the street along which the procession was to come, and, a little to the left below us, overlooked the triangles, in the centre of which was a fountain ornamented with three marble statues, and a pillar in the midst, topped by a golden ball—the whole decorated with festoons of holly, and large roses made of paper, alternately red and yellow. In like manner the garlands were composed in all the streets through which the procession was to pass; but in some parts there were also young fir-trees stuck in the pavement, leaving a footway between them and the houses. Paintings were hung out by such as possessed them, and ribands and flags. The street where we were was lined with people assembled like ourselves in expectation, all in their best attire. Peasants to be distinguished by their short jackets, petticoats of scarlet or some other bright colour (in contrast), crosses, or other ornament of gold or gilding; the bourgeoises, with black silk scarfs overhead, and reaching almost to their feet; ladies, a little too much of the French or English; little girls, with or without caps, and some in elegant white veils. The windows of all the houses open, and people seen at full length, or through doorways, sitting, or standing in patient expectation. It amused us to observe *them*, and the

arrangements of their houses—which were even splendid, compared with those of persons of like condition in our own country—with an antique cast over all. Nor was it less amusing to note the groups or lines of people below us. Whether standing in the hot sunshine, or the shade, they appeared equally contented. Some approached the fountain—a sacred spot!—to drink of the pure waters, out of which rise the silent statues. The spot is sacred; for there, before the priests arrived in the procession, incense was kindled in the urns, and a pause was made with the canopy of the Host, while they continued chanting the service. But I am going too fast.

The procession was, in its beginning, military, and its approach announced by sound of trumpets. Then came a troop of cavalry, four abreast, splendidly accoutred, dressed in blue and gold, and accompanied by a full band of music; next, I think, the magistrates and constituted authorities. But the order of the procession I do not recollect; only that the military, civil, and religious authorities and symbols were pleasingly combined, and the whole spectacle was beautiful. Long before the sound of the sacred service reached our ears, the martial music had died away in the distance, though there was no interruption in the line of the procession. The contrast was very pleasing when the solemn chaunting came along the street, with the stream of banners; priests and choristers in their appropriate robes; and not the least pleasing part of it was a great number of young girls, two and two, all dressed in white frocks. It was a day made on purpose for this exhibition; the sun seemed to be feasting on the gorgeous colours and glittering banners; and there was no breeze to disturb garland or flower. When all was passed away, we returned to the Cathedral, which we found not so crowded as much to interrupt our view: yet the whole effect of the interior was much injured by the decorations for the fête—especially by stiff orange-trees in tubs, placed

between the pillars of the aisles. Though not equal to those of Bruges or Ghent, it is a very fine Gothic building, massy pillars and numerous statues, and windows of painted glass—an ornament which we have been so accustomed to in our own cathedrals that we lamented the want of it at Ghent and Bruges.

Monday, July 17th.—Brussels.—Brussels exhibits in its different quarters the stateliness of the ancient and the princely splendour of modern times, mixed with an uncouth irregularity, resembling that of the lofty tiers of houses at Edinburgh; but the general style of building in the old streets is by no means so striking as in those of Ghent or Bruges. . . .

Waterloo.—Waterloo is a mean village; straggling on each side of the broad highway, children and poor people of all ages stood on the watch to conduct us to the church. Within the circle of its interior are found several mural monuments of our brave soldiers—long lists of naked names inscribed on marble slabs—not less moving than laboured epitaphs displaying the sorrow of surviving friends. . . . Here we took up the very man who was Southey's guide (Lacoste), whose name will make a figure in history. He bowed to us with French ceremony and liveliness, seeming proud withal to show himself as a sharer in the terrors of that time when Buonaparte's confusion and overthrow released him from unwilling service. He had been tied upon a horse as Buonaparte's guide through the country previous to the battle, and was compelled to stay by his side till the moment of flight. . . .

Monday, July 17th.—Brussels.—The sky had been overshadowed by clouds during most of our journey, and now a storm threatened us, which helped our own melancholy thoughts to cast a gloom over the open country, where few trees were to be seen except forests on the distant heights. The ruins of the severely con-

tested chateau of Hougomont had been ridded away since the battle, and the injuries done to the farm-house repaired. Even these circumstances, natural and trivial as they were, suggested melancholy thoughts, by furnishing grounds for a charge of ingratitude against the course of things, that was thus hastily removing from the spot all vestiges of so momentous an event. Feeble barriers against this tendency are the few frail memorials erected in different parts of the field of battle! and we could not but anticipate the time, when through the flux and reflux of war, to which this part of the Continent has always been subject, or through some turn of popular passion, *these* also should fall; and "Nature's universal robe of green, humanity's appointed shroud," enwrap them:—and the very names of those whose valour they record be cast into shade, if not obliterated even in their own country, by the exploits of recent favourites in future ages.

Tuesday, July 18th.—Namur.—Before breakfast we went to the church of the Jesuits; beautiful pillars of marble, roof of pumice-stone curiously wrought, the colour chaste and sombre. The churches of Ghent and Bruges are injured by being whitewashed: that of Brussels is of a pale grey, or stone-colour, which has a much better effect, though nothing equal to the roof of the Jesuits' church at Namur; yet in one point (*i.e.* the painted windows) the Cathedral of Brussels surpasses all the churches we have yet seen. . . . Several women passed us who had come thither to attend upon the labourers employed in repairing and enlarging the fortifications. Their dresses were neat and gay; and, in that place of which we had so often read in histories of battles and sieges, their appearance, while they struggled cheerfully with the blustering wind, was wild and romantic. The fondness for flowers appears in this country wherever you go. Nothing is more common than to see a man, driving a cart, with a rose in his

mouth. At the very top of our ascent, I saw one at work with his spade, a full-blown rose covering his lips, which he must have brought up the hill,—or had some favourite lass there presented it to him? . . .

Wednesday, July 19th.—Liége.—My first entrance into the market-place brought a shock of cheerful sensation. It was like the bursting into life of a Flemish picture. Such profusion of fruit! such outspreading of flowers! and heaps of vegetables! and such variety in the attire of the women! A curious and abundant fountain, surrounded with large stone basins, served to wash and refresh the vegetables. Torrents of voices assailed us while we threaded our way among the fruit and fragrant flowers; bouquets were held out to us by half a score of sunburnt arms at once. The women laughed—*we* laughed, took one bouquet, and gave two sous, our all. . . . Left Liége about 9 o'clock—were recognised and greeted by many of the women at their stalls as we passed again through the market-place. . . . Ascended a very steep hill, on the top of which stands the ruined convent of the Chartreuse, and there we left our carriages to look back upon the fine view of the city, spreading from the ridge of the crescent hill opposite to us (which is, however, somewhat unpleasingly scarified by new fortifications), and over the central plain of the vale, to the magnificent river which, split into many channels, flows at the foot of the eminence where we stood. . . . Still, as we proceed, we are reminded of England—the fields, even the cottages, and large farm-houses, are English-like; country undulating, and prospects extensive, yet continually some pretty little spot detains the eye; groups of cottages, or single ones, green to the very door.[1]

[1] Compare in *Tintern Abbey*, ll. 16, 17—

"these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door." ED.

Thursday, July 20th.—Aix-la-Chapelle.—I went to the Cathedral, a curious building, where are to be seen the chair of Charlemagne, on which the Emperors were formerly crowned, some marble pillars much older than *his* time, and many pictures; but I could not stay to examine any of these curiosities, and gladly made my way alone back to the inn to rest there. The market-place is a fine old square; but at Aix-la-Chapelle there is always a mighty preponderance of poverty and dulness, except in a few of the showiest of the streets, and even there, a flashy meanness, a slight patchery of things falling to pieces, is everywhere visible. . . .

Road to Cologne.—At the distance of ten miles we saw before us, over an expanse of open country, the Towers of Cologne. Even at this distance they appeared very tall and bulky; and Mary pointed out that one of them was a ruin, which no other eyes could discover. To the left was a range of distant hills; and, to the right, in front of us, another range—rather a *cluster*—which we looked at with peculiar interest, as guardians and companions of the famous river Rhine, whither we were tending, and (sick and weary though I was) I felt as much of the glad eagerness of hope as when I first visited the Wye, and all the world was fresh and new. Having travelled over the intermediate not interesting country, the massy ramparts of Cologne, guarded by grotesque turrets, the bridges, and heavy arched gateways, the central towers and spires, rising above the concealed mass of houses in the city, excited something of gloomy yet romantic expectation.

Friday, July 21st.—Cologne.—I busied myself repairing garments already tattered in the journey, at the same time observing the traffic and business of the river, here very wide, and the banks low. I was a prisoner; but really the heat this morning being oppressive, I felt not even a wish to stir abroad, and could, I believe, have

been amused more days than one by the lading and unlading of a ferry-boat, which came to and started from the shore close under my window. Steadily it floats on the lively yet smooth water, a square platform, not unlike a section cut out of a thronged market-place, and the busy crowd removed with it to the plain of water. The square is enclosed by a white railing. Two slender pillars rise from the platform, to which the ropes are attached, forming between them an inverted arch, elegant enough. When the boat draws up to her mooring-place, a bell, hung aloft, is rung as a signal for a fresh freight. All walk from the shore, without having an inch to rise or to descend. Carts with their horses wheel away—rustic, yet not without parade of stateliness—the foreheads of the meanest being adorned with scarlet fringes. In the neighbourhood of Brussels (and indeed all through the *Low Countries*), we remarked the large size and good condition of the horses, and their studied decorations, but near Brussels those decorations were the *most* splendid. A scarlet net frequently half-covered each of the six in procession. The frock of the driver, who paces beside the train, is often handsomely embroidered, and its rich colour (Prussian blue) enlivens the scarlet ornaments of his steeds. But I am straying from my ferry-boat. The first debarkation which we saw early in the morning was the most amusing. Peasants, male and female, sheep, and calves; the women hurrying away, with their cargoes of fruit and vegetables, as if eager to be beforehand with the market. But I will transcribe verbatim from my journal, "written at mid-day," the glittering Rhine spread out before me, in width that helped me to image forth an American lake.

. . . . . .

"It has gone out with a fresh load, and returned every hour; the comers have again disappeared as soon as landed; and now, the goers are gathering together. Two young ladies trip forward, their dark hair *basketed*

round the crown of the head, green bags on their arms, two gentlemen of their party ; next a lady with smooth black hair stretched upward from the forehead, and a skull-cap at the top, like a small dish. The gentry passengers seem to arrange themselves on one side, the peasants on the other ;—how much more picturesque the peasants ! *There* is a woman in a sober dark-coloured dress ; she wears no cap. Next, one with red petticoat, blue jacket, and cap as white as snow. Next, one with a red handkerchief over her head, and a long brown cloak. There a smart female of the bourgeoise—dark shawl, white cap, blue dress. Two women (now seated side by side) make a pretty picture : their attire is scarlet, a pure white handkerchief falling from the head of each over the shoulders. They keep watch beside a curiously constructed basket, large enough to contain the marketing of a whole village. A girl crosses the platform with a handsome brazen ewer hanging on her arm. Soldiers—a dozen at least—are coming in. They take the centre. Again two women in scarlet garb, with a great fruit basket. A white cap next ; the same with a green shawl. *There* is a sunburnt daughter of toil ! her olive skin whitens her white head-dress, and she is decked in lively colours. One beside her, who, I see, counts herself of higher station, is distinguished by a smart French mob. I am brought round to the gentry side, which is filled up, as you may easily fancy, with much less variety than the other. A cart is in the centre, its peasant driver, not to be unnoticed, with a polished tobacco-pipe hung over his cleanly blue frock. Now they float away ! "

Cologne, Friday, July 21st.—Before I left the interior of the Cathedral, I ought to have mentioned that the side-chapels contain some superb monuments. There is also a curious picture (marvellously rich in enamel and colouring) of the Three Kings of Cologne, and of a small number of the eleven thousand virgins, who were said,

after shipwreck, to have landed at this city in the train of St. Ursula. The Huns, who had possession of the city, became enamoured of their beauty; and the fair bevy, to save themselves from persecution, took the veil; in commemoration of which event the convent of St. Ursula was founded, and within the walls of that church an immense number of their skulls (easily turned into eleven thousand), are ranged side by side dressed in green satin caps. We left these famous virgins (though our own countrywomen), unvisited, and many other strange sights; and what wonder? we had but one day; and *I* saw nothing within gate or door except the Cathedral—not even Rubens's famous picture of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, a grateful offering presented by him as an altar-piece for the church in which he was baptized, and had served as a chorister. Among the outrages committed at Cologne during the Revolution, be it noted that the Cathedral, in 1800, was used as a granary, and that Buonaparte seized on the picture bestowed on his parish church by Rubens, and sent it to Paris. The Three Kings shared the same fate.

The houses of Cologne are very old, overhanging, and uncouth; the streets narrow and gloomy in the cheerfulest of their corners or openings; yet oftentimes pleasing. Windows and balconies make a pretty show of flowers; and birds hang on the outside of houses in cages. These sound like cheerful images of active leisure; but with such feeling it is impossible to walk through these streets. Yet it is pleasing to note how quietly a dull life may be varied, and how innocently; though, in looking at the plants which yearly put out their summer blossoms to adorn these decaying walls and windows, I had something of the melancholy which I have felt on seeing a human being gaily dressed—a female tricked out with ornaments, while disease and death were on her countenance.

Cologne, Saturday, July 22nd.—Upon a bright sunny morning, driven by a civil old postilion, we turned our

backs upon the cathedral tower of Cologne, an everlasting monument of riches and grandeur, and I fear of devotion passed away; of sublime designs unaccomplished—remaining, though not wholly developed, sufficient to incite and guide the dullest imagination,—

> Call up him who left half-told
> The story of Cambuscan bold![1]

Feelingly has Milton selected this story, not from a preference to the subject of it (as has been suggested), but from its paramount accordance with the musings of a melancholy man—in being left *half*-told—

> Foundations must be laid
> In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of *is* and *was*,
> Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
> Make sadder transits o'er truth's mystic glass
> Than noblest objects utterly decayed.[2]

Bonn.—The great area of the vale here is a plain, covered with corn, vines, and fruit-trees: the impression is of richness, profusion, amplitude of space. The hills are probably higher than some of our own which we call mountains; but on the spot we named them hills. Such they appeared to our eyes; but when objects are all upon a large scale there is no means of comparing them accurately with others of their kind, which do not bear the same proportions to the objects with which they are surrounded. Those in the neighbourhood of Bonn are of themselves sufficiently interesting in shape and variety of surface: but what a dignity does the form of an ancient castle or tower confer upon a precipitous woody or craggy eminence! Well might this lordly river spare one or two of his castles,—which are too numerous for the most romantic fancy to hang its legends round each and all of them,—well might he spare, to our purer and more humble streams and lakes, one solitary ruin for the

[1] See *Il Penseroso*, ll. 109, 110.—ED.

[2] Compare the sonnet *Malham Cove*, in "Poetical Works," vol. vi. p. 185.—ED.

delight of our poets of the English mountains! To the right (but let him keep this to himself, it is too grand to be coveted by us) is the large ruined castle of Gottesberg, far-spreading on the summit of the hill—very light and elegant, with one massy tower. . . .

For some miles, the traveller goes through the magnificent plain which from its great width, appears almost circular. Though *unseen*, the River Rhine, we never can forget that it is there! When the vale becomes narrower, one of the most interesting and beautiful of prospects opens on the view from a gentle rising in the road. On an island stands a large grey Convent—sadly pensive among its garden walls and embowering wood. The musket and cannon have spared that sanctuary; and we were told that, though the establishment is dissolved, a few of the Nuns still remain there, attached to the spot;—or probably having neither friends or other home to repair to. On the right bank of the river, opposite to us, is a bold precipice, bearing on its summit a ruined fortress which looks down upon the Convent; and the warlike and religious edifices are connected together by a chivalrous story of slighted, or luckless love, which caused the withdrawing of a fair damsel to the island, where she founded the monastery. Another bold ruin stands upon another eminence adjoining; and all these monuments of former times combine with villages and churches, and dells (between the steeps) green or corn-clad, and with the majestic river (here spread out like a lake) to compose a most affectingly beautiful scene, whether viewed in prospect or in retrospect. Still we rolled along (ah! far too swiftly! and often did I wish that I were a youthful traveller on foot)—still we rolled along—meeting the flowing river, smooth as glass, yet so rapid that the stream of motion is always perceptible, even from a great distance. The riches of this region are not easily to be fancied—the pretty paths—the gardens among plots of vineyard and corn—cottages peeping from the shade—villages and

spires—in never-ending variety. The trees, however, in the whole of the country through which we have hitherto passed, are not to be compared with the trees of England, except on the banks of the Meuse. On the Rhine they are generally small in size; much of the wood appears to be cut when young, to spring again. In the little town of Remagan where we changed horses, crowds of people of all ages gathered round us; the beggars, who were indefatigable in clamour, might have been the only inhabitants of the place who had any work to do. . . .

Andernach.—Departed at about five o'clock. Andernach is an interesting place, both at its entrance from Cologne, and its outlet towards Coblentz. There is a commanding desolation in the first approach; the massy square tower of defence, though bearded by green shrubs, stands, as it were, untameable in its strength, overlooking the half-ruined gateway of the ramparts. Close to the other gate, leading to Coblentz, are seen many picturesque fragments and masses; and the ancient walls shelter and adorn fruitful gardens, cradled in the otherwise now useless trenches. The town itself appears so dull—the inhabitants so poor, that it was almost surprising to observe walks for public use and pleasure, with avenues and arbours on the level adjoining the ramparts. The struggle between melancholy and cheerfulness, fanciful improvements, and rapid decay, leisure and poverty, was very interesting. We had a fine evening; and the ride, though, in comparison with the last, of little interest—the vale of the Rhine being here wide and level, the hills lowered by distance—was far from being a dull one, as long as I kept myself awake. I was roused from sleep in crossing the bridge of the Moselle near Coblentz.

Coblentz, Sunday, July 23rd.—Cathedral.—The music at our entrance fixed us to our places. The swell was solemn, even *aweful*, sinking into strains of delicious sweetness; and though the worship was to us wholly

unintelligible, it was not possible to listen to it without visitings of devotional feeling. Mary's attention was entirely absorbed till the service ceased, and I think she never stirred from her seat. After a little while I left her, and drew towards the railing of the gallery, to look round on the congregation, among whom there appeared more of the old-fashioned gravity, and of antique gentility, than I have seen anywhere else; and the varieties of costume were infinite. . . . The area of the Cathedral, upon which we looked down from the crowded gallery, was filled with old, middle-aged, and young persons of both sexes; and at Coblentz, even the male dress, especially that of boys and youths, has a pleasing cast of antiquity, reminding one of old pictures—of assemblies in halls,—or of banquets as represented by the Flemish masters. The figure of a young girl tightly laced up in bodice and petticoat, with adornings of gold clasps and neck-chain, beside a youth with open throat and ornamented shirt-collar falling upon the shoulders of a coat of antique cut, especially when there chanced to be near them some matron in her costly robe of seventy years;—these, together, made an exhibition that even had I been a good Catholic, yet fresh from England, might have interfered with my devotions; but where all except the music was an unmeaning ceremony, what wonder that I should be amused in looking round as at a show! . . . All that we witnessed of bustle or gaiety was near the river, facing the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein; and upon the wide wooden bridge which we crossed in our way to the fortress. Fruit-women were seated on the bridge, and peasants, gentry, soldiers, continually passing to and fro. All but the soldiers paid toll. The citadel stands upon a very lofty bare hill, and the walk was fatiguing; but I beguiled my weariness with the company of a peasant lass, who took pains to understand my broken German, and contrived to make me acquainted with no small part of her family history. . . . This bonny maiden's complexion was as fresh as a rose, though no kerchief

screened it from the sunshine. Many a fierce breeze, and many a burning sun must she have struggled with in her way from the citadel to the town; and, on looking at her, I fancied there must be a stirring and invigorating power in the wind to counteract the cankering effect of the sun, which is so noticeable in the French peasantry on their hot dry plains. No sooner do you set foot in the neighbourhood of Calais than you are struck with it; and, at the same time, with the insensibility of young and old to discomfort from glaring light and heat. Whatever slender shade of willows may be at the door of a hut on the flats between Calais and Gravelines, the female peasants, at their sewing or other work, choose it not, but seat themselves full in the sunshine. Thence comes a habit of wrinkling the cheeks and forehead, so that their faces are mostly ploughed with wrinkles before they are fifty years old. In this country, and all through the Netherlands, the complexions of the people are much fresher and fairer than in France, though *they* also are much out of doors. This may perhaps be, in part, attributed to the greater quantity of wood scattered over the country, and to the shade of garden and orchard trees. . . . The view from the summit of the hill of Ehrenbreitstein is magnificent. Beneath, on a large, flat angle, formed by the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, stands the city, its purple-slated roofs surrounded by many tall buildings—towers and spires, and big palaces among trees. The vale of the Moselle is deep and green, formed by vine-clad steeps, among which the eye, from the heights where we stood, espies many a pleasant village. That of the Rhine is more varied and splendid—with towns that, from their size, the irregularity of their buildings, and the numerous towers and spires, give dignity to the proud river itself, and to the prodigally scattered hills. Downwards we looked through the plain, along which we had travelled the evening before from the town of Andernach, which stands, as Coblentz does, upon a low bank of the Rhine: and there is no eminence

between the two towns to obstruct the view. The course of the road, which is widely parted from that of the river, may be seen in a straight line for many miles. We behold below us the junction of the two great rivers; how steady and quiet is their meeting! A little while each goes in his own distinct path, side by side, yet one stream; and they slowly and by degrees unite, each lost in the other—happy type of a tranquil meeting, and joining together in the journey of life!

. . . . . .

Coblentz, as every one knows, was for a long time the headquarters of the French *noblesse*, and other emigrants, during the Revolution; and it is surprising that in the exterior of manners and habits there should be so little to remind the passing traveller of the French. In Ghent and Brussels, it is impossible to forget that you are in towns *not* making a part of France; yet, in both those places, the French have sown seeds which will never die—their manners, customs, and decorations are everywhere struggling with the native stiffness of the Flemish: but in *Coblentz* it is merely incidentally that the French courtier or gentleman is brought to mind; and shops, houses, public buildings, are all of the soil where they have been reared—so at least they appeared to us, in our transient view.

St. Goar, Monday, July 24th.— . . . The town, seen from the heights, is very beautiful, with purple roofs, two tall spires, and one tower. On the opposite side of the river we peep into narrow valleys, formed by the lofty hills, on which stand two ruins called, as we were told by our lively attendant, the Katzen and Mausen Towers (*i.e.* the Towers of the Cat and the Mouse). They stare upon each other at safe distance, though near neighbours; and, across the river, the greater fortress of Rheinfels defies them both. A lovely dell runs behind one of the hills; at its opening where it pours out its stream into the Rhine we espied a one-

arched Borrowdale bridge, and behind the bridge a village almost buried between the abruptly-rising steeps. . . . I will transcribe the few words I wrote in my memorandum-book, dated "Beside the Rhine, St. Goar": —"How shall I describe this soothing, this elegant place! The river flows on. I see it flow, yet it is like a lake—the bendings of the hills enclosing it at each end. Here I sit, half-way from the centre of the curve. At the turning of that semi-circular curve stands our Inn; near it is the Post-House, both rather handsome buildings. The town, softened white and purple, the green hills rising abruptly above it. Behind me (but I cannot see it) is the Castle of Rheinfels. On the opposite banks of the river, the vine-clad steeps appear as if covered with fern. It is a sweep of hills that from this point appear *even*-topped. At the foot of one of the dells which we noticed from the Castle eminence, there is a purple roofed town with one spire, and one church or convent tower; and I see the Borrowdale bridge beside the lowly hamlet in the cleft of the other dell. A ferry-boat has been approaching its landing-place with a crew of peasants. They come now slowly up from the shore, a picturesque train in grey attire—no showy colours; and at this moment I can fancy that even that circumstance gives a sweeter effect to the scene, though I have never wished to expel the crimson garments, or the blue, from any landscape." Here let me observe that grey clothing—the pastoral garb of *our* mountains—does, when it is found on the banks of the Rhine, only look well at a certain distance. It seems not to be worn from choice, but poverty; and in this day's journey we have met with crowds of people whose dress was accordant with the appearance close at hand of their crumbling houses and fortifications.

Bingen, Tuesday, July 25th.—Most delightful to the imagination was our journey of yesterday, still tempting to hope and expectation! Yet wherever we passed

through a village or small town the veil of romance was withdrawn, and we were compelled to think of human distress and poverty—their causes how various in a country where Nature has been so bountiful—and, even when removed from the immediate presence of painful objects, there is one melancholy thought which will attend the traveller along the ever-winding course of the Rhine—the thought that of those buildings, so lavishly scattered on the ridges of the heights or lurking in sheltering corners, many *have* perished, all *are* perishing, and *will entirely* perish! Buildings that link together the Past and the Present—times of war and depredation, of piracy, of voyages by stealth and in fear, of superstitious ceremonies, of monastic life, of quiet, and of retreat from persecution! Yet some of the strongest of the fortresses may, for aught I know, endure as long as the rocks on which they have been reared, deserted as they are, and never more be tenanted by pirate, lord, or vassal. The parish churches are in bad repair, and many ruinous. . . .

Mayence.—I thought of some thriving friar of old times; but last night,[1] in reading Chaucer's Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, mine host of the *Tabard* recalled to my memory our merry master in the dining-room at Mayence.

> A seemly man our Hoste was with alle
> To han bene a Marshal in an Halle;
> A large man he was—bold of his speech.

Frankfort, Wednesday, July 26th.—The town is large, though you do not feel as if you were walking in a large town. Standing on a perfect level you see no further than the street in which you are, or the one that leads to it; and there is little stirring of people.

[1] This was when writing out her Journal, begun two months after her return to Rydal Mount.—ED.

Two huge palaces are going to ruin. One of these (the Episcopal Palace) of red stone is very handsome in its style of heavy architecture, and there are many public buildings by the river-side. The quay is a cheerful and busy place. After driving a short way on the shore below those lofty buildings, we crossed a bridge of boats; and now (had we proceeded in the same direction as before) we should have had the Rhine on our right hand; but we turned back again, *i.e.* downwards, and still had it on our left for two miles (more or less), not close to us; but always in view broad and majestic, scattered over with vessels of various kinds. Large rafters piled with wood were by the shore, or floating with the stream; and a long row of mills (for grinding corn I suppose) made a curious appearance on the water. We had a magnificent prospect downwards in the *Rheingaw* (stretching towards Bingen), a district famed for producing finer vines than any other country of the Rhine.[1] The broad hills are enlivened by hamlets, villas, villages, and churches. After about two miles, the road to Wisbaden turns from the river (to the right), and with regret did we part from our majestic companion to meet no more till we should rejoin him for one short day among the rocks of Schaffhausen. . . . We went to the Cathedral, a very large, but not otherwise remarkable building, in the interior. The people assembled at prayers, sate on benches as in our country churches, and accompanied by the organ were chaunting, and making the responses. We ascend the Tower. It is enormously high; and after an ascent of above five hundred steps, we found a family living in as neatly-furnished a set of apartments as need be seen in any street in Frankfort. A baby in the cradle smiled upon us, and played with the Kreutzers which we gave her. The mother was alert and cheerful—nay, she

[1] Hockheim on the right bank of the Rhine, nearly opposite Mayence.—ED.

seemed to glory in her contentment, and in the snugness of her abode. I said to her, "but when the wind blows fiercely how terrible!" and she replied, "Oh nein! es thut nichts." "Oh no! it does no harm." The view from the Cathedral is very extensive. The windings of the river Maine; vessels in their harbours, or smoothly gliding, plains of corn, of forest, of fruit-trees, chateaus, villages, towns, towers and spires; the expanse irregularly bounded by distinct mountains. . . .

In the winding staircase, while descending from the Tower, met different people, who seemed to be going to make neighbourly visits to the family above. Passed through the market-place, very entertaining, and nowhere a greater variety of people and of head-dresses than there. The women's caps were high. My eye was caught by a tightly-clad, stiff-waisted lady who wore a gold cap (almost as lofty as a grenadier's) with long lappets of riband behind. I saw no reason why that cap (saving its silken ornaments) might not have belonged to her great grandmother's grandmother. The *Maison de Ville* stands on one side of a handsome square, in the centre of which is a noble fountain, that used to flow with wine at the crowning of the Emperors. Oxen were roasted in the square, and, in memory of the same, two heads, with their horns, are preserved under the outside of a window of an old church adjoining the *Maison de Ville.*

Heidelberg, Thursday, July 27th.—After dinner, Mary, Miss H., and I set off towards the castle. . . . The ascent is long and steep, the way plain, and no guide needed, for the castle walks are free; and there—among treasures of art, decaying and decayed, and the magnificent bounties of nature—the stranger may wander the day through. The building is of various dates: it is not good in architecture *as a whole*, though very fine in parts. There is a noble round tower, and the remains of the chapel, and long ranges of lofty and

massy wall, often adorned with ivy, the figure of a saint, a lady, or a warrior looking safely from their niches under the ivy bower. The moats, which must long ago have been drained, retain their shape, yet have now the wild luxuriance of sequestered dells. Fruit and forest trees, flowers and grass, are intermingled. I now speak of the more ruinous and the most ancient part of the castle. . . . We walked upon a platform before the windows, where a band of music used to be stationed, as on the terrace at Windsor—a fine place for festivals in time of peace, and to keep watch in time of war. . . . From the platform where we stood, the eye (overlooking the city, bridge, and the deep vale, to the point where the Neckar is concealed from view by its winding to the left) is carried across the plain to the dim stream of the Rhine, perceived under the distant hills. The pleasure-grounds are the most delightful I ever beheld; the happiest mixture of wildness, which no art could overcome, and formality, often necessary to conduct you along the ledge of a precipice—whence you may look down upon the river, enlivened by boats, and on the rich vale, or to the more distant scenes before mentioned. One long terrace is supported on the side of the precipice by arches resembling those of a Roman aqueduct; and from that walk the view of the Castle and the Town beneath it is particularly striking. I cannot imagine a more delightful situation than Heidelberg for a University—the pleasures, ceremonies, and distractions of a Court being removed. Parties of students were to be seen in all quarters of the groves and gardens. I am sorry, however, to say that their appearance was not very scholarlike. They wear whatever wild and coarse apparel pleases them—their hair long and disorderly, or rough as a water-dog, throat bare or with a black collar, and often no appearance of a shirt. Every one has his pipe, and they all talk loud and boisterously. . . .

Never surely was any stream more inviting! It flows in its deep bed—stately, yet often turbulent; and what

dells, cleaving the green hills, even close to the city! Looking down upon the purple roofs of Heidelberg variously tinted, the spectacle is curious—narrow streets, small squares, and gardens many and flowery. The main street, long and also narrow, is (though the houses are built after no good style) very pretty as seen from the heights, with its two gateways and two towers. The Cathedral (it has an irregular spire) overtops all other edifices, which, indeed, have no grace of architecture, and the University is even mean in its exterior; but, from a small distance, *any* city looks well that is not modern, and where there is bulk and irregularity, with harmony of colouring. But we did not enter the cathedral, having so much to see out of doors.

Heidelberg, Friday, July 28th.— . . . The first reach of the river for a moment transported our imagination to the Vale of the Wye above Tintern Abbey. A single cottage, with a poplar spire, was the central object. . . . As we went further, villages appeared. But Mr. P. soon conducted us from the river up a steep hill, and, after a long ascent, he took us aside to a cone-shaped valley, a pleasure-dell—I call it so—for it was terminated by a rural tavern and gardens, seats and alcoves, placed close beside beautiful springs of pure water, spread out into pools and distributed by fountains. A grey stone statue, in its stillness, is a graceful object amid the rushing of water! . . . Our road along the side of the hill, that still rose high above our heads, led us through shady covert and open glade, over hillock or through hollow; at almost every turning convenient seats inviting us to rest, or to linger in admiration of the changeful prospects, where wild and cultivated grounds seemed equally the darlings of the fostering sun. Many of the hills are covered with forests, which are cut down after little more than thirty years' growth; the ground is then ploughed, and sown with buck-wheat, and afterwards with beech-nuts. The forests of *firs* (numerous higher up, but not

so here) are sown in like manner. Immense quantities of timber are floated down the river. Sometimes in our delightful walk we were led through tracts of vines, all belonging to the Grand Duke. They are as free as the forest thickets and flowery glades, and separated from them by no distinguishable boundary. Whichever way the eye turned, it settled upon some pleasant sight. . . . Passed through the walled town of Durlach (about two miles from Carlesrhue), the palace deserted by the Duke. Coffee-houses all full, windows open, billiards, wine and smoking, finery, shabbiness and idleness. Large pleasure gardens beyond the barrier-walls, and we enter an avenue of tall poplars, continued all the way to Carlesrhue. After a little while nothing was to be seen but the poplar stems in shape of columns on each side, the leafy part of the trees forming a long black wall above them, so lofty that it appeared to reach the sky, that pale blue roof of the Gothic aisle still contracting in the distance, and seemingly of interminable length. Such an avenue is truly a noble approach to the favoured residence of a *grand* Duke.

Baden-Baden, July 29th (Saturday).— . . . Met with old-fashioned civility in all quarters. This little town is a curious compound of rural life, German country-townishness, watering-place excitements, court stateliness, ancient mouldering towers, old houses and new, and a life and cheerfulness over all. . . . A bright reflection from the evening sky powdered with golden dust that distant vapoury plain, bounded by the chain of purple mountains. We quitted this spectacle with regret when it faded in the late twilight, struggling with the light of the moon.

Road to Homburg.—Sunday, July 30th.—We were continually reminded of the vales of our own country in this lovely winding valley, where seven times we crossed the clear stream over strong wooden bridges ; but when-

ever in our travels the streams and vales of England have been most called to mind there has been something that marks a difference. Here it is chiefly observable in the large brown wood houses, and in the people—the shepherd and shepherdess gaiety of their dress, with a sort of antiquated stiffness. Groups of children in rustic flower-crowned hats were in several places collected round the otherwise solitary swine-herd. . . . The sound of the stream (if there be any sound) is a sweet, unwearied, and unwearying under-song, to detain the pious passenger, which he cannot but at times connect with the silent object of his worship.

Road to Schaffhausen.—A part of the way through the uncleared forest was pleasingly wild; juniper bushes, broom, and other woodland plants, among the moss and flowery turf. Before we had finished our last ascent, the postilion told us what a glorious sight we *might* have seen, in a few moments, had we been here early in the morning or on a fine evening; but, as it was midday, nothing was to be expected. That glorious sight which *should* have been was no less than the glittering prospect of the mountains of Switzerland. We did burst upon an extensive view; but the mountains were hidden; and of the Lake of Constance we saw no more than a vapoury substance where it lay among apparently low hills. This first sight of that country, so dear to the imagination, though then of no peculiar grandeur, affected me with various emotions. I remembered the shapeless wishes of my youth—wishes without hope—my brother's wanderings thirty years ago,[1] and the tales brought to me the following Christmas holidays at Forncett, and often repeated while we paced together on the gravel walk in the parsonage garden, by moon or star light.[2] . . . The towers of Schaffhausen appear

[1] His first visit to the Alps, with Robert Jones, in 1790.—ED.

[2] Compare Dorothy Wordsworth's letters written at Forncett rectory in 1790-91.—ED.

under the shelter of woody and vine-clad hills, but no greetings from the river Rhine, which is not visible from this approach, yet flowing close to the town. . . . But at the entrance of the old city gates you cannot but be roused, and say to yourself, "Here is something which I have not seen before, yet I hardly know what." The houses are grey, irregular, dull, overhanging, and clumsy; streets narrow and crooked—the walls of houses often half-covered with rudely-painted representations of the famous deeds of the defenders of this land of liberty. . . . In place of the splendour of faded aristocracy, so often traceable in the German towns, there is a character of ruggedness over all that we see. . . . Never shall I forget the first view of the stream of the Rhine from the bank, and between the side openings of the bridge—rapid in motion, bright, and green as liquid emeralds! and wherever the water dashed against tree, stone, or pillar of the bridge, the sparkling and the whiteness of the foam, melting into and blended with the green, can hardly be imagined by any one who has not seen the Rhine, or some other of the great rivers of the Continent, before they are sullied in their course. . . . The first visible indication of our approach to the cataracts was the sublime tossing of vapour above them, at the termination of a curved reach of the river. Upon the woody hill, above that tossing vapour and foam, we saw the old chateau, familiar to us in prints, though there represented in connection with the falls themselves; and now seen by us at the end of the rapid, yet majestic, sweep of the river; where the ever-springing tossing clouds are all that the eye beholds of the wonderful commotion. But an awful sound ascends from the concealed abyss; and it would almost seem like irreverent intrusion if a stranger, at his first approach to this spot, should not pause and listen before he pushes forward to seek the revelation of the mystery. . . . We were gloriously wetted and stunned and deafened by the waters of the Rhine. It is impossible even to remember

(therefore, how should I enable any one to imagine?) the power of the dashing, and of the sounds, the breezes, the dancing dizzy sensations, and the exquisite beauty of the colours! The whole stream falls like liquid emeralds —a solid mass of translucent green hue; or, in some parts, the green appears through a thin covering of snow-like foam. Below, in the ferment and hurly-burly, drifting snow and masses resembling collected snow mixed with sparkling green billows. We walked upon the platform, as dizzy as if we had been on the deck of a ship in a storm. Mary returned with Mrs. Monkhouse to Schaffhausen, and William recrossed in a boat with Mr. Monkhouse and me, near the extremity of the river's first sweep, after its fall, where its bed (as is usual at the foot of all cataracts) is exceedingly widened, and larger in proportion to the weight of waters. The boat is trusted to the current, and the passage, though long, is rapid. At first, when seated in that small unresisting vessel, a sensation of helplessness and awe (it was not fear) overcame me, but that was soon over. From the centre of the stream the view of the cataract in its majesty of breadth is wonderfully sublime. Being landed, we found commodious seats, from which we could look round at leisure, and we remained till the evening darkness revealed two intermitting columns of fire, which ascended from a forge close to the cataract.

Monday, July 31st.—Hornberg.—After this, over the wide country to *Villengen*, a walled town upon the treeless waste, the way unvaried except by distant views of remnants of the forest, and towns or villages, shelterless, and at long distances from each other. They are very striking objects: they stand upon the waste in disconnection with everything else, and one is at a loss to conceive how any particular town came to be placed in *this* spot or *that*, nature having framed no allurement of valley shelter among the undulations of the wide expanse. Each town stands upon its site, as if it might have been wheeled

thither. There is no sympathy, no bond of connection with surrounding fields, not a fence to be seen, no woods for *shelter*, only the dreary black patches and lines of forest, used probably for fuel, and often far fetched. In short, it is an unnatural-looking region. In comparison with the social intermixture of towns, villages, cottages, fruit-trees, corn and meadow land, which we had so often travelled through, the feeling was something like what one has in looking at a dead yet gaudy picture painted by an untutored artist, who first *makes* his country, then claps upon it, according to his fancy, such buildings as he thinks will adorn it.

Thursday, August 3rd.—Zurich.—At a little distance from Zurich we remarked a very fine oak tree. Under its shade stood a little building like an oratory, but as we were not among the Roman Catholics it puzzled us. In front of the tree was an elevated platform, resembling the *Mount* at Rydal, to be ascended by steps. The postilion told us the building was a Chapel whither condemned criminals retired to pray, and there had their hair cut off; and that the platform was the place of execution.

August 4th. — Lenzburg. . . . At six o'clock we caught a glimpse of the castle walls glittering in sunshine, a hopeful sign, and we set forward through the fog. The ruin stands at the brink of a more than perpendicular, an overhanging rock, on the top of a green hill, which rises abruptly from the town. The steepest parts are ascended by hundreds of stone steps, worn by age, often broken, and half-buried in turf and flowers. These steps brought us to a terrace bordered by neatly-trimmed vines; and we found ourselves suddenly in broad sunshine under the castle walls, elevated above an ocean of vapour, which was bounded on one side by the clear line of the Jura Mountains, and out of which rose at a distance what seemed an island, crested by another castle. We then ascended the loftiest of the towers, and

the spectacle all around was magnificent, visionary—I was going to say endless, but on one side was the substantial barrier of the Jura. By degrees (the vapours settling or shifting) other castles were seen on island eminences; and the tops of bare or woody hills taking the same island form; while trees, resembling ships, appeared and disappeared, and rainbow lights (scarcely more visionary than the mimic islands) passed over, or for a moment rested on the breaking mists. On the other side the objects were more slowly developed. We looked long before we could distinguish the far-distant Alps, but by degrees discovered them, shining like silver among masses of clouds. The intervening wide space was a sea of vapour, but we stayed on the eminence till the sun had mastery of all beneath us, after a silent process of change and interchange—of concealing and revealing. I hope we were not ungrateful to the memory of past times when (standing on the summit of Helvellyn, Scaw Fell, Fairfield, or Skiddaw) we have felt as if the world itself could not present a more sublime spectacle. . . .

Herzogenboschee.—At length we dropped asleep, but were soon roused by a fitful sound of gathering winds, heavy rain followed, and vivid flashes of lightning, with tremendous thunder. It was very awful. Mary and I were sitting together, alone, in the open street; a strange situation! yet we had no personal fear. Before the storm began, all the lights had been extinguished except one opposite to us, and another at an inn behind, where were turbulent noises of merriment, with singing and haranguing, in the style of our village politicians. These ceased; and, after the storm, lights appeared in different quarters; pell-mell rushed the fountain; then came a watchman with his dismal recitative song, or lay; the church clock telling the hours and the quarters, and house clocks with their silvery tone; one scream we heard from a human voice; but no person seemed to

notice *us*, except a man who came out upon the wooden gallery of his house right above our heads, looked down this way and that, and especially towards the *voitures*. . . . The beating of the rain, and the rushing of that fountain were continuous, and with the periodical and the irregular sounds (among which the howling of a dog was not the least dismal), completed the wildness of the awful scene, and of our strange situation; sheltered from wet, yet in the midst of it—and exposed to intermitting blasts, though struggling with excessive heat—while flashes of lightning at intervals displayed the distant mountains, and the wide space between; at other times a blank gloom.

Berne.—The fountains of Berne are ornamented with statues of William Tell and other heroes. There is a beautiful order, a solidity, a gravity in this city which strikes at first sight, and never loses its effect. The houses are of one grey hue, and built of stone. They are large and sober, but not heavy or barbarously elbowing each other. On each side is a covered passage under the upper stories, as at Chester, only wider, much longer, and with more massy supporters. . . . In all quarters we noticed the orderly decency of the passengers, the handsome public buildings, with appropriate decorations symbolical of a love of liberty, of order, and good government, with an aristocratic stateliness, yet free from show or parade. . . . The green-tinted river flows below—wide, full, and impetuous. I saw the snows of the Alps burnished by the sun about half an hour before his setting. After that they were left to their wintry marble coldness, without a farewell gleam; yet suddenly the city and the cathedral tower and trees were singled out for favour by the sun among his glittering clouds, and gilded with the richest light. A few minutes, and that glory vanished. I stayed till evening gloom was gathering over the city, and over hill and dale, while the snowy tops of the Alps were still visible.

Sunday, August 6th.—Upon a spacious level adjoining the cathedral are walks planted with trees, among which we sauntered, and were much pleased with the great variety of persons amusing themselves in the same way; and how we wished that one, at least, of our party had the skill to sketch rapidly with the pencil, and appropriate colours, some of the groups or single figures passing before us, or seated in sun or shade. Old ladies appeared on this summer parade dressed in flycaps, such as were worn in England fifty years ago, and broad-flowered chintz or cotton gowns; the bourgeoises, in grave attire of black, with tight white sleeves, yet seldom without ornament of gold lacing, or chain and ear-rings, and on the head a pair of stiff transparent butterfly wings, spread out from behind a quarter of a yard on each side, which wings are to appearance as thin as gauze, but being made of horse-hair, are very durable, and the larger are even made of wire. Among these were seen peasants in shepherdess hats of straw, decorated with flowers and coloured ribands, pretty little girls in grandmother's attire, and ladies *à la française*. We noticed several parties composed of persons dressed after these various modes, that seemed to indicate very different habits and stations in society—the peasant and the lady, the petty shopkeeper and the wealthy tradesman's wife, side by side in friendly discourse. But it is impossible by words to give a notion of the enlivening effect of these little combinations, which are also interesting as evidences of a state of society worn out in England. Here you see formality and simplicity, antiquated stateliness and decent finery brought together, with a pervading spirit of comfortable equality in social pleasures.

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Monday, August 7th.—I sate under an elm tree, looking down the woody steep to the lake, and across it, to a rugged mountain; no villages to be seen, no houses; the higher Alps shut out. I could have forgotten Switzerland, and fancied myself transported to one of the

lonesome lakes of Scotland. I returned to my open station to watch the setting sun, and remained long after the glowing hues had faded from those chosen summits that were touched by his beams, while others were obscurely descried among clouds in their own dark or snowy mantle. . . . Met with an inscription on a grey stone in a little opening of the wood, and would have copied it, for it was brief, but could not see to read the letters, and hurried on, still choosing the track that seemed to lead most directly downwards, and was indeed glad when I found myself again in the public road to the town. . . . Late as it was, and although twilight had almost given place to the darkness of a fine August night, I was tempted aside into a broad flat meadow, where I walked under a row of tall poplars by the river-side. The castle, church, and town appeared before us in stately harmony, all hues of red roofs and painting having faded away. Two groups of giant poplars rose up, like Grecian temples, from the level between me and the mass of towers and houses. In the smooth water the lingering brightness of evening was reflected from the sky; and lights from the town were seen at different heights on the hill.

Thun, Tuesday, August 8th.—The Lake of Thun is essentially a lake of the Alps. Its immediate visible boundary, third or fourth-rate mountains; but overtopping these are seen the snowy or dark summits of the Jungfrau, the Eiger, the Stockhorn, the Blumlis Alp, and many more which I cannot name; while the Kander, and other raging streams, send their voices across the wide waters. The remains of a ruined castle are sometimes seen upon a woody or grassy steep—pleasing remembrances of distant times, but taking no primary place in the extensive landscape, where the power of nature is magisterial, and where the humble villages composed of numerous houses clustering together near the lake, do not interfere with the impres-

sions of solitude and grandeur. Many of those villages must be more than half-deserted when the herdsmen follow their cattle to the mountains. Others of their numerous inhabitants find subsistence by fishing in the lake. We floated cheerfully along, the scene for ever changing. On the eastern side, to our left, the shores are more populous than on the western; one pretty village succeeded another, each with its spire, till we came to a hamlet, all of brown wood houses, except one large white dwelling, and no church. The villages are not, as one may say, in close neighbourhood; but a substantial solitary house is sometimes seen between them. The eminences on this side, as we advance, become very precipitous, and along the ridge of one of them appears a wall of rocks with turrets, resembling a mighty fortification. The boatmen directed our ears to the sound of waterfalls in a cleft of the mountain; but the *sight* of them we must leave to other voyagers. . . .

The broad pyramidal mountain, Niesen, rising directly from the lake on the western side towards the head, is always a commanding object. Its *form* recalled to my remembrance some of the stony pyramids of Glencoe, but *only* its form, the surface being covered with green pasturage. Sometimes, in the course of the morning, we had been reminded of our own country; but transiently, and never without a sense of characteristic difference. Many of the distinctions favourable to Switzerland I have noticed; and it seems as if I were ungrateful to our own pellucid lakes, those darlings of the summer breezes! But when floating on the Lake of Thun we did not forget them. The greenish hue of its waters is much less pleasing than the cerulean or purple of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; the reflections are less vivid; shore and water do not so delicately blend together; hence a coasting voyage cannot be accompanied with an equal variety of minute objects. And I might add many other little circumstances or incidents that enliven the banks of our lakes.

For instance, in a summer forenoon, the troops of cattle that are seen solacing themselves in the cool waters within the belt of a pebbly shore; or, if the season do not drive them thither, how they beautify the pastures, and rocky unenclosed grounds! While on the Lake of Thun we did not see a single group of cattle of any kind. I have not spoken of that *other* sky, "received into the bosom" of our lakes, on tranquil summer evenings; for the time of day prevented our being reminded in the same degree of what we have so often beheld at such times; but it is obvious that, though the reflections from *masses* of brilliant clouds must often be very grand, the clouds in their delicate hues and forms cannot be seen, in the same soft distinctness, "bedded in another sky." . . .

In this pleasing valley we whirled away, again (as to the first sound of a Frenchman's whip in the streets of Calais) as blithe as children; when all at once, looking through a narrow opening of green and craggy mountains, the Jungfrau (the Virgin) burst upon our view, dazzling in brightness, which seemed rather heightened than diminished by a mantle of white clouds floating over the bosom of the mountain. The effect was indescribable. We had before seen the snows of the Alps at a distance, propped, as I may say, against the sky, or blending with, and often indistinguishable from it; and now, with the suddenness of a pantomimic change, we beheld a great mountain of snow, very near to us as it appeared, and in combination with hills covered with flourishing trees, in the pride of summer foliage. Our mirth was checked; and, awe-struck yet delighted, we stopped the car for some minutes.

Soon after we discovered the town of Unterseen, which stands right under the hill, and close to the river Aar, a most romantic spot, the large, ancient wooden houses of the market-place joining each other, yet placed in wondrous disregard of order, and built with uncouth and grotesque variety of gallery and pent-house. The

roofs are mostly secured from the wind by large rough stones laid upon them. At the end of the town we came to a bridge which we were to pass over; and here, almost as suddenly, was the river Aar presented to our view as the maiden-mountain in her resplendent garb had been before. Hitherto the river had been concealed by, or only partially seen through, the trees; but at Unterseen it is imperious, and will be heard, seen, and felt. In a fit of rage it tumbles over a craggy channel, spreading out and dividing into different streams, crossed by the long, ponderous wooden bridge, that, steady and rugged, adds to the wild grandeur of the spectacle. . . . I recollect one woody eminence far below us, about which we doubted whether the object on its summit was rock or castle, and the point remained undecided until, on our way to Lauterbrunnen, we saw the same above our heads, on its perpendicular steep, a craggy barrier fitted to war with the tempests of ten thousand years. If summer days had been at our command we should have remained till sunset upon our chosen eminence; but another, on the opposite side of the vale, named the Hohlbuhl, invited us, and we determined to go thither. Yet what could be looked for more delightful than the sights which, by stirring but a few yards from our elastic couch on the crags, we might see all round us? On one side, the river Aar streaming through the verdant vale; on the other, the pastoral, walnut-tree plain, with its one chapel and innumerable huts, bounded by varied steeps, and leading the eye, and still more the fancy, into its recesses and to the snowy barrier of the Jungfrau. We descended on the side opposite to that by which we climbed the hill, along an easy and delightful track cut in the forest among noble trees, chiefly beeches. Winding round the hill, we saw the bridge above the inn, which we must cross to reach the foot of the other eminence. We hurried along, through fields, woody lanes, and beside cottages where children offered us nosegays gathered from their shady gardens. Every

image, every object in the vale was soothing or cheerful. it seemed a paradise cradled in rugged mountains. At many a cottage door we could have loitered till daylight was gone. The way had appeared short at a distance, but we soon found out our want of skill in measuring the vales of Switzerland, and long before we had reached the foot of the hill, perceived that the sun was sinking, and would be gone before our labour was ended. The strong pushed forward; and by patience *I* too, at last gained the desired point a little too late; for the brilliance had deserted all but the highest mountains. They presented a spectacle of heavenly glory; and long did we linger after the rosy lights had passed away from their summits, and taken a station in the calm sky above them.[1] It was ten o'clock when we reached the inn.

Brienz, Wednesday, August 9th.— . . . There was something in the exterior of the people belonging to the inn at Brienz that reminded one of the ferry-houses in the Highlands—a sort of untamed familiarity with strangers, and an expression of savage fearlessness in danger. While we were waiting at the door, a company of females came up, returning from harvest labours in the Vale of Berne to their homes at the head of the lake. They gathered round, eyeing us steadily, and presently a girl began to sing, another joined, a third, a fourth, and then a fifth, their arms gracefully laid over each other's shoulders. Large black or straw hats shaded their heads, undecked with ribands, and their attire was grey; the air they sang was plaintive and wild, without sweetness, yet not harsh. The group collected round that lonely house on the river's edge would have made a pretty picture. . . . The shore of Brienz, as far as we saw it, is much richer in intricate

[1] After the sunshine has left the mountain-tops the sky frequently becomes brighter, and of the same hue as if the light from the hills had retreated thither.—D. W.

graces than the shores of the Lake of Thun. Its little retiring bays and shaggy rocks reminded me sometimes of Loch Ketterine.

Our minstrel peasants passed us on the water, no longer singing *plaintive* ditties, such as inspired the little poem which I shall transcribe in the following page; but with bursts of merriment they rowed lustily away. The poet has, however, transported the minstrels in their gentle mood from the cottage door to the calm lake.

> "What know we of the Blest above
> But that they sing and that they love?"
> Yet if they ever did inspire
> A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
> Now, where those harvest Damsels float
> Homeward in their rugged Boat
> (While all the ruffling winds are fled,
> Each slumbering on some mountain's head)
> Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
> Been felt, that influence display'd.
> Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
> The rustic Maidens, every hand
> Upon a Sister's shoulders laid,—
> To chant, as Angels do above,
> The melodies of Peace, in love![1]

Interlachen, Thursday, August 10th.—Many a streamlet crossed our way, after tumbling down the hills —sometimes as clear as the springs of our Westmoreland mountains, but the instant they touched the glacier river of the valley their pure spirit was lost—annihilated by its angry waters. I have seen a muddy and a transparent streamlet at a few yards' distance hurrying down the same steep; in one instance the two joined at the bottom, travelled side by side in the same track, remaining distinct though joined together, as if each were jealous of its own character. Yielding to mild necessity,

[1] See the "Poetical Works," vol. vi. p. 315, in "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820," *Scene on the Lake of Brientz.*—ED.

they slowly blended, ere both, in turbulent disrespect, were swallowed up by the master torrent.

The Jungfrau (till then hidden except a small portion of its summit) burst upon our view, covered with snow from its *apparent* base to its highest pike. We had been ascending nearly four hours; and all at once the wintery mountain appeared before us; of majestic bulk, though but a small part of that mass springing from the same foundation, some of the pikes of which are seen far and wide from every quarter of the compass; and we, after all this climbing, seemed not nearer to the top than when we had viewed what *appeared* to be the highest summits from below. We were all on foot, and (at the moment when, about to turn to our left and coast along the side of the hill which, sloping down to the base of the snowy mountain, forms a hollow between) suddenly we heard a tremendous noise—loud like thunder; and all stood still. It was the most awful sound which had ever struck upon our ears. For some minutes, we did not utter a single word:—and when the sound was dying away exclaimed, "It is an avalanche!" eagerly asking "where?" and whence it had come. The guide pointed to a very small and almost perpendicular *rivulet* (as it appeared to us) perfectly white—and dashing down the mountains—"That," said he, "is the Avalanche!" We could not *believe* that such mighty tumult had proceeded from a little rill (to *our eyes* it was nothing else, though composed of falling masses of snow, and probably ice), and I suspect we were loth to leave the mystery explained: however, we were compelled to yield to our guide's experience, seeing a few minutes after, the motion of the little white rill or torrent gradually settle till all was gone, and perfect silence succeeded, silence more awful even than the noise which had preceded it. The hollow alongside of which our course lay might be in length half a league. On our right was the Jungfrau in stillness of deepest winter; and the opposite hill, the Wengern, was carpeted

with green grass and flowers. *These* heights were pastured by cattle, and we began to hear the tinkling of their bells, and shouts from boys at a distance; but no other stirring till we reached a single hut near the end of the sloping hollow, the only one visible hereabouts. At the door of the hut, our steeds were let loose to pasture, and we entered. Two or three young men and boys displayed the stores of their cupboard—one little piece of wheaten bread to help out the small supply which we had brought, plenty of cheese, and milk in abundance. It was not better than a savage shelter; and the youths looked as if they had had no valley culture; simple goodwill, however, cheerful smiles and stores proffered without reserve made all delightful, and had a shower and a wintry blast visited us from the Jungfrau we should have rejoiced in the comfort of that shelter; but the sun shone with *peculiar* brightness, enriching the soft green ground, and giving dazzling brilliancy to the snow. We desired our attendants to bring their stores into the open air, and seated ourselves on the turf beside the *household* spring (so let me call it, though but a child of summer at the foot of the icy mountain), the warm sun shone upon us; the air invigorated our spirits and we were as gay as larks, that soar in a region far below *ours* on that happy afternoon. Again we heard the thunder of avalanches, and saw them bursting out, fresh foaming springs. The sound is loud as thunder, but more metallic and musical. It also may be likened to the rattling of innumerable chariots passing over rocky places. . . . Soon the vale lay before us, with its two glaciers, and—as it might seem—its thousand cabins sown upon the steeps. The descent [1] became so precipitous that all were obliged to walk. Deep we go into the broad cradle-valley, every cottage we passed had its small garden, and cherry-trees sprinkled with leaves, bearing half-grown, half-ripe fruit.

[1] From the Wengern Alp.—D. W.

In plunging into this vale I was overcome with a sense of melancholy pervading the whole scene—not desolation, or dreariness. It is not the melancholy of the Scotch Highlands, but connected with social life in loneliness, not less than with the strife of all the seasons. . . . The sunshine had long deserted the valley, and was quitting the summits of the mountains behind the village; but red hues, dark as the red of rubies, settled in the clouds, and lingered there after the mountains had lost all but their cold whiteness, and the black hue of the crags. The gloomy grandeur of this spectacle harmonised with the melancholy of the vale; yet it was *heavenly glory* that hung over those cold mountains.

Grindelwald, Friday, August 11th.—Scheideck to Meiringen.—To our right, looking over the green cradle of the vale, we saw the glacier, with the stream issuing from beneath an arch of solid ice—the small pyramids around it of a greyish colour, mingled with vitriol green. The bed of icy snow above looked sullied, so that the glacier itself was not beautiful, like what we had read of; but the mass of mountains behind, their black crags and shadows, and the awful aspect of winter encroaching on the valley-domain (combinations so new to us) made ample amends for any disappointment we might feel. . . . The rain came on in heavy drops, but did not drive us to the closer shelter of the house. We heeded not the sprinkling which a gust of wind sometimes sent in upon us. Good fortune had hitherto favoured us; and, even if we had been detained at that house all night, the inconvenience would have been trifling. Our spirits were uplifted, and we felt as if it would be a privilege to be admitted to a near acquaintance with Alpine storms. This at least was my feeling, till the threatenings were over; and then, by happy transition, I gladly hailed the bursting light of the sun that flashed upon the crags, seen by glimpses between the dispersing clouds. The interior

of the house was roomy and warm; and, though the floors were of the bare soil, everything looked cleanly; the wooden vessels were pretty, ladles and spoons curiously carved, and all neatly arranged on shelves. Three generations, making a numerous family, were there living together in the summer season, with their cattle on the rough pastures round them:[1] no doubt the main support of the household, but the gains from travellers must be considerable. We were surprised at being asked if we chose coffee. Hardly should we have deserved our welcome shelter had we not preferred the peasant's fare—cheese, milk, and cream, with the addition of bread fetched from the vale; and I must not omit a dish of fruit—bilberries—here very fine. Indeed most of our mountain plants, except the branchy fern and the common daisy (which we rarely saw), grow in lavish beauty, and many others unknown to us, that enamel the turf like gems. The monkshood of our gardens, growing at a great height on the Alps, has a brighter hue than elsewhere. It is seen in tufts, that to my fancy presented fairy groves upon the green grass, and in rocky places, or under trees.

The storm over, we proceeded, still in the forest, which led us through different compartments of the vale, each of itself a little valley of the loveliest greenness, on all sides skirted with pine-trees, and often sprinkled with huts, the summer dwellings of the herdsmen. Sometimes (seen through a lateral opening) a meadow glade, not much larger than a calf-garth, would have its single dwelling; but the memory of one particular spot—the perfect image of peace and pastoral seclusion—remains with me as vividly as when, apart from my companions, I travelled over its soft carpet of turf. That valley-reach

[1] All these Alps are occupied by owners of land in the valleys, who have a right in common according to the quantity of their land. The cheeses, like the rest of the produce, are the property of all, and the distribution takes place at the end of the season.—D. W.

might be in length a quarter of a mile or more, and of proportionate width, surrounded by hills covered with pines, overtopped by craggy mountains. It was an apparently level plain, as smooth as velvet, and our course through the centre. On our right flowed the grey stream from the glaciers, with chastened voice and motion ; and, on the other, were many cabins in an almost formal line, separated from each other, and elevated upon wooden pillars, the grass growing round and under them. There was not a sound except of the gushing stream ; no cattle to be seen, nor any living creature.

. . . . .

Our way continued through interchange of pastoral and forest ground. Crossed a bridge, and then had the stream to our left in a rocky gulf overhung with trees, chiefly beeches and elms ; sawing-mills on the river very picturesque. It is impossible to imagine a more beautiful descent than was before us to the vale of Hasli. The roaring stream was our companion ; sometimes we looked down upon it from the edge of a lofty precipice ; sometimes descended towards it, and could trace its furious course for a considerable way. The torrent bounded over rocks, and still went foaming on, no pausing-places, no gentle windings, no pools under the innumerable smaller cataracts ; the substance and the grey hue still the same, whether the stream rushed in one impetuous current down a regularly rough part of its steep channel, or laboured among rocks in cloud-shaped heavings, or in boisterous fermentation. . . . We saw the cataract[1] through an open window. It is a tremendous one, but, wanting the accompaniments of overhanging trees, and all the minor graces which surround our waterfalls—overgrowings of lichen, moss, fern, and flowers—it gives little of what may be called pleasure. It was astonishment and awe—an overwhelming sense of the powers of nature for the destruction of all things, and of the help-

[1] The Fall of the Reichenbach.—ED.

lessness of man—of the weakness of his will if prompted to make a momentary effort against such a force. What weight and speed of waters! and what a tossing of grey mist! Though at a considerable distance from the fall, when standing at the window, a shower of misty rain blew upon us.

Meiringen, Saturday, August 12th.—Again crossed the river; then up a bare precipice, and along a gallery hewn out of the rock. Downwards to the valley more bare and open; a sprinkling of pines, among which the peasants were making hay. Hamlets and single huts not far asunder: no thought of dreariness crossed my mind; yet a pensiveness was spread over the long valley, where, year by year, the same simple employments go on in succession, and where the tempests of winter are patiently endured, and thoughtfully guarded against. . . . The *châlet* at Handek is large; four long apartments, in one of which our mules rested. Several men were living there for the summer season, but no women. They served us with the same kindliness we had experienced on the Wengern and Scheidegg Alps, but with slowness and gravity. These men were very tall, and had a sedate deportment, generally noticed I find by travellers in Ober Hasli, where the race has for centuries been distinguished by peculiar customs, manners, and habits. . . . From the brink of a rock we looked down the falls, and along the course of the torrent. The spectacle was tremendous, and, from that point, not less beautiful. The position of the sun here favoured us; and we beheld the arch of a bright rainbow, steadily poised on the cloud of vapour below us that burst out of the terrific waters. We looked down with awe upon

> the river, throwing
> His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,

yet at first hardly without personal fear. The noise was so great we could not help fancying it shook the very rock on

which we stood. That feeling passed away. . . . While I lay on my bed, the terrible solitudes of the Wetterhorn were revealed to me by fits—its black chasms, and snowy, dark, grey summits. All night, and all day, and for ever, the vale of Meiringen is sounding with torrents.

Meiringen, Sunday, August 13th.—Rain over, and the storm past away, long before the sunshine had touched the top of any other mountain, the snow upon the Wetterhorn shone like silver, and its grey adamantine towers appeared in a soft splendour all their own. I looked in vain for the rosy tints of morning, of which I had so often heard; but they could not have been more beautiful than the silvery brightness. . . .

Lake of Lungern.—At an upper window of one of a cluster of houses at the foot of the valley, a middle-aged man, with a long beard, was kneeling with a book in his hand. He fixed his eyes upon us, and, while his devotions were still going on, made me a bow. I passed slowly, and looked into that house with prying eyes, it was so different from any other, and so much handsomer. The wooden ceiling of the room, where the friar or monk (such I suppose him to be) knelt at his prayers, was curiously inlaid and carved, and the walls hung with pictures. The picturesque accompaniments of the Roman Catholic religion, the elegant white chapels on the hills, the steady grave people going to church, and the cheerfulness of the valley, had put me into good humour with the religion itself; but, while we were passing through this very hamlet, and close to the mansion of the godly man, Mr. M. having lost the cork of a little flask, I asked the guide to buy or beg for us another at one of the cottages, and he shook his head, assuring me they would neither give nor sell anything to us Protestants, except in the regular way of trade. They would do nothing for us out of goodwill. I had been too happy in passing through the tranquil valley to be ready to trust my informer, and, having first obliged him to make

the request, I asked myself at two respectable houses, and met with a refusal, and no very gracious looks. . . .

Sarnen, Monday, August 14th.—The road to the monastery is marked by small pillars of grey stone, not more than a quarter of a mile asunder. At the top of each pillar is a square cupboard, as I may call it, or it more resembles the head of a clock, where, secure from the rain, are placed paintings of the history of our Saviour from His birth to His ascension. Some of the designs are very pretty (taken, no doubt, from better pictures) and they generally tell their tale intelligibly. The pillars are in themselves pleasing objects in connection with the background of a crag or overhanging tree—a streamlet, or a bridge—and how touchingly must their pictured language have spoken to the heart of many a weary devotee! The ascent through the forest was interesting on every account. It led us sometimes along the brink of precipices, and always far above the boisterous river. We frequently met, or were overtaken, by peasants (mostly bearing heavy burthens). We spoke to each other; but here I could not understand three words of their language, nor they of mine.

Engelberg, Mount Titlis, Tuesday, August 15th.—We breakfasted in view of the flashing, silver-topped Mount Titlis, and its grey crags, a sight that roused William's youthful desires; and in spite of weak eyes, and the weight of fifty winters, he could not repress a longing to ascend that mountain. . . . But my brother had had his own visions of glory, and, had he been twenty years younger, sure I am that he would have trod the summit of the Titlis. Soon after breakfast we were warned to expect the procession, and saw it issuing from the church. Priests in their white robes, choristers, monks chanting the service, banners uplifted, and a full-dressed image of the Virgin carried aloft. The people were divided into several classes; the men, bareheaded;

and maidens, taking precedency of the married women, I suppose, because it was the festival of the Virgin.

The procession formed a beautiful stream upon the green level, winding round the church and convent. Thirteen hundred people were assembled at Engelberg, and joined in this service. The unmarried women wore straw hats, ornamented with flowers, white bodices, and crimson petticoats. The dresses of the elder people were curious. What a display of neck-chains and ear-rings! of silver and brocaded stomachers! Some old men had coats after the mode of the time of *The Spectator*, with worked seams. Boys, and even young men, wore flowers in their straw hats. We entered the convent; but were only suffered to go up a number of staircases, and through long whitewashed galleries, hung with portraits of saints, and prints of remarkable places in Switzerland, and particularly of the vale and convent of Engelberg, with plans and charts of the mountains, etc. There are now only eighteen monks; and the abbot no longer exists: his office, I suppose, became extinct with his temporal princedom. . . . I strolled to the chapel, near the inn, a pretty white edifice, entered by a long flight of steps. No priest, but several young peasants, in shepherdess attire of jackets, and showy petticoats, and flowery hats, were paying their vows to the Virgin. A colony of swallows had built their nests within the cupola, in the centre of the circular roof. They were flying overhead; and their voices seemed to me an harmonious accompaniment to the silent devotions of those rustics.

Lucerne, Wednesday, August 16th.—Lucerne stands close to the shore at the foot of the lake of the four cantons. The river Reuss, after its passage from the mountain of St. Gothard, falls into that branch called the Lake of Uri, and issues out of another branch at Lucerne, passing through the town. The river has three long wooden bridges; and another bridge, 1080 feet in

length, called the Cathedral Bridge, crosses a part of the lake, and leads to the Cathedral. Thither we repaired, having first walked the streets, and purchased a straw hat for 12 francs, at the shop of a pleasant talkative milliner, on whose counter, taking up a small pamphlet (a German magazine), we were surprised at opening upon our own name, and, still more, surprised to find it in connection with my brother's poem on the Duddon, so recently published.

But I was going to lead you to the end of the long bridge under a dark roof of wood, crossed and sustained by heavy beams, on each of which, on both sides—so that they face you both in going and returning—some portion of Scripture history is represented; beginning with Adam and Eve, and ending with the resurrection and ascension of Christ. These pictures, to the number of 230—though, to be sure, woful things as works of art—are by no means despicable daubs; and, while I looked at them myself, it pleased me much more to see the peasants, bringing their burthens to the city, often stay their steps, with eyes cast upwards. The lake is seen through the openings of the bridge; pleasant houses, not crowded, on its green banks. . . . It was dark when we reached the inn. We took tea at one end of the unoccupied side of the table in the *salle-à-manger;* while, on the other side, a large party were at supper. Before we had finished, a bustle at the door drew our attention to a traveller; rather an odd figure appeared in a greatcoat. Mary said, "He is like Mr. Robinson." He turned round while talking German, with loud voice, to the landlord; and, all at once, we saw that it was Mr. Robinson himself. Our joy cannot be expressed. If he had brought the half of old England along with him, we could not have been more glad. We started up with one consent; and, no doubt, all operations at the supper-table were suspended; but we had no eyes for that. Mr. Robinson introduced two young men, his companions, an American and a Scotch-

man—genteel, modest youths, who (the ceremony of introduction over) slipped away to the supper-table, wishing to leave us to ourselves. We were indeed happy—and Mr. Robinson was not less so. He seemed as if he had in one moment found two homes, his English home, and his home in Germany, though it were in the heart of Switzerland."

Lucerne, Friday, August 18th.—Merrily we floated between the soft banks of the first reach of the lake, keeping near the left shore.[1] Plots of corn interspersed among trees and green slopes, with pleasant houses, not neighbouring one another, as at Zurich, nor yet having a character of loneliness. Then we come to low shaggy rocks, forming pretty little bays, and a singular rock appears before us in the water, the terminating point of the promontory. That point passed, the Kusnach branch opening out on our left hand, we are soon on the body of the lake, from which the four smaller branches of Lucerne, Winkel, Alpnach, and Kusnach may be said to proceed. The lake is full and stately; the mountains are magnificent. The town of Lucerne, its red roofs softened (even in the sunshine of this bright day) by distance, is an elegant termination of its own compartment, backed by low hills. Rowing round the rocky point, we lose sight of that quarter: the long Reach of Kusnach is before us, bordered by soft shores with thinly-scattered villages, and but few detached cottages. Behind us, the lake stretches out to Mount Pilatus, dark, rugged, and lofty—the Sarnen and Meiringen mountains beyond; and the summits surrounding the hidden valley of Engelberg in the opposite quarter.

Top of Rigi, Saturday, August 19th.—At Goldau the *valley* desolation begins. It bears the name of the former village buried in ruins; and is now no more than

[1] Which is in fact the *right* bank as we were going *up* the Lake. —D. W.

three or four houses and a church built on the same site. Masses of barren rubbish lie close to the houses, where but a few years past, nothing was seen but fruitful fields. We dined at the inn, and were waited on by the landlady, whose head-dress was truly surprising. She wore from the back of the neck to the forehead a cap shaped like a one-arched bridge with high parapets of stiff muslin; the path of the bridge covered with artificial flowers—wonderously unbecoming; for she was a plain woman—not young—and her hair (I think powdered) was drawn tight up from the forehead. She served us with very small fish, from the lake, excellently cooked, boiled milk, eggs, an omelet, and dessert. From the room where we dined we had a view of the Lake of Zong, formerly separated from the small Lake of Lowertz only by *fertile* grounds, such as we now beheld stretching down to its shores. Yes! from a window in that house on its desolate site we beheld this lovely prospect; and nothing of the desolation.

Seewen, August 20th, Sunday.—A small white Church, with a graceful Tower, mitre-topped and surmounted by a slender spire, was in prospect, upon an eminence in the Vale, and thitherward the people led us. Passing through the small village of Engelbole, at the foot of that green eminence, we ascended to the churchyard, where was a numerous assemblage (you must not forget it was Sunday) keeping festival. It was like a *Fair* to the eye; but no squalls of trumpets or whistles—no battering of children's drums—all the people quiet, yet cheerful—cakes and fruit spread abundantly on the churchyard wall.

A beautiful prospect from that spot—new scenes to tempt us forward! We descended, by a long flight of steps, into the Vale, and, after about half a mile's walking, we arrived at *Brunnen*. Espied Wm. and M. upon a crag above the village, and they directed us to the Eagle Inn, where I instantly seated myself before a

window, with a long Reach of the Lake of Uri[1] before me, the magnificent commencement to our *regular* approach to the St. Gothard Pass of the Alps. My first feeling was of extreme delight in the excessive *beauty* of the scene ;—I had expected something of a more awful impression from the Lake of Uri ; but nothing so *beautiful.*

It was a moonlight night ;—rather a night of fitful moonshine ; for large clouds were driving rapidly over the narrow arch of sky above the town [Altorf]. A golden cross, upon one of the steeples, shone forth at times as bright as a star in heaven, against the black mountain-wall, while the transient touchings of the moonlight produced a most romantic effect upon the many-coloured paintings on the wall of the old Tower. I sate a long time at my window keeping watch, and wishing for a companion, that I might walk. At length, however, when I was preparing to go to bed (after ten o'clock) Mr. R. tapped at my door to tell me that Mr. M. was going out. I hastily re-dressed myself, and we two then sallied forth together. A fierce hot wind drove through the streets, whirling aloft the dust of the ruins, which almost blinded our eyes. We got a hasty glimpse of the moon perched on the head of a mountain pike—a moment and it was gone—then passed through the long street. Houses and ruins picturesque in the uncertain light—with a stateliness that does not belong to them by day—hurried on to the churchyard, which, being on an eminence, gave us another view of the moon wandering among clouds, above the jagged ridges of the steeps :—thence homewards struggling with the hot wind. *Some* matters are curiously managed on the Continent, a folding door, the sole entrance to my chamber, only separated it from the salon where, at my return, guests were at supper. I heard every word they spoke as distinctly as if I had been of the party, though without

[1] The head Branch of the Lake of the Four Cantons.—D. W.

understanding more than that a careful father was travelling with his two boys, to whom he talked incessantly; but so kindly and pleasantly that I hardly wished to get rid of his voice. We had broad flashes of lightning after I was in bed, but no thunder. This reminds me that we could have no fresh bread for breakfast in the morning, the bakers having, as we were told, been prohibited (since the destructive fire) under a heavy penalty, from heating their ovens except when the air is calm. I think it must often be the lot of the good people of Altorf to gnaw a hard crust; for these mountains are fine brewing-places for the winds; and the vale a very trough to receive and hold them fast.

A smart young maiden was to introduce us to the interior of the ivied Tower, so romantic in its situation above the roaring stream, at the mouth of the glen, which, behind, is buried beneath overhanging woods. We ascended to the upper rooms by a blind staircase that might have belonged to a turret of one of our ancient castles, which conducted us into a Gothic room, where we found neither the ghost nor the armour of William Tell; but an artist at work with the pencil; with two or three young men, his pupils, from Altorf. No better introduction to the favour of one of those young men was required than that of our sprightly female attendant. From this little academy of the arts, drawings are dispersed, probably, to every country of the continent of Europe. Mr. M. selected two from a very large collection.

Monday, *August 20th.*[1]—*Altorf.*—We found our own comfortable Inn, THE OX, near the fountain of William Tell. The buildings here are fortunately disposed—with a pleasing irregularity. Opposite to our Inn stands the Tower of the Arsenal, built upon the spot where grew the Linden-tree to which Tell's son is reported to have

[1] There is a mistake here as to the date, which renders all subsequent ones inaccurate.—ED.

been bound when the arrow was shot. This tower was spared by the fire which consumed an adjoining building, *happily* spared, if only for the sake of the rude paintings on its walls. I studied them with infinite satisfaction, especially the face of the innocent little boy with the apple on his head. After dinner we walked up the valley to the reputed birthplace of Tell: it is a small village at the foot of a glen, rich yet very wild. A rude unroofed modern bridge crosses the boisterous river, and, beside the bridge, is a fantastic mill-race constructed in the same rustic style—uncramped by apprehensions of committing waste upon the woods. At the top of a steep rising directly from the river, stands a square tower of grey stone, partly covered with ivy, in itself rather a striking object from the bridge, even if not pointed out for notice as being built on the site of the dwelling where William Tell was born. Near it, upon the same eminence, stands the white church, and a small chapel called by Tell's name, where we again found rough paintings of his exploits, mixed with symbols of the Roman Catholic faith. Our walk from Altorf to this romantic spot had been stifling; along a narrow road between old stone walls—nothing to be seen above them but the tops of fruit trees, and the imprisoning hills. No doubt when those walls were built, the lands belonged to the churches and monasteries. Happy were we when we came to the glen and rushing river, and still happier when, having clomb the eminence, we sate beside the churchyard, where kindly breezes visited us—the warm breezes of Italy! We had here a volunteer guide, a ragged child, voluble with his story trimmed up for the stranger. He could tell the history of the Hero of Uri and declare the import of each memorial;—while (not neglecting the saints) he proudly pointed out to our notice (what indeed could not have escaped it) a gigantic daubing of the figure of St. Christopher on the wall of the church steeple. But our smart young maiden was to introduce us to the

interior of the ivied Tower, so romantic in its situation above the roaring stream, at the mouth of the glen, which, behind, is buried beneath overhanging woods. We ascended to the upper rooms by a blind staircase that might have belonged to a turret of one of our ancient castles, which conducted us into a gothic room, where we found neither the ghost nor the armour of William Tell; but an artist at work with the pencil; with two or three young men, his pupils, from Altorf—no better introduction to the favour of one of those young men was required than that of our sprightly female attendant. From this little academy of the arts, drawings are dispersed, probably, to every country of the continent of Europe.

Wednesday, August 22nd.—Amsteg.—After Wasen our road at times very steep;—rocky on both sides of the glen; and fewer houses than before. We had left the forest, but smaller fir-trees were thinly sprinkled on the hills. Looking northward, the church tower on its eminence most elegant in the centre of the glen backed by the bare pyramid of Meisen. Images by the wayside though not frequent, I recollect a poor idiot hereabouts, who with smiles and uncouth gestures placed himself under the Virgin and Child, pleading so earnestly that there was no resisting him. Soon after, when I was lingering behind upon a stone, beside a little streamlet of clear water, a procession of mules approached, laden with wine-casks—forty at least—which I had long seen winding like a creeping serpent along the side of the bare hill before me, and heard the stream of sound from their bells. Two neatly-dressed Italian women, who headed the cavalcade, spoke to me in their own sweet language; and one of them had the kindness to turn back to bring me a glove, which I had left on the stone where I had been sitting. I cannot forget her pretty romantic appearance—a perfect contrast to that of the poor inhabitants of her own sex in this district, no

less than her soft speech! She was rather tall, and slender, and wore a small straw hat tied with coloured riband, different in shape from those worn in Switzerland. It was the first company of muleteers we had seen, though afterwards we met many. Recrossed the Reuss, and, ascending a very long and abrupt hill covered with impending and shattered crags, had again that river on our left, but the hill carried us out of sight of it. I was alone—the first in the ascent. A cluster of mountain masses, till then unseen, appeared suddenly before me, black—rugged—or covered with snow. I was indeed awe-struck; and, while I sate for some minutes, thought within myself, now indeed we are going among the terrors of the Alps; for the course of the Reuss being hidden, I imagined we should be led towards those mountains. Little expecting to discover traces of human habitations, I had gone but a little way before I beheld, stretching from the foot of the savage mountains, an oblong valley thickly strewn over with rocks, or, more accurately speaking, huge stones; and among them huts of the same hue, hardly to be distinguished, except by their shape. At the foot of the valley appeared a village beside a tall slender church tower;—every object of the same hue except the foaming glacier stream and the grassy ground, exquisitely green among the crags. The hills that flanked the dismal valley told its history:—their precipitous sides were covered with crags, mostly in detached masses, that seemed ready to be hurled down by avalanches. Descending about half a mile we were at the village,[1] and turning into the churchyard to the left, sate there, overlooking the pass of the torrent. Beside it lay many huge fragments of rock fallen from above, resembling one of still more enormous size, called the Devil's stone, which we had passed by on the right-hand

[1] Named Göschenen. It is 2100 feet above the lake of Waldstelles and 3282 above the level of the Vierwaldstädtersee.—D. W.

side of the road near the entrance of the village. How lavishly does nature in these desolate places dispense *beautiful* gifts! The craggy pass of the stream coming out of that valley of stones was decorated with a profusion of gorgeous bushes of the mountain ash, with delicate flowers, and with the richest mosses. And, even while looking upon the valley itself, it was impossible, amid all its images of desolation, not to have a mild pleasure in noticing the harmonious beauty of its form and proportions. Two or three women came to us to beg; and all the inhabitants seemed to be miserably poor. No wonder! for they are not merely *summer* tenants of the village:—and who, that could find another hold in the land, would dwell there the year through? Near the church is a picturesque stone bridge, at the further end spanned by the arch of a ruined gateway (no gate is *there* now), and its stone pillars are crested with flowers and grass. We cross the bridge; and, winding back again, come in sight of the Reuss far below, to our left, and were in that part of the pass especially called by Ebel the valley of Schöllenen,[1] so well known for its dangers at the time of the dissolving of the snow, when the muleteers muffle their bells and do not venture to speak a word, lest they should stir some loose masses overhead by agitating the air. Here we passed two muleteers stretched at ease upon a plot of verdant turf, under a gigantic crag, their mules feeding beside them. The road is now, almost continuously very steep—the hills rugged—often ruinous—yet straggling pine-trees are seen even to their summits; and goats fearlessly browsing upon the overhanging rocks. The distance from Ghestinen to the vale of Urseren is nearly two leagues. After we had been long ascending, I perceived on the crags on the opposite side of the glen

[1] Ramond gives this name to the whole valley from Amsteg to the entrance of Ursern. Ebel gives to it, altogether, the name of the Haute-Reuss; and says that it is called by the inhabitants the Graccenthal—Göschenen.—D. W.

two human figures. They were at about the same elevation as ourselves; yet looked no bigger than a boy and girl of five years' growth, a proof that, narrow as the glen appears to be, its width is considerable:—and this shows how high and steep must be the mountains. Those people carried each a large burthen, which we supposed to be of hay; but where was hay to be procured on these precipices? A little further—and the mystery was solved, when we discovered a solitary mower among slips of grass on the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. The man and woman must have been bearing their load to the desolate valley. Such are the summer labours of its poor inhabitants. In winter, their sole employment out of their houses and cattle-sheds must be the clearing away of snow, which would otherwise keep the doors barred up. But even at that season, I believe, seldom a week passes over their heads without tidings from the top of St. Gothard or the valley of Altorf, winter being the season when merchandise is constantly passing upon sledges between Italy and Switzerland:—and Ghestinen is one of the halting-places. The most dangerous time of travelling is the spring. For *us* there were no dangers. The excellent paved road of granite masters all difficulties even up the steepest ascents; and from safe bridges crossing the torrents we looked without trepidation into their gulfs, or pondered over their hasty course to the Reuss. Yet in the Gorge of Schoellenen it is not easy to forget the terrors which visit that houseless valley. Frequent memorials of deaths on the spot are discovered by the way-side,—small wooden crosses placed generally under the shelter of an overhanging stone. They might easily be passed unnoticed; and are so slightly put together that a child might break them to pieces:—yet they lie from year to year, as safe as in a sanctuary.

Thursday, August 23rd.—Hopital.[1]—Mary and I were

[1] Hospenthal.—ED.

again the first to depart. Our little Trager had left us and we proceeded with another (engaged also for 9 francs the distance to Airola, one league less). Turned aside into one of the little chapels at the outskirts of the town. Two Italians were refreshing and repainting the Saints and Angels; we traced something of the style of their country (very different from what is seen in Switzerland) in the ornaments of the Chapel. Next we were invited to view a collection of minerals: and, avowing ignorance in these matters, passed on. The ascent is at once very steep. The sun shone full upon us, but the air was clear and cool, though perfectly calm. Straying from the paved road we walked on soft grass sprinkled with lowly flowers, and interwoven with the ground-loving thyme which (hardly to be discovered by the eye in passing) sent out gushes of aromatic odour. The Reuss rapidly descending in a rocky channel between green hills, hillocks, or knolls was on our left hand—not close to the road. Our first resting-place was beside a little company of its small cataracts—foaming and sparkling—such as we might have met with in the *ghyll* of a Westmoreland mountain—scantily adorned with bushes, and liberally with bright flowers—cattle wandering on the hills; their bells made a soft jingling. The ascent becomes less steep. After ascending half a league, or more, having passed several painted oratories, but neither cottage nor cattle-shed—we came to a wide long hollow, so exactly resembling the upper reaches of our vales, especially Easedale, that we could have half believed ourselves there before the April sun had melted the snow on the mountain-tops, the clear river Reuss, flowing over a flat, though stony bed in the centre. M. and I were still alone with our guide; and here we met a French traveller, of whom Mr. R. told us he had afterwards inquired if he had seen two ladies, to which he rudely answered that he *had met two women* a little above. This reminded me of an unwilling inclination of the head when I had spoken to this Frenchman in passing, as I

do to all whom I meet in lonely places. He did not touch his hat: no doubt an intentional incivility, for, on the Continent, that mark of respect towards strangers is so general as to be often troublesome. Our fellow-travellers overtook us before we had ascended from the Westmoreland hollow, which had appeared to them, as to us, with the face of an old friend. No more bushes now to be seen—and not a single house or hut since we left Hopital. The ascent at times very rapid—hill bare —and very rocky. The Reuss (when seen at our right hand) was taking an open course, like a common mountain torrent, having no continuous glen of its own. Savage pikes in all directions:—but, altogether, the mountain ascent from Urseren not to be compared in awfulness and grandeur with the valley pass from Amsteg. I recollect no particular incidents by the way, except that, when far behind in discourse with a lame, and therefore slow-paced, foot-traveller (who intended to halt for the night at the Hospital of St. Gothard), he pointed out to me a patch of snow on the left side of the road at a distance, and a great stone on the right, which he told me was the spot where six travellers had been overwhelmed by an avalanche last February—they and the huge stone buried beneath the snow, I cannot say how many feet deep. I found our party examining the spot. The hill, from which the avalanche had fallen, was neither precipitous nor, to appearance, very lofty, nor was anything to be seen which could give the notion of peculiar hazard in that place; and this gave us, perhaps, a more vivid impression of what must be the dangers of the Alps, at one season of the year, than the most fearful crags and precipices. A wooden cross placed under the great stone by the brother of one of the deceased (an Italian gentleman) recorded the time and manner of his death. We tasted the cold snow near this spot, the first we had met with by the way-side, no doubt a remnant of the avalanche that had buried those unfortunate travellers. At the top of the ascent of St. Gothard

a wide basin—a dreary valley of rocky ground—lies before us.

An oratory, where no doubt thanksgivings have been often poured out for preservation from dangers encountered on a road which we had travelled, so gaily, stands beside a large pool of clear water, that lies just below us; and another pool, or little lake, the source of the Reuss, is discovered between an opening in the mountains to the right. The prospect is savage and grand; yet the grandeur chiefly arises from the consciousness of being on ground so elevated and so near to the sources of two great rivers, taking their opposite courses to the German Ocean, and the Mediterranean Sea: for the mountain summits which rise all round—some covered with snow—others of bare granite, being viewed from a base so lofty are not so commanding as when seen from below; and the *valley country* is wholly hidden from view.—Unwilling to turn the mountain, I sate down upon a rock above the little lake; and thence saw (a quarter of a mile distant) the Hospital, or Inn, and, beside it, the ruins of a convent, destroyed by the French. A tinkling of bells suddenly warned me to look about, and there was a troop of goats; some of them close at hand among the crags and slips of turf; nor were there wanting, even here, a few bright lowly flowers. Entering into my brother's youthful feelings of sadness and disappointment when he was told unexpectedly that the Alps were crossed—the effort accomplished—I tardily descended towards the Hospital.

I found Mary sitting on the lowest of a long flight of steps. She had lost her companions (my brother and a young Swiss who had joined us on the road). We mounted the steps; and, from within, their voices answered our call. Went along a dark, stone, *banditti* passage, into a small chamber little less gloomy, where we found them seated with food before them, bread and cheese, with sour red wine—no milk. Hunger satisfied, Mary and I hastened to warm ourselves in the sunshine; for the

house was as cold as a dungeon. We straightway greeted with joy the infant TESSINO which has its sources in the pools above. The gentlemen joined us, and we placed ourselves on a sunny bank, looking towards Italy; and the Swiss took out his flute, and played, and afterwards sang, the *Ranz des Vaches*, and other airs of his country. We, and especially our sociable friend R. (with his inexhaustible stock of kindness, and his German tongue) found him a pleasant companion. He was from the University of Heidelberg, and bound for Rome, on a visit to a brother, in the holidays; and, our mode of travelling, for a short way, being the same, it was agreed we should go on together: but before we reached Airola he left us, and we saw no more of him.

Friday, August 24th.—Airola (3800 feet above the sea).—I walked out; but neglected to enter the church, and missed a pleasure which W. has often spoken of. He found a congregation of Rustics chanting the service —the men and women alternately—unaccompanied by a priest. . . . Cascades of pure unsullied water, tumble down the hills in every conceivable variety of form and motion—and never, I think, distant from each other a quarter of a mile in the whole of our course from Airola. Sometimes, those cascades are seen to fall in one snow-white line from the highest ridge of the steep; or, sometimes, gleaming through the woods (no traceable bed above them) they seem to start out at once from beneath the trees, as from their source, leaping over the rocks. One full cataract rose up like a geyser of Iceland, a silvery pillar that glittered, as it seemed, among lightly-tossing snow. Without remembering that the Tessino (of monotonous and muddy line) was seldom out of sight, it is not possible to have even a faint notion of the pleasure with which we looked at those bright rejoicing rivulets. The morning was sunny; but we felt no oppression from heat, walking leisurely, and resting long,

especially at first, when expecting W. and R., who at length overtook us, bringing a comfort that would have cheered a *dreary* road—letters from England.

Sunday, August 26th.—Locarno.—We had resolved to ascend St. Salvador before sunrise ; and, a contrary wind having sprung up, the boatmen wished to persuade us to stay all night at a town upon a low point of land pushed far into the Lake, which conceals from our view that portion of it, where, at the head of a large basin or bay, stands the town of Lugano. They told us we might thence ascend the mountain with more ease than from Lugano, a wile to induce us to stay ; but we called upon them to push on. Having weathered this point, and left it some way behind, the place of our destination appears in view—(like Locarno and Luvino) within the semicircle of a bay—a wide basin of waters spread before it ; and the reach of the lake towards Porlezza winding away to our right. That reach appeared to be of more grave and solemn character than any we had passed through—grey steeps enclosing it on each side. We now coasted beneath bare precipices at the foot of St. Salvador—shouted to the echoes—and were answered by travellers from the road far above our heads. Thence tended towards the middle of the basin ; and the town of Lugano appeared in front of us, low green woody hills rising above it. Mild lightning fluttered like the northern lights over the steeps of St. Salvador, yet without threatening clouds ; the wind had fallen ; and no apprehensions of a storm disturbed our pleasures. It was 8 o'clock when we reached the Inn, where all things were on a large scale —splendid yet shabby. The landlord quite a fine gentleman. His brother gone to England as a witness on the Queen's trial. We had soon an excellent supper in a small salon where her present Majesty of England and Count Bergami had often feasted together. Mary had the honour of sleeping in the bed allotted to her Majesty, and I in that of which she herself had made choice, not

being satisfied with her first accommodations. The boatman told us she was *una bravissima Principessa* and spent much money. The lightning continued; but without thunder. We strayed again to the water-side while supper was in preparation. Everybody seems to be living out of doors; and long after I was in bed, I heard people in the streets singing, laughing, talking, and playing on the flute.

Monday, August 27th.—Lugano.—Roused from sleep at a quarter before 4 o'clock, the moon brightly shining. At a quarter *past* four set off on foot to ascend Mount St. Salvador. Though so early, people were stirring in the streets; our walk was by the shore, round the fine bay —solemn yet cheerful in the morning twilight. At the beginning of the ascent, passed through gateways and sheds among picturesque old buildings with overhanging flat roofs—vines hanging from the walls with the wildness of brambles or the untrained woodbine. The ascent from the beginning is exceedingly steep and without intermission to the very summit. Vines spreading from tree to tree, resting upon walls, or clinging to wooden poles, they creep up the steep sides of the hill, no boundary line between *them* and the wild growth of the mountain, with which, at last, they are blended till no trace of cultivation appears. The road is narrow; but a path to the shrine of St. Salvador has been made with great pains, still trodden once in the year by crowds (probably, at this day, chiefly of peasantry) to keep the Festival of that Saint, on the summit of the mount. It winds along the declivities of the rocks—and, all the way, the views are beautiful. To begin with, looking backward to the town of Lugano, surrounded by villas among trees—a rich vale beyond the town, an ample tract bright with cultivation and fertility, scattered over with villages and spires—who could help pausing to look back on these enchanting scenes? Yet a still more interesting spectacle travels

with us, at our side (but how far beneath us !) the Lake, winding at the base of the mountain, into which we looked from craggy forest precipices, apparently almost as steep as the walls of a castle, and a thousand times higher. We were bent on getting start of the rising sun, therefore none of the party rested longer than was sufficient to recover breath. I did so frequently, for a few minutes ; it being my plan at all times to climb up with my best speed for the sake of those rests, whereas Mary, I believe, never once sate down this morning, perseveringly mounting upward. Meanwhile, many a beautiful flower was plucked among the mossy stones. One,[1] in particular, there was (since found wherever we have been in Italy). I helped Miss Barker to plant that same flower in her garden brought from Mr. Clarke's hot-house. In spite of all our efforts the sun was beforehand with us. *We* were two hours in ascending. W. and Mr. R. who had pushed on before, were one hour and forty minutes. When we stood on the crown of that glorious Mount, we seemed to have attained a spot which commanded pleasures equal to all that sight could give on this terrestrial world. We beheld the mountains of Simplon—two brilliant shapes on a throne of clouds—*Mont Blanc* (as the guide told us [2]) lifting his resplendent forehead above a vapoury sea—and the Monte Rosa a bright pyramid, how high up in the sky ! The vision did not *burst* upon us suddenly ; but was revealed by slow degrees, while we felt so satisfied and delighted with what lay distinctly outspread around us, that we had hardly begun to look for objects less defined, in the far-distant horizon. I cannot describe the green hollows, hills, slopes, and woody plains—the towns, villages, and towers—the crowds of secondary mountains,

[1] Cyclamen.—D. W.

[2] It was *not* Mont Blanc. He was mistaken, or wanted to deceive us to give pleasure ; but however we might have wished to believe that what he asserted was true, we could not think it possible.—D. W.

substantial in form and outline, bounding the prospect in other quarters—nor the bewitching loveliness of the lake of Lugano lying at the base of Mount Salvador, and thence stretching out its arms between the bold steeps. My brother said he had never in his life seen so extensive a prospect at the expense only of two hours' climbing: but it must be remembered that the whole of the ascent is almost a precipice. Beyond the town of Lugano, the hills and wide vale are thickly sprinkled with towns and houses. Small lakes (to us their names unknown) were glittering among the woody steeps, and beneath lay the broad neck of the Peninsula of St. Salvador—a tract of hill and valley, woods and waters. Far in the distance on the other side, the towers of Milan might be descried. The river Po, a ghostly serpent-line, rested on the brown plains of Lombardy; and there again we traced the Tessino, departed from his mountain solitudes, where we had been his happy companions.

But I have yet only looked *beyond* the mount. There is a house beside the Chapel, probably in former times inhabited by persons devoted to religious services—or it might be only destined for the same use for which it serves at present, a shelter for them who flock from the vallies to the yearly Festival. Repairs are going on in the Chapel, which was struck with lightning a few years ago, and all but the altar and its holy things, with the image of the Patron Saint, destroyed. Their preservation is an established miracle, and the surrounding peasantry consider the memorials as sanctified anew by that visitation from heaven.

Tuesday, August 28th. —Menaggio.—We took the opposite (the eastern) side of the lake, intending to land, and ascend to the celebrated source of the *Fiume Latte* (River of Milk). Following the curves of the shore came to a grey-white village, and landed upon the rocky bank (there is no road or pathway along this

margin of the lake; and every village has its own boats). Mounting by a flight of rugged steps, we were at once under a line of houses fronting the water; and after climbing up the steep, walked below those houses, the lake beneath us on our left. All at once, from that sunny spot we came upon a rugged bridge; shady all round—cool breezes rising up from the rocky cleft where in twilight gloom (so it appears to eyes saturated with light) a copious stream—the *Fiume Latte*—is hurrying with leap and bound to the great lake. Our object, as I have said, was the fountain of that torrent. We mounted up the hill by rocky steeps, and pathways, in some places almost perpendicular, the precipice all the way being built up by low walls hung with vines. The earth thus supported is covered with melons, pumpkins, Indian corn, chestnut-trees, fig-trees, and trees now scattering ripe plums. The ascent was truly laborious. On the lake we had never been oppressed by the heat; *here* it was almost too much even for *me:* but when we reached the desired spot, where the torrent drops from its marble cavern, as clear as crystal, how delicious the coolness of the breeze! The water issues silently from the cold cavern, slides but a very little way over the rock, then bounds in a short cataract, and rushes rapidly to the lake. The evergreen Arbutus and the prickly-leaved Alaturnus grow in profusion on the rocks bordering the Fiume Latte; and there, in remembrance of Rydal Mount, where we had been accustomed to see one or two bushes of those plants growing in the garden, we decked our bonnets, mingling the glossy leaves of those evergreen shrubs with that beautiful lilac flower first seen in the ascent of St. Salvador. An active youth was our guide, and a useful one in helping us over the rocks. A woman, too, had joined the train; but Mary and I showing her that she was neither useful nor welcome, she began to employ her time in plucking the bunches of Indian corn, laying them in a heap. We could have lingered a whole

summer's day over the cascades and limpid pools of the Fiume Latte.

Saturday, September 1st.—Milan.—Our object this morning was to ascend to the roof, where I remained alone, not venturing to follow the rest of the party to the top of the giddy, central spire, which is ascended by a narrow staircase twisted round the outside. Even W. was obliged to trust to a hand governed by a steadier head than his own. I wandered about with space spread around me, on the roof on which I trod, for streets and even squares of no very diminutive town. The floor on which I trod was all of polished marble, intensely hot, and as dazzling as snow; and instead of moving figures I was surrounded by groups and stationary processions of silent statues—saints, sages, and angels. It is impossible for me to describe the beautiful spectacle, or to give a notion of the delight I felt; therefore I will copy a sketch in verse composed from my brother's recollections of the view from the central spire.

Sunday, September 2nd.—Milan.—A grand military Mass was to be administered at eight o'clock in the *Place d'Armes*, Buonaparte's field for reviewing his troops. Hitherward we set out at seven; but arrived a little too late. The ceremony was begun; and it was some time before we could obtain a better situation than among the crowds pressed together in the glaring sunshine, as close as they could come to the building where the temporary altar was placed. The ground being level nothing was to be seen but heads of people, and a few of the lines of soldiers, and their glittering fire-arms; but we could perceive that at one time they dropped down on their knees. At length, having got admittance into the building (le Palais des Rois), near which we stood, almost stifled with heat, we had a complete view from a balcony of all that remained to be performed of the ceremonies, military and religious; but of the latter,

that part was over in which the soldiers took any visible share, though the service was still going on, at the altar below us, as was proclaimed by the sound of sacred music, which upon minds unfamiliarised to such scenes had an irresistible power to solemnise a spectacle more distinguished by parade, glitter, and flashy colours, than anything else. The richly caparisoned prancing steeds of the officers, their splendid dresses, the numerous lines of soldiers standing upon the green grass (though not of mountain hue it looked *green* in contrast with their habiliments), and the immense numbers of men, women, and children gathered together upon a level space—where space was *left* for thousands and tens of thousands more—all these may easily be imagined:—with the full concert of the military band, when the *sacred* music ceased—the marching of the troops off the field—Austrians, Hungarians, and Italians—and, last of all, the cavalry with the heart-stirring blast of their trumpets. Before we left the field, the crowd was gone, the tinselled altar and other fineries taken down—and we saw people busied in packing them up, very much like a company of players with their paraphernalia.

Went also to the Convent of Maria della Grazia to view that most famous picture of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, painted on the wall at one end of the Refectory, a very large hall, hung along the sides with smaller pictures and, at the other end, that painting of the crucifixion of which we had seen a copy at Lugano. This Refectory was used in the days of Buonaparte as a military storehouse, and the mark of a musket-ball, fired in wantonness by a French soldier, is to be seen in one part of the painting of Leonardo da Vinci. Fortunately the ball hit where the injury was as small as it could have been; and it is only marvellous that this fine work was not wholly defaced during those times of military misrule and utter disregard of all sacred things.[1] Little

[1] It is perfectly notorious that this picture suffered more from

conversant in pictures, I cannot take upon me to describe this, which impressed my feelings and imagination more than any picture I ever saw, though some of the figures are so injured by damp that they are only just traceable. The most important are, however, happily the least injured; and that of Our Saviour has only suffered from a general fading in the colours, yet, alas! the fading and vanishing must go on year after year till, at length, the whole group must pass away. Through the cloisters of the monastery, which are shattered and defaced, pictures are found in all parts, and there are some curious monuments.

Wednesday, September 5th.—Cadenabbia.—Bent our course toward Fuentes—and after a wearisome walk through damp and breathless heat (a full league or more) over a perfect level, we reached the foot of the eminence, which from the lake had appeared to be at a small distance, but it seemed to have retreated as we advanced. We had left the high road, and trudged over the swampy plain, through which the road must have been made with great expense and labour, as it is raised considerably all the way. The picturesque ruins of the Castle of Fuentes are at the top of the eminence —wild vines, the bramble and the clematis cling to the bushes; and beautiful flowers grow in the chinks of the rocks, and on every bed of grass. A *tempting* though rugged ascent—yet (with the towers in sight above our heads, and two-thirds of the labour accomplished) Mary and I (Wm. having gone before to discover the nearest and least difficult way for us) sate down determined not to go a step further. We had a grand prospect; and, being exhausted by the damp heat, were willing for once to leave our final object unattained. However, while

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the negligence of the monks than from the scorn of the French. A hole was broken thro' the lower part of the centre of the picture to admit hot dishes from the Kitchen into the Refectory.—H. C. R.

seated on the ground, two stout hard-laboured peasants chancing to come close to us on the path, invited us forward, and we could not resist—they led the way—two rough creatures. I said to Mary when we were climbing up among the rocks and bushes in that wild and lonely place, "What, you have no fear of trusting yourself to a pair of Italian Banditti?" I knew not their occupation, but an accurate description of their persons, would have fitted a novel-writer with ready-made attendants for a tribe of robbers—good-natured and kind, however, they were, nay, even polite in their rustic way as others tutored to city civility. *Cultivated* vines grew upon the top of the hill; and they took pains to pluck for us the ripest grapes. We now had a complete view up the great vale of the Adda, to which the road that we had left conducts the traveller. Below us, on the other side, lay a wide green marshy plain, between the hill of Fuentes and the shores of the lake; which plain, spreading upwards, divides the lake; the upper small reach being called Chiavenna. The path which my brother had travelled, when bewildered in the night thirty years ago, was traceable through some parts of the forest on the opposite side:—and the very passage through which he had gone down to the shore of the lake—then most dismal with thunder, lightning, and rain. I hardly can conceive a place of more solitary aspect than the lake of Chiavenna: and the whole of the prospect on that direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced, after our toil, at being favoured with a distinct view of those sublime heights, not, it is true, steeped in celestial hues of *sunny glory*, yet in communion with clouds, floating or stationary:—scatterings from heaven. The ruin itself is very interesting, both in the mass and in detail—an inscription is lying on the ground which records that the Castle was built by the Count of Fuentes in the year 1600, and the Chapel about twenty years after by one of his descendants. Some of the gateways are yet standing

with their marble pillars, and a considerable part of the walls of the Chapel. A smooth green turf has taken the place of the pavement; and we could see no trace of altar or sacred image, but everywhere something to remind one of former grandeur and of destruction and tumult, while there was, in contrast with the imaginations so excited, a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the wild quietness of the present day. The vines, near the ruin, though ill tended, grow willingly, and rock, turf, and fragments of the stately pile are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was in great beauty. In our descent we found a fair white cherub, uninjured by the explosion which had driven it a great way down the hill. It lay bedded like an infant in its cradle among low green bushes—W. said to us, "Could we but carry this pretty Image to our moss summer-house at Rydal Mount!" yet it seemed as if it would have been a pity that any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.

Thursday, September 6th.—Cadenabbia.—After a night of heavy rain, a bright morning. W., M., and I set off toward Menaggio along the terrace bordering the water, which led us to the bay at the foot of the rocky green hill of the Church of our Lady; and there we came upon the track of the old road, the very *same* which my brother had paced! for there was no other, nor the possibility of one. That track, continued from the foot of the mountain, leads behind the town of Cadenabbia, cutting off the bending of the shore by which we had come to this point. From the bare precipice, we pass through shade and sunshine, among spreading vines, slips of green turf, or gardens of melons, gourds, maize, and fig-trees among the rocks; it was but for a little space, yet enough to make our regret even more lively than before that it had not been in our power to coast one reach at least of the lake on foot.

We had been overtaken by a fine tall man, who somewhat proudly addressed us in English. After twenty years' traffic in our country he had been settled near his native place on the Banks of Como, having purchased an estate near Cadenabbia with the large sum of two thousand pounds, acquired by selling barometers, looking-glasses, etc. He had been used to return to his wife every third year in the month of October. He made preparations during the winter for fresh travels in the spring; at the same time working with her on the small portion of land which they then possessed. Portsmouth and Plymouth were the grand marts for his wares. He amused us with recitals of adventures among the sailors, who used to bully him with, "Come, you rogue, you get your money easily enough; spend it freely!" and he did not care if he got rid of a guinea or two; for he was sure to have it back again after one of the frolics—and much more. They would often clear away his whole stock of nick-nacks. This industrious trader used to travel on foot at the rate of from thirty to forty miles a day, and his expenses from London to Como were but three guineas, though it cost him one-third of that sum to get to Calais. He said he liked England because the people were *honest*, and told us some stories illustrative of English honesty and Italian over-reaching in bargains. This amusing and, I must say, interesting companion, turned from us by a side-path before we reached Menaggio, saying he would meet us again, as our road would lead us near his cottage on the heights, and he should see us from the fields. He had another dwelling on his estate beside Cadenabbia, where the land produced excellent wine. The produce of his farm on the *hills* was chiefly hay, which they were then gathering in.

Sunday, September 9th.—Domo d'Ossola.—We rose at 5 o'clock. The morning clear and very cold. Mr. M., R. and G. intended to take the diligence; W., Mary,

and I to walk; for, having been so much gratified with our journey over St. Gothard, we had determined to cross the Simplon also on foot. M. set forward first; I followed a few minutes after defended from cold by my woollen cloak. W. was left to dispose of the luggage, which (except a small bundle carried by each) we intended to send by the diligence. Shops already open. Bought some bread, and made my way directly through the town. At the end of it, looked back upon its towers and large houses, prettily situated, as on a plain, under steep hills—some of them separate mounts, distinct in form. I could not but regret that we might not linger half a day, and ascend to the Chapel of Mount Calvary, still much resorted to for its peculiar sanctity. The view from that commanding eminence would have enabled us to bear away more distinct remembrances than *I*, at least, have done, of a town well deserving to be remembered, for it must for ages back have been of importance, as lying at the foot of this pass of the Alps. After a mile's quick walking I grew a little uneasy at not having overtaken Mary. Behind and before, Buonaparte's broad, unshaded road was stretched out in a right line. However convenient such roads for conquest or traffic, they are, of all others, the least pleasant to the foot-traveller, whose labours seem no nearer to their end till some natural impediment must be submitted to, and the road pursues another course. Looking forward I could see nothing of Mary, and the way being sprinkled with passengers, I was more perplexed, thinking it probable that her figure before me, or behind, might be undiscoverable among them, but my pace (to warm myself in the nipping air) had been so quick, it seemed more likely that she had not advanced so far; therefore I sate down: and glad I was, after some time, to espy her blue gown among the scatterings of women in scarlet garments. She had missed her way in the town and gone back in quest of me. The fresh morning air helped us cheerfully over the long line of

road; and passengers whom we continually met amused us. Some were travellers from the Alps; but they were much more frequently peasants bent on Sunday's devotion and pleasure, chiefly women, awkward in appearance, short of stature, and deformed by their manner of fastening the full round petticoat lifted up almost to the shoulders.

It pleased me now to review our course from Bavena, where this our second ascent of the Alps may be said to begin; the princely reach of the Lake then before us, with its palaces and towns, thence towards the mountains and the vale of Tusa, solitary churches on the steeps—ruins—embowered low stone cottages—vineyards and extensive lawns—cattle with their bells, and peasants tending them. The romantic village of Vergogne, its ruined fortress overlooking the narrow dell and torrent's bed—inhabited houses as grey with age as the ruin itself—and, upon the level below, how delightful was it, in our hour of rest and sauntering, to quit the sunshine, and walk under roofs of vines! Further on, the vale more wide and open—large meadows without trees. Haymakers—straggling travellers on the outstretched road. Villages under green mountains—snowy mountains gilded by the light of the setting sun!

Now, from Domo d'Ossola we were proceeding on the same unbending road, up the same vale, a scene of desolation and fertility, vines by the wayside, the grapes hardly ripening. Having ascended a long hill to *Crevola*, where there is a small public-house, at which we had thought of stopping to breakfast, the road crosses a remarkably high and massy bridge, over the chasm of Val di Vedro, whence the river Vedro takes its course down to the vale of Tusa, now below us on our right hand, where, towards the centre of the vale, the village of Crevola stands on an eminence, whence the morning sound of bells was calling the people together. We turned to the left, up the shady side of Val di Vedro; at first, the road led us high above the bed of the torrent. Being now enclosed between the barriers of that deep

dell, we had left all traces of vineyards, fruit-trees, and fields. Beeches climb up among the crags to the summit of the steeps. The road descends ; traces of the ancient track visible near a bridge of one lofty arch, no longer used by the traveller crossing the Alps, yet I went to the centre to look down on the torrent. Traces of the foundation of a former bridge remain in the chasm. Met a few peasants going to the vale below, and sometimes a traveller. Again we climb the hill, all craggy forest. At a considerable height from the river's bed an immense column of granite lies by the wayside, as if its course had been stopped there by tidings of Napoleon's overthrow. It was intended by him for his unfinished triumphal arch at Milan ; and I wish it may remain prostrate on the mountain for ages to come. His bitterest foe could scarcely contrive a more impressive record of disappointed vanity and ambition. The sledge upon which it has been dragged from the quarry is rotted beneath it, while the pillar remains as fresh and sparkling as if hewn but yesterday. W., who came after us, said he had named it the "weary stone" in memory of that immense stone in the wilds of Peru, so called by the Indians because after 20,000 of them had dragged it over heights and hollows it tumbled down a precipice, and rested immovable at the bottom, where it must for ever remain. Ere long we come to the first passage *through* the rocks, near the river's bed, and "Road and River" for some time fill the bottom of the valley. We miss the bright torrents that stream down the hills bordering the Tessino ; but here is no want of variety. We are in closer neighbourhood with the crags ; hence their shapes are continually changing, and their appearance is the more commanding ; and, wherever an old building is seen, it is overspread with the hues of the natural crags, and is in form of accordant irregularity. The very road itself, however boldly it may bestride the hills or pierce the rocks, is yet the slave of nature, its windings often being governed as imperiously

as those of the Vedra within the chasm of the glen. Suddenly the valley widens, opening out to the right in a semicircle. A sunny village with a white church appears before us, rather I should say numerous hamlets and scattered houses. Here again were vines, and grapes almost full grown, though none ripening. Leaving the sunshine, we again are enclosed between the steeps, a small ruined Convent on the right, the painting on the outside nearly effaced by damp. We come to the second passage, or gallery, through the rocks. It is not long, but very grand, especially viewed in combination with the crags, woods, and river, here tumbling in short cascades, its channel strewn with enormous ruins. W. had joined us about a league before we reached this point; and we sate long in admiration of the prospect up the valley, seen beyond the arch of the gallery which is supported by a pillar left in the rock out of which the passage has been hewn. A brown hamlet at the foot of the mountains terminates this reach of the valley, which has again widened a little. A steep glen to the left sends down a boisterous stream to the Vedra. We had walked three leagues; and were told we were near the Inn, where we were to breakfast, and, having left the gallery 200 yards behind, saw more of the village (called Isella) and a large, square, white building appeared, which proved to be a military station and the post-house, near which was our Inn. . . . Leaving now the Piedmontese dominions, we make our last entrance into the country of the Swiss. Deciduous trees gradually yield to pine-trees and larches, and through these forests, interspersed with awful crags, we pass on, still in cool shade, accompanied by the turbulent river. Here is hardly a slip of pasturage to be seen, still less a plot of tillage (how different from the Pass of the Ticino!) all is rocks, precipices, and forests. We pass several places of *Refuge*, as they are named, the word *refuge* being inscribed upon their walls in large characters. They are small, square, white, unpicturesque buildings (erected by Buonaparte). The old road is not

unfrequently traceable for a short way—Mary once detected it by noticing an Oratory above our heads that turned its back towards us, now neglected and facing the deserted track.

Sunday, September 9th.—Domo d'Ossola.—Soon after, we perceive a large and very striking building terminating a narrow reach of the valley. A square tower at the further end of the roof; and, towards us, a lofty gable front, step-like on each steeply-sloping side, in the style of some of our old roofs in the north of England.[1] The building is eight stories high, and long and broad in proportion. We perceived at once that it must be a Spittal of the old times; and W., who had been lingering behind, when he came up to us, pronounced it to be the very same where he and his companion had passed an awful night. Unable to sleep from other causes, their ears were stunned by a tremendous torrent (then swollen by rainy weather) that came thundering down a chasm of the mountain on the opposite side of the glen. That torrent, still keeping the same channel, was now, upon this sunny clear day, a brisk rivulet, that cheerfully bounded down to the Vedro. A lowly Church stands within the shade of the huge Spittal, beside a single dwelling-house; small, yet larger than the Church. We entered that modest place of worship; and were charmed with its rustic splendours and humble neatness. Here were two very pretty well-executed pictures in the *Italian* style, so much superior to anything of the kind in the country churches of Switzerland. Rested some while beside the Church and cottage, looking towards the Spittal on the opposite side of the road, the wildest of all harbours, yet even stately in its form, and seemingly fitted to war with the fiercest tempests. I now regret not having the courage to pass the threshold alone. I had a strong desire to see what was going on within doors for the sake of tales of thirty years gone by:

[1] In Troutbeck Valley especially.—D. W.

but could not persuade W. to accompany me. Several foot or mule travellers were collected near the door, I bought some *poor* peaches (very refreshing at that time) from a man who was carrying them and other things, to the village of Simplon—three sous the pound. Soon after leaving the Spittal, our path was between precipices still more gloomy and awful than before (what must they have been in the time of rain and vapour when my brother was here before—on the narrow track instead of our broad road that smooths every difficulty!) Skeletons of tall pine-trees beneath us in the dell, and above our heads,—their stems and shattered branches as grey as the stream of the Vedra or the crags strewn at their feet. The scene was truly sublime when we came in view of the finest of the galleries. We sate upon the summit of a huge precipice of stone to the left of the road—the river raging below after having tumbled in a tremendous cataract down the crags in front of our station. On entering the Gallery we cross a clear torrent pent up by crags. While pausing here, a step or two before we entered, a carriage full of gentlemen drove through: they just looked aside at the torrent; but stopped not; I could not but congratulate myself on our being on foot; for a hundred reasons the pleasantest mode of travelling in a mountainous country. After we had gone through the last, and least interesting, though the longest but one of the galleries, the vale (now grassy among scattered rocks, and wider —more of a hollow) bends to the left; and we see on the hill, in front of us, a long doubling of the road, necessary, from the steepness of the hill, to accomplish an easy ascent. At the angle, where, at the foot of the hill, this doubling begins, M. and I, being before W., sate and pondered. A foot-path leads directly upwards, cutting off at least a mile, and we perceived one of our young fellow-travellers climbing up it, but could not summon the courage to follow him, and took the circuit of Buonaparte's road. The bed of the river, far below

to our left (wide and broken up by torrents), is crossed by a long wooden bridge from which a foot-path, almost perpendicular, ascends to a hamlet at a great height upon the side of the steep. A female crossing the bridge gave life and spirit to a scene characterised, in comparison with *other* scenes, more by wildness than grandeur ; and though presided over by a glacier mountain and craggy and snowy pikes (seemingly at the head of the hollow vale) less impressive, and less interesting to the imagination than the narrow passes through which we had been travelling. After some time the curve of the road carries us again backward on the mountain-side, *from* the valley of the Tusa. Our eyes often turned towards the bridge and the upright path, little thinking that it was the same we had so often heard of, which misled my brother and Robert Jones in their way from Switzerland to Italy. They were pushing right upwards, when a peasant, having questioned them as to their object, told them they had no further ascent to make ;—"The Alps were crossed!" The ambition of youth was disappointed at these tidings ; and they remeasured their steps with sadness. At the point where our fellow-travellers had rejoined the road, W. was waiting to show us the track, on the green precipice. It was impossible for me to say how much it had moved him, when he discovered it was the very same which had tempted him in his youth. The feelings of that time came back with the freshness of yesterday, accompanied with a dim vision of thirty years of life between. We traced the path together, with our eyes, till hidden among the cottages, where they had first been warned of their mistake.

Hereabouts, a few peasants were on the hills with cattle and goats. In the narrow passage of the glen we had, for several miles together, seen no moving objects, except chance travellers, the streams, the clouds, and trees stirred sometimes by gentle breezes. At this spot we watched a boy and girl with bare feet running as if for sport, among the sharp stones, fearless as young kids.

The round hat of the Valais tied with a coloured riband, looked shepherdess-like on the head of another, a peasant girl roaming on craggy pasture-ground, to whom I spoke, and was agreeably surprised at being answered in German (probably a barbarous dialect), but we contrived to understand one another. The valley of the Vedro now left behind, we ascend gradually (indeed the whole ascent is gradual) along the side of steeps covered with poor grass—an undulating hollow to the right—no trees—the prospect, in front, terminated by snow mountains and dark pikes. The air very cold when we reached the village of Simplon. There is no particular grandeur in the situation, except through the accompanying feeling of removal from the world and the near neighbourhood of summits so lofty, and of form and appearance only seen among the Alps. We were surprised to find a considerable village. The houses, which are of stone, are large, and strong built, and gathered together as if for shelter. The air, nipping even at this season, must be dreadfully cold in winter; yet the inhabitants weather all seasons. The Inn was filled with guests of different nations and of various degrees, from the muleteer and foot-traveller to those who loll at ease, whirling away as rapidly as their companion, the torrent of the Vedro. Our party of eleven made merry over as good a supper in this naked region (five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea) as we could have desired in the most fertile of the valleys, with a dessert of fruit and cakes. We were summoned out of doors to look at a living chamois, kept in the stable, more of a treat than the roasted flesh of one of its kind which we had tasted at Lucerne. Walked with some of the gentlemen about half a mile, after W. and M. were retired to rest. The stars were appearing above the black pikes, while the snow on others looked as bright as if a full moon were shining upon it. Our beds were comfortable. I was not at all fatigued, and had nothing to complain of but the cold, which did not

hinder me from falling asleep, and sleeping soundly. The distance from Domo d'Ossola six leagues.

Monday, *September* 10*th*.—*Simplon*.—Rose at five o'clock, as cold as a frosty morning in December. The eleven breakfasted together, and were ready—all but the lame one,—to depart on foot to Brieg in the Haut Valais (seven leagues). The distance from the village of Simplon to the highest point of the Pass is nearly two leagues. We set forward together, forming different companies—or sometimes solitary—the peculiar charm of pedestrian travelling, especially when the party is large—fresh society always ready—and solitude to be taken at will. In the latter part of the Pass of St. Gothard, on the Swiss side, the grandeur diminishes—and it is the same on the Italian side of the Pass of Simplon; yet when (after the gradual ascent from the village, the last inhabited spot) a turning of the road first presents to view in a clear atmosphere, beneath a bright blue sky (so we were favoured), the ancient *Spittal* with its ornamented Tower standing at the further end of a wide oblong hollow, surrounded by granite pikes, snow pikes—masses of granite—cool, black, motionless shadows, and sparkling sunshine, it is not possible for the dullest imagination to be unmoved. When we found ourselves within that elevated enclosure, the eye and the ear were satisfied with perfect stillness. We might have supposed ourselves to be the only visible moving creatures; but ere long espied some cows and troops of goats which at first we could not distinguish from the scattered rocks! but by degrees tracked their motions, and perceived them in great numbers creeping over the yellow grass that grows among crags on the declivities above the Spittal and in the hollow below it; and we then began to discover a few brown *châlets* or cattle-sheds in that quarter. The Spittal, that dismal, yet secure sheltering-place (inhabited the winter through), is approached by a side track from the present road; being built as much

out of the way of storms as it could have been. Carts and carriages of different kinds (standing within and near the door of a shed, close to the road) called to mind the stir and traffic of the world in a place which might have been destined for perpetual solitude—where the thunder of heaven, the rattling of avalanches, and the roaring of winds and torrents seemed to be the only *turbulent* sounds that had a right to take place of the calm and silence which surrounded us.

Wednesday, September 12th.—Baths of Leuk.—Rose at 5 o'clock. From my window looked towards the crags of the Gemmi, then covered with clouds. Twilight seemed scarcely to have left the valley; the air was sharp, and the smoking channel of hot water a comfortable sight in the cold gloom of the village. But soon, with promise of a fine day, the vapours on the crescent of crags began to break, and its yellow towers, touched by the sunshine, gleamed through the edges of the floating masses; or appeared in full splendour for a moment, and were again hidden.

After six o'clock, accompanied by a guide (who was by trade a shoemaker, and possessed a small stock of mountain cattle), we set forward on our walk of eight leagues, the turreted barrier facing us. Passed along a lane fenced by curiously crossed rails,—thence (still gently ascending) through rough ground scattered over with small pine-trees, and stones fallen from the mountains. No wilder object can be imagined than a shattered guidepost at the junction of one road with another, which had been placed there because travellers, intending to cross the Gemmi, had often been misled, and some had perished, taking the right-hand road toward the snow mountain, instead of that to the left. Even till we reached the base of that rocky rampart which we were to climb, the track of ascent, in front of us, had been wholly invisible. Sometimes it led us slanting along the bare side of the crags:—sometimes it was scooped

out of them, and over-roofed, like an outside staircase of a castle or fortification: sometimes we came to a level gallery—then to a twisting ascent—or the path would take a double course—backwards and forwards,—the dizzy height of the precipices above our heads more awful even than the gulfs beneath us! Sometimes we might have imagined ourselves looking from a parapet into the inner space of a gigantic castle—a castle a thousand times larger than was ever built by human hands; while above our heads the turrets appeared as majestic as if we had not climbed a step nearer to their summits. A small plot or two of turf, never to be cropped by goat or heifer, on the ledge of a precipice; a bunch of slender flowers hanging from a chink—and one luxuriant plot of the bright blue monkshood, lodged like a little garden amid the stone-work of an Italian villa—were the sole marks of vegetation that met our eyes in the ascent, except a few distorted pine-trees on one of the summits, which reminded us of watchmen, on the look-out. A weather-beaten, complex, wooden frame, something like a large sentry-box, hanging on the side of one of the crags, helped out this idea, especially as we were told it had been placed there in troublesome times to give warning of approaching danger. It was a very wild object, that could not but be noticed; and *when* noticed the question must follow—how came it there? and for what purpose? We were preceded by some travellers on mules, who often shouted as if for their own pleasure; and the shouts were echoed through the circuit of the rocks. Their guide afterwards sang a hymn, or pensive song: there was an aërial sweetness in the wild notes which descended to our ears. When *we* had attained the same height, *our* guide sang the same air, which made me think it might be a customary rite, or practice, in that part of the ascent. The Gemmi Pass is in the direct road from Berne to the Baths of Leuk. Invalids, unable to walk, are borne on litters by men, and frequently have their eyes blinded that they may not

look down ; and the most hardy travellers never venture to descend on their horses or mules. Those careful creatures make their way safely, though it is often like descending a steep and rugged staircase : and there is nothing to fear for foot-travellers if their heads be not apt to turn giddy. The path is seldom traceable, either up or down, further than along one of its zig-zags ; and it will happen, when you are within a yard or two of the line which is before you, that you cannot guess what turning it shall make. The labour and ingenuity with which this road has been constructed are truly astonishing. The canton of Berne, eighty years ago, furnished gunpowder for blasting the rocks, and labourers were supplied by the district of the Valais. The former track (right up an apparently almost perpendicular precipice between overhanging crags) must have been utterly impassable for travellers such as we, if any such had travelled in those days, yet it was, even now, used in winter. The peasants ascend by it with pikes and snow-shoes, and on their return to the valley slide down, an appalling thought when the precipice was before our eyes ; and I almost shudder at the remembrance of it ! . . .

A glacier mountain appears on our left, the haunt of chamois, as our guide told us ; he said they might often be seen on the brow of the Gemmi barrier in the early morning. We felt some pride in treading on the outskirts of the chamois' play-ground—and what a boast for us, could we have espied one of those light-footed creatures bounding over the crags ! But it is not for them who have been laggards in the vale till 6 o'clock to see such a sight.

The total absence of all *sound* of living *creature* was very striking : silent moths in abundance flew about in the sunshine, and the muddy Lake weltered below us ; the only sound when we checked our voices to listen. Hence we continued to journey over rocky and barren ground till we suddenly looked down into a warm, green nook, into which we must descend. Twelve cattle were

there enclosed by the crags, as in a field of their own choosing. We passed among them, giving no disturbance, and again came upon a tract as barren as before. After about two leagues from the top of the Gemmi crags, the summer chalet, our promised resting-place, was seen facing us, reared against the stony mountain, and overlooking a desolate round hollow. Winding along the side of the hill (that deep hollow beneath us to the right) a long half-mile brought us to the platform before the door of the hut. It was a scene of wild gaiety. Half-a-score of youthful travellers (military students from the College of Thun) were there regaling themselves. Mr. Robinson became sociable; and we, while the party stood round us talking with him, had our repast spread upon the same table where they had finished theirs. They departed; and we saw them winding away towards the Gemmi on the side of the precipice above the dreary hollow—a long procession, not less interesting than the group at our approach. But every object connected with animated nature (and human life especially) is interesting on such a road as this; we meet no one with a stranger's heart! I cannot forget with what pleasure, soon after leaving the hut, we greeted two young matrons, one with a child in her arms, the other with hers, a lusty babe, ruddy with mountain air, asleep in its wicker cradle on her back. Thus laden they were to descend the Gemmi Rocks, and seemed to think it no hardship, returning us cheerful looks while we noticed the happy burthens which they carried. Those peasant travellers out of sight, we go on over the same rocky ground, snowy pikes and craggy eminences still bounding the prospect. But ere long we approach the neighbourhood of trees, and overlooking a long smooth level covered with poor yellowish grass, saw at a distance, in the centre of the level, a group of travellers of a different kind—a party of gentry, male and female, on mules. On meeting I spoke to the two ladies in English, by way of trying their nation, and was pleased

at being answered in the same tongue. The lawn here was prettily embayed, like a lake, among little eminences covered with dwarf trees, aged or blighted; thence, onward to another open space, where was an encampment of cattle sheds, the large plain spotted with heaps of stones at irregular distances, as we see lime, or manure, or hay-cocks in our cultivated fields. Those heaps had been gathered together by the industrious peasants to make room for a scanty herbage for their cattle. The turf was very poor, yet so lavishly overspread with close-growing flowers it reminded us of a Persian carpet. The *silver* thistle, as we then named it, had a singularly beautiful effect; a glistering star lying on the ground, as if enwrought upon it. An avalanche had covered the surface with stones many years ago, and many more will it require for nature, aided by the mountaineers' industry, to restore the soil to its former fertility. On approaching the destined termination of our descent, we were led among thickets of Alpine Shrubs, a rich covering of berry-bearing plants overspreading the ground. We followed the ridge of this wildly beautiful tract, and it brought us to the brink of a precipice. On our right, when we looked into the savage valley of Gastron—upwards toward its head, and downwards to the point where the Gastron joins the Kandor, their united streams thence continuing a tumultuous course to the Lake of Thun. The head of the *Kandor Thal* was concealed from us, to our left, by the ridge of the hill on which we stood. By going about a mile further along the ridge to the brow of its northern extremity, we might have seen the junction of the two rivers, but were fearful of being overtaken by darkness in descending the Gemmi, and were, indeed, satisfied with the prospect already gained. The river Gastron winds in tumult over a stony channel, through the apparently level area of a grassless vale, buried beneath stupendous mountains—not a house or hut to be seen. A roaring sound ascended to us on the eminence so high

above the vale. How *awful* the tumult when the river carries along with it the spring tide of melted snow! We had long viewed in our journey a snow-covered pike, in stateliness and height surpassing all the other eminences. The whole mass of the mountain now appeared before us, on the same side of the Gastron vale on which we were. It seemed very near to us, and as if a part of its base rose from that vale. We could hardly believe our guide when he told us that pike was one of the summits of the Jungfrau, took out maps and books, and found it could be no other mountain. I never before had a conception of the space covered by the bases of these enormous piles. After lingering as long as time would allow, we began to remeasure our steps, thankful for the privilege of again feeling ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Jungfrau, and of looking upon those heights that border the Lake of Thun, at the feet of which we had first entered among the inner windings of Switzerland. Our journey back to the chalet was not less pleasant than in the earlier part of the day. The guide, hurrying on before us, roused the large house-dog to give us a welcoming bark, which echoed round the mountains like the tunable voices of a full pack of hounds —a heart-stirring concert in that silent place where no waters were heard at that time—no tinkling of cattle-bells; indeed the barren soil offers small temptation for wandering cattle to linger there. In a few weeks our rugged path would be closed up with snow, the hut untenanted for the winter, and not a living creature left to rouse the echoes—echoes which our Bard would not suffer to die with us.

Friday, September 14th.—Martigny.—Oh! that I could describe,—nay, that I could *remember* the sublime spectacle of the pinnacles and towers of Mont Blanc while we were travelling through the vale, long deserted of the sunshine that still lingered on those summits! A large body of moving clouds covered a portion of the

side of the mountain. The pinnacles and towers above them seemed as if they stood in the sky;—of no soft aërial substance, but appearing, even at that great distance, as they really are, huge masses of solid stone, raised by Almighty Power, and never, but by the same Power, to be destroyed. The village of Chamouny is on the opposite (the north-western) side of the vale; in this part considerably widened. Having left the lanes and thickets, we slanted across a broad unfenced level, narrowing into a sort of village green, with its maypole, as in England, but of giant stature, a pine of the Alps. The collected village of Chamouny and large white Church appeared before us, above the river, on a gentle elevation of pasture ground, sloping from woody steeps behind. Our walk beside the suburban cottages was altogether new, and very interesting:—a busy scene of preparation for the night! Women driving home their goats and cows,—labourers returning with their tools,—sledges (an unusual sight in Alpine valleys) dragged by lusty men, the old looking on,—young women knitting; and ruddy children at play,—(a race how different from the languishing youth of the hot plains of the Valais!)—Cattle bells continually tinkling—no silence, no stillness here,—yet the bustle and the various sounds leading to thoughts of quiet, rest, and silence. All the while the call to the cattle is heard from different quarters; and the rapid Arve roars through the vale, among rocks and stones (its mountain spoils)—at one time split into divers branches—at another collected into one rough channel.

Passing the turn of the ascent, we come to another cross (placed there to face the traveller ascending from the other side) and, from the brow of the eminence, behold! to our left, the huge Form of Mont Blanc—pikes, towers, needles, and wide wastes of everlasting snow in dazzling brightness. Below, is the river Arve, a grey-white line, winding to the village of Chamouny, dimly seen in the distance. Our station, though on a

height so commanding, was on the lowest point of the eminence; and such as I have sketched (but how imperfectly!) was the scene uplifted and outspread before us. The higher parts of the mountain in our neighbourhood are sprinkled with brown chalets. So they were thirty years ago, as my brother well remembered; and he pointed out to us the very quarter from which a boy greeted him and his companion with an Alpine cry—

> The Stranger seen below, the Boy
> Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.[1]

Sunday, September 16th.—Chamouny.—There is no carriage road further than to Argentière.—When, having parted with our car and guide, we were slowly pursuing our way to the foot-path, between the mountains, which was to lead us to the Valorsine, and thence, by the Tète-noire, to Trient, we heard from the churchyard of Argentière, on the opposite side of the river, a sound of voices chanting a hymn, or prayer, and, turning round, saw in the green enclosure a lengthening procession—the priest in his robes, the host, and banners uplifted, and men following, two and two;—and, last of all, a great number of females, in like order; the head and body of each covered with a white garment. The stream continued to flow on for a long time, till all had paced slowly round the church, the men gathering close together, to leave unencumbered space for the women, the chanting continuing, while the voice of the Arve joined in accordant solemnity. The procession was grave and simple, agreeing with the simple decorations of a village church:—the banners made no glittering show:—the females composed a moving girdle round the church; their figures, from head to foot, covered with one piece of white cloth, resembled the small pyramids of the Glacier, which were before our eyes;

[1] *Descriptive Sketches.*—W. W.

and it was impossible to look at one and the other without fancifully connecting them together. Imagine the *moving* figures, like a stream of pyramids—the white Church, the half-concealed Village, and the Glacier close behind among pine-trees,—a pure sun shining over all! and remember that these objects were seen at the base of those enormous mountains, and you may have some faint notion of the effect produced on us by that beautiful spectacle. It was a farewell to the Vale of Chamouny that can scarcely be less vividly remembered twenty years hence than when (that wondrous vale being just out of sight) after ascending a little way between the mountains, through a grassy hollow, we came to a small hamlet under shade of trees in summer foliage. A very narrow clear rivulet, beside the cottages, was hastening with its tribute to the Arve. This simple scene transported us instantly to our vallies of Westmoreland. A few quiet children were near the doors, and we discovered a young woman in the darkest, coolest nook of shade between two of the houses, seated on the ground, intent upon her prayer-book. The rest of the inhabitants were gone to join in the devotions at Argentière. The top of the ascent (not a long one) being gained, we had a second cheering companion in our downward way, another Westmoreland brook of larger size, as clear as crystal; open to the sun, and (bustling but not angry) it coursed by our side through a tract of craggy pastoral ground. I do not speak of the needles of Montanvert, behind; nor of other pikes up-rising before us. Such sights belong not to Westmoreland; and I could fancy that I then paid them little regard, it being for the sake of Westmoreland alone that I like to dwell on this short passage of our journey, which brought us in view of one of the most interesting of the vallies of the Alps. We descended with our little stream, and saw its brief life in a moment cut off, when it reached the *Berard*, the River of Black Water, which is seen falling, not in *black* but *grey* cataracts within the cove of

a mountain that well deserves the former epithet, though a bed of *snow* and glacier ice is seen among its piky and jagged ridges. Below those bare summits, pine forests and crags are piled together, with lawns and cottages between.

We enter at the side of the valley, crossing a wooden bridge—then, turning our backs on the scene just described, we bend our course downward with the river, that is hurrying away, fresh from its glacier fountains; how different a fellow-traveller from that little rivulet we had just parted from, which we had seen—still bright as silver—drop into the grey stream! The descending vale before us beautiful—the high enclosing hills interspersed with woods, green pasturage, and cottages. The delight we had in journeying through the Valorsine is not to be imagined—sunshine and shade were alike cheering; while the very numerousness of the brown wood cottages (descried among trees, or outspread on the steep lawns), and the people enjoying their Sabbath leisure out of doors, seemed to make a quiet spot more quiet.

Wednesday, September 19th.—Lausanne.—We met with some pleasant Englishmen, from whom we heard particulars concerning the melancholy fate of our young friend, the American, seen by us for the last time on the top of the Righi. The tidings of his death had been first communicated, but a few hours before, by Mr. Mulloch. We had the comfort of hearing that his friend had saved himself by swimming, and had paid the last duties to the stranger, so far from home and kindred, who lies quietly in the churchyard of Küsnacht on the shores of Zurich.

Saturday, September 29th.—Fontainbleau.—In the very heart of the Alps, I never saw a more wild and lonely spot—yet *curious* in the extreme, and even *beautiful.* Thousands of white bleached rocks, mostly in appear-

ance not much larger than sheep, lay on the steep declivities of the dell among bushes and low trees, heather, bilberries, and other forest plants. The effect of loneliness and desert wildness was indescribably increased by the remembrance of the Palace we had left not an hour before. The spot on which we stood is said to have been frequented by Henry the IVth when he wished to retire from his court and attendants. A few steps more brought us in view of fresh ranges of the forest, hills, plains, and distant lonely dells. The sunset was brilliant—light clouds in the west, and overhead a spotless blue dome. As we wind along the top of the steep, the views are still changing—the plain expands eastward, and again appear the white buildings of Fontainbleau, with something of romantic brightness in the *fading* light; for we had tarried till a star or two reminded us it was time to move away. In descending, we followed one of the long straight tracks that intersect the forest in all directions. Bewildered among those tracks, we were set right by a party of wood-cutters, going home from their labour.

Monday, October 29th.—Boulogne.—We walked to Buonaparte's Pillar, which, on the day when he harangued his soldiers (pointing to the shores of England whither he should lead them to conquest), he decreed should be erected in commemoration of the Legion of Honour.[1] The pillar is seen far and wide, *unfinished*, as the intricate casing of a *scaffolding*, *loftier than itself*, *shows at whatever distance* it is seen. It is said the Bourbons intend to complete the work, and give it a new name; but I think it more probable that the scaffolding may be left to fall away, and the pile of marble remain strewn round, as it is, with unfinished blocks, an undisputed monument of the Founder's vanity and arrogance; and *so* it may stand as long as the brick

[1] Then established.—D. W.

towers of Caligula have done, a remnant of which yet appears on the cliffs. We walked on the ground which had been covered by the army that dreamt of conquering England, and were shown the very spot where their Leader made his boastful speech.

On the day fixed for our departure from Boulogne, the weather being boisterous and wind contrary, the *Packet* could not sail, and we trusted ourselves to a small vessel, with only one effective sailor on board. Even *Mary* was daunted by the breakers outside the Harbour, and *I* descended into the vessel as unwillingly as a criminal might go to execution, and hid myself in bed. Presently our little ship moved; and before ten minutes were gone she struck upon the sands. I felt that something disastrous had happened; but knew not what till poor Mary appeared in the cabin, having been thrown down from the top of the steps. There was again a frightful beating and grating of the bottom of the vessel—water rushing in very fast. A young man, an Italian, who had risen from a bed beside mine, as pale as ashes, groaned in agony, kneeling at his prayers. My condition was not much better than his; but I was more quiet. Never shall I forget the kindness of a little Irish woman who, though she herself, as she afterwards said, was much frightened, assured me even cheerfully that there was no danger. I cannot say that her words, as assurances of safety, had much effect upon me; but the example of her courage made me become more collected; and I felt her human kindness even at the moment when I believed that we might be all going to the bottom of the sea together; and the agonising thoughts of the distress at home were rushing on my mind.

X

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S TOUR IN SCOTLAND

1822

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1822

Friday, 14th September 1822.—Cart at the door at nine o'clock with our pretty black-eyed boy, Leonard Backhouse, to drive the old grey horse. . . . Scene at Castlecary very pretty. . . . Nothing which we English call comfort within doors, but much better, civility and kindness. Old woman bringing home her son to die; left his wife, she will never see him again. [They seem to have gone by the Forth and Clyde Canal.] Scene at the day's end very pretty. The fiddler below,—his music much better there. A soldier at the boat's head; scarlet shawls, blue ribbons, something reminding me of Bruges; but we want the hum, and the fruit, and the Flemish girl with her flowers. The people talk cheerfully, and all is quiet; groups of cottages. Evening, with a town lying in view. Lassies in pink at the top of the bank; handsome boatman throws an apple to each; graceful waving of thanks.

Thursday morning [*on the Clyde*].—Now we come to Lord Blantyre's house, as I remember it eighteen years ago. . . . Gradually appears the Rock of Dumbarton, very wild, low water, screaming birds, to me very interesting from recollections. Entrance to Loch Lomond grand and stately. Large hills before us, covered with heather, and sprinkled all over with wood. Deer on island, in shape resembling the isle at Windermere. Further on an island, of large size,

curiously scattered over with yew-trees—more yews than are to be found together in Great Britain—wind blowing cold, waves like the sea. I could not find out our cottage isle. The bay at Luss even more beautiful than in imagination, thatched cottages, two or three slated houses. The little chapel, the sweet brook, and the pebbly shore, so well remembered.

Ferry-house at Inversnaid just the same as before, excepting now a glass window. A girl now standing at the door, but her I cannot fancy our "Highland girl"; and the babe, while its granddame worked, now twenty, grown up to toil, and perhaps hardship; or, is it in a quiet grave? The whole waterfall drops into the lake as before. The tiny bay is calm, while the middle of the lake is stirred by breezes; but we have long left the sea-like region of Balloch. Our Highland musician tunes his pipes as we approach Rob Roy's cave. Grandeur of Nature, mixed with stage effect. Old Highlanders, with long grey locks, cap, and plaid; boys at different heights on the rocks. All crowd to Rob Roy's cave, as it is called, and pass under in interrupted succession, for the cave is too small to contain many at once. They stoop, yet come out all covered with dirt. We were wiser than this; for they seem to have no motive but to say they have been in Roy's cave, because Sir Walter has written about it.

Evening.—Now sitting at Cairndhu Inn after a delightful day. The house on the outside just the same as eighteen years ago—I suppose they new-whitewash every year—but within much smarter; carpets on every floor (that is the case everywhere in Scotland), even at that villainous inn at Tarbet, which we have just escaped from, which for scolding, and dirt, and litter, and damp, surely cannot be surpassed through all Scotland. Yet we had a civil repast; a man waited. People going to decay, children ill-managed, daughter too young for her work, father lamed, mother a whisky-drinker, two or

three black big-faced servant-maids without caps, one barefoot, the other too lazy or too careless to fasten up her stockings, ceilings falling down, windows that endangered the fingers, and could only be kept open by props; and what a number of people in the kitchen, all in one another's way! We peeped into the empty rooms, unmade beds, carpeted floors, damp and dirty. They sweep stairs, floors, passages, with a little parlour hearth-brush; waiter blew the dust off the table before breakfast. I walked down to the lake; sunny morning; in the shady wood was overtaken by a woman. Her sudden coughing startled me. She was going to her day's work, with a bottle of milk or whey. "It's varra pleesant walkin' here." It was our first greeting. The church, she said, was at Arrochar. . . . After breakfast, we set off on our walk to Arrochar. The air fresh, sunshine cheerful, and Joanna seemed to gain strength, as she walked along between the steep hilly trough. The cradle-valley not so deep to the eye as last night, and not so quiet to the ear through the barking of dogs. These echoed through the vale, when I passed by some reapers, making haste to end their day's work. Gladly did I bend my course from this passage between the hills to Arrochar, remembering our descent in the Irish car. My approach now slower, and I was glad, both for the sake of past and present times. Wood thicker than then, and some of the gleaming of the lake shut out by young larch-trees. Sun declining upon the mountains of Glencroe, shining full on Cobbler. No touch of melancholy on the scene, all majesty and solemn grandeur, with loveliness in colouring, golden and green and grey crags. On my return to Loch Lomond, the sunlight streaming a veil of brightness, with slanting rays towards Arrochar, where I sate on the steeps opposite to Ben Lomond; and on Ben Lomond's top a pink light rested for a long time, till a cloud hid the pyramid from me. I stayed till moonlight was beginning. . . .

Friday morning.—The gently descending smooth road, the sea-breezes, the elegant house, with a foreign air, all put Joanna[1] into spirits and strength. "Cobbler," like a waggoner, his horse's head turned round from us, the waggon behind with a covered top. . . . Chapel like a neglected Italian chapel, a few melancholy graves and burial-places—pine-trees round. Fishermen's nets waving in the breeze; sombrous, yellow belt of shore, yellowish even in the mid-day light. . . . At the inn, went into the same parlour where William and I dined, after parting with Coleridge. . . .

In Glencroe[2] huge stones scattered over the glen; one hut in first reach, none in second, white house in third; last reach rocky, green, deep. . . . When we came to the turning of the glen, where several waters join, formerly not seen distinctly, but heard very loud, the stream in the middle of the glen, a long winding line, was rosy red, the former line of Loch Restal. A glorious sky before us, with dark clouds, like islands in a sea of fire, purple hills below. Behind two *smooth* pyramids. Soon they were cowled in white, long before the redness left the sky. After Glenfinlas, the road not so long, nor dreary, nor prospect so wild as at our first approach; uncertain whither tending. Church to right with steeple (surely more steeples in Scotland than formerly). Reached Cairndhu, excellent fire in kitchen, great kindness, still an unintelligible number of women, but all quiet. . . .

Saturday morning. — Men, women, and children amongst the corn by the wayside, children's business chiefly play. Passed the church; the bridge like a Roman ruin—how grand in its desolation, the parapet on one side broken, the way across it grown over, like a common, with close grass and grunsel, only a faint

[1] Joanna Hutchinson.—ED.

[2] They drove over from Arrochar to Cairndhu.—ED.

foot-track on one side. Met a well-looking mother with bonny bairns. Spoke to her of them. "They would be weel eneuch," said she, "if they were weel skelpit!" The father seemed pleased, and left his work (running) to help us over the bridge. A shower; shelter under a bridge; sun and shadows on a smooth hill at head of loch; at a distance a single round-headed tree. Tree gorgeous yellow, and soft green, and many shadows. Now comes a slight rainbow. Towards Inveraray strong sunbeams, white misty rain, hills gleaming through it. Now I enter by the ferry-house, Glenfinlas opposite. . . .

How quiet and still the road, now and then a solitary passenger. No sound but of the robins continually singing; sometimes a distant oar on the waters, and now and then reapers at work above on the hills. Barking dog, at empty cottage, chid us from above. The lake so still I cannot hear it, nor any sound of water, but at intervals rills trickling. I hasten on for boat for Inveraray; view splendid as Italy, only wanting more boats. There is a pleasure in the utter stillness of calm water. Sitting together on the rock, we hear the breeze rising; water now gently weltering. . . . How continually Highlanders say, "Ye're varra welcome."

"This is more like an enchanted castle than anything we've seen," so says Joanna, now that we are seated, with one candle, in a large room, with black door, black chimney-piece, black moulding. . . . We enter, as abroad, into a useless space, turn to left, and a black-headed lass, with long hair and dirty face, meets us. We ask for lodgings, and she carries us from one narrow passage to another, and up a narrow staircase, and round another as narrow, only not so high as the broad ones at T——, just to the top of the house. We enter a large room with two beds, walls damp, no bell. . . . Reminded of foreign countries, as I walked along the shore; beside dirty houses. Long scarlet cloaks, women without caps; a mother on a log of wood in the sunshine, her face as yellow as gold, dress ragged;

she holds her baby standing on the ground, while it laughs and plays with the bristles of a pig eating its breakfast. . . . Came along an avenue, one and a half miles at least, all beeches, some very fine, cathedral-fluted pillars.

XI

EXTRACTS FROM MARY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN BELGIUM IN 1823 [1]

[1] The MS. is headed "Minutes collected from Mem. Book, etc., taken during a Tour in Holland, commenced May 16th, 1823."— ED.

EXTRACTS FROM MARY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN BELGIUM

LEFT Lee. (I now transcribe what was dictated by William.) . . . Dover, as interesting as ever, and the French coast very striking as we descended. Walked under Shakespear's Cliff by moonlight. Met several sailors, none of whom had ever asked himself the height of the cliff. I cannot think it can be more than 400 feet at the utmost; how odd that the description in Lear should ever have been supposed to have been meant for a reality. I know nothing that more forcibly shows the little reflection with which even men of sense read poetry. "How truly," exclaims the historian of Dover, "has Shakespear described the precipice." How much better would he (the historian) have done had he given us its actual elevation! The sky looked threatening, a wheel at a great distance round the moon, ominous according to our westland shepherds. The furze in full blossom. . . .

Ostend, half-past 8 *o'clock, Sunday morning.*— . . . We were driven at a fierce rate before the wind. . . . We proceeded till about four o'clock, when we were— had the same wind continued—within two hours of Ostend. But now, overhead was a bustle of quick steps, trailing and heaving of ropes, with voices in harmony. Below me, the vessel *slashed* among the waters, quite different from the sound and driving motion I had be-

come accustomed to. . . . The phosphorous lights from the oars were beautiful; and when we approached the harbour, these, in connection with the steady pillar streaming across the water from the lighthouse, upon the pier; and afterwards, still more beautiful, when these faded before a brilliant spectacle (caused by a parcel of carpenters and sailors burning the tar from the hulk of a large vessel under repair), upon the beach. I thought if we were to see nothing more this exhibition repaid us for our day of suffering. But we wished for the painter's skill to delineate the scene, the various objects illuminated by the burning ship, the glowing faces of the different figures—among which was a dog—the ropes, ladders, sands, and sea, with the body of intense bright fire spreading out and fading among the dim stars in the grey mottled sky. . . . Ostend looks well as to houses compared with one of our English towns of like importance. The tall windows, and the stature of the buildings, give them a dignity nowhere found with us; but it has no public buildings of interest. Climbing an oblique path which led up to the ramparts, a little boy called out in broken English, "Stop, or the soldiers will put you in prison." Not a living creature to be seen on that airy extensive walk, everybody cooped in the sultry flat. Melancholy enough at all times, but particularly so on this great day of annual celebration. But the joy, if any there is, is strictly confined to the doing of nothing. A few idle people were playing at a game of chance, under the green daisy-clad ramparts. I got a glimpse of the country by climbing the steps to a wind-mill, "snatching a fearful *joy*" I cannot call it, for the view was tame; the sun however shone bright on the fields, some of which were yellow as furze in blossom, with what produce I know not. . . .

Bruges, Hôtel de la Fleur de Blé; Monday, May 19th.— . . . Bruges loses nothing of its attractions upon a second visit as far as regards buildings, etc., but a

bustling Fair is not the time to feel the natural sentiment of such a place. We crept about the shady parts, and among the booths, and traversed the cool extensive vault under the Hôtel de Ville, where the butcher's market is held (a thousand times the most commodious shambles I ever saw), and the bazaars above, and made some purchases.

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Tuesday 20th.— . . . The thought of Bruges upon the Fair-day never can disturb the image of that spiritualised city, seen in 1820, under the subdued light and quiet of a July evening and early morning. . . . Nothing can be more refreshing than to flout thus at ease, the awning screening us from the sun, and the pleasant breezes fanning our temples; . . . cottages constantly varying the shores, which are particularly gay at this season, interspersed with fruit-tree blossom and the broom flower; goats tethered on the grassy banks, under the thin line of elms; a village with a pretty church, midway on the journey; . . . the air delightfully refreshed by the rain; the banks, again low, allow the eye to stretch beyond the avenue; corn looking well, rich daisy-clad pastures, and here alive with grasshoppers; large village on both sides of the canal, bridge between, from which letters are dropped into the barge, as we pass, by means of a shoe. A sale at a Thames-like chateau; we take on purchasers with their bargains—chests of drawers, bed and chamber furniture of all sorts—barge crowded; Catholic priests do not scruple to interlard their conversation with oaths; the three Towers of Ghent, seen through the misty air in the distance under the arch of the canal bridge, give a fine effect to this view; drawing nearer and gliding between villages and chateaux, the architecture looks very rich. . . .

Ghent, Thursday 22nd.—Left Ghent at 7 o'clock by diligence. . . . Paved road between trees; elms with scattered oaks; square fields divided by sluices, some

dry, others with water bordered by willows, etc., thin and low; neat houses and villages, English-looking, only the windows and window-shutters gaily painted; labourers upon their knees weeding flax; some corn, very short, but shot into ear; broom here and there in flower, else a perfect uniformity of surface. . . .

Antwerp.— . . . Disappointed by the first view of Antwerp standing in nakedness. . . . Few travellers have been more gratified than we were during our two days' residence in this fine city, which we left, after having visited the Cathedral, and feasted our eyes on those magnificent pictures of Rubens, over and over again; and often was this great pleasure heightened almost to rapture, when, during mass, the full organ swelled and penetrated the remotest corners of that stately edifice—here we were never weary of lingering; but none of the churches did we leave unvisited; that of St. James was the next in interest to us, which contained Rubens' family monument; a chapel or *recess* railed off, as others are, in which hung a beautiful painting by the great master himself bearing date 23rd May, –64; a mother presenting a child to an old man, said to be Rubens' father; three females behind the old man, and R. himself, in the character of St. George, holding a red flag among a group of angels hovering over the living child. The drapery of the principal female figure is a rich blue. R.'s three wives are represented in this exquisite picture. Besides the several churches, so rich in fine paintings, we spent much time in the museum—formerly the Convent des Recollects—an extremely interesting place, independent of the treasure now contained in it. . . . The picture by which *I* was most impressed was a Christ on the Cross, by Van Dyck; there was a chaste simplicity about this piece which quite riveted me; the principal figure in the centre, St. Dominique in an attitude of contemplation; the St. Catherine embracing the foot of the Cross, and

lifting a countenance of deep searching agony, which, compared with the expression of patient suffering in that of the Saviour, was almost too much to look upon, yet once seen it held me there. . . .

Saturday 24th.—At 9 o'clock we left Antwerp by the diligence. . . . Breda looked well by moonlight, crossed by steamboat the *Bies Bosch* near Dort, which town we reached by half-past six on Sunday morning, May 26th. We are now in the country of many waters. . . . Mounted the tower, which bore the date 1626; an interesting command of prospect—Stad-house, Bourse, winding streets, trees and rivers (the Meuse) intermingled; walks, screened by trees, look cool. The eye follows five streams from different parts of the handsome town into the country; vessels moving upon them in all directions. . . .

Rotterdam.—Walked to the "Plantation," a sort of humble Vauxhall. About sunset, seated upon the banks of the Meuse; sails gliding down, white and red; the dark tower of the Cathedral; a glowing line of western sky, with twelve windmills as grand as castles, most of them at rest, but the arms of some languidly in motion, crimsoned by the setting sun. A file of grey clouds run southward from the Cathedral tower. The birds, which were faintly warbling in the pleasure-ground behind us when we sate down, have now ceased. Three very slender spires, one of which we know to be the Hôtel de Ville, denote, together with the Cathedral tower, the neighbourhood of a large town.

Tuesday 27th.— . . . Left Rotterdam at ten o'clock. As we crossed the bridge, the fine statue of Erasmus, rising silently, with eyes fixed upon his book, above the noisy crowd gathered round the booths and vehicles, which upon the market-day beset him, and backed by buildings and trees, intermingled with the fluttering pennons from vessels unloading their several cargoes

into the warehouses, produced a curious and very striking contrast. . . . The stately stream down which we floated took us to the royal town of the Hague. Arriving there at five o'clock, we immediately walked to the wood, in which stands the Palace; charming promenades, pools of water, swans, stately trees, birds warbling, military music—the *Brae Bells*, the streets similar to those at Delf; screens of trees, sometimes on one side, but generally on both sides of the canal; bridges at convenient distances across. . . . Looked with interest upon the ground where the De Wits were massacred, to which we were conducted by a funny old man, of whom we purchased a box. The spot is a narrow space, passing from one square to another, if I recollect right, near to the public building, whence the brothers had been dragged by the infuriated rabble. Horse-chestnut trees in flower everywhere.

Wednesday 28*th.*— . . . Looked into the fine room where the lottery is kept, which interested us, as well as the countenances of those who were working at fortune's wheel, and those who were eagerly gaping for her favours. Above all, the King's Gallery most attracted us with its magnificent collection of pictures. . . .

Leyden, Thursday 29*th.*—Arose, and found that our commodious chamber looked upon pleasure-walks, which we at once determined must be the University garden, naturally giving to this place the sort of accommodations found in our own seats of learning, but no such luxury belongs to the students of Leyden. The ground with its plantations through which these walks are carried, and upon which the sun now so cheerfully shone, was formerly covered with buildings that were destroyed, together with the inhabitants, by an explosion which took place in a barge of gunpowder in 1806, then lying in the neighbouring canal. . . .

There are no colleges, or separate dwellings, in Leyden, for the students; they are lodged with different

families in the town. Our guide had three at his house from England, as he told us. A wandering sheep lying at the threshold, as we passed a good-looking house in the street; were told that this was a pensioner upon the public, that it would lie there till it was fed, and then would pass on to some other door. This animal had been brought up the pet of a soldier once quartered at Leyden, and when he changed his situation his favourite was sent into the fields, but preferring human society, it could not be confined amongst its fellows, but ever returned to the town, and, begging its daily food, it passed from door to door of those houses which its old master had frequented, obstinately keeping its station until an alms was bestowed—bread, vegetables, soup, nothing came wrong, and as soon as this was received, the patient mendicant walked quietly away.

Haarlem.— . . . Reached Haarlem at five o'clock; went directly to the Cathedral, mounted the tower, an hour too early for the sunset; a splendid and interesting view beyond any we have seen. Looking eastward, the canal seen stretching through houses and among the trees, to the spires of Amsterdam in the distance. A little to the right, the Mere of Haarlem spotted with vessels, the river Spaaren winding among trees through the town; steeple towers of Utrecht beyond the Mere. The Boss, a fine wood and elegant mansion built by —— Hope, now a royal residence; new kirk, fine tower; the sea, and sand-hills beyond the flats glowing under a dazzling western sky. The winding Spaaren again among green fields brings the eye round to the Amsterdam canal, up which we shall glide. . . .

Friday 30th.— . . . We were floating between stunted willows towards Amsterdam, the birds sweetly warbling, but the same unvaried course before us. I have, however, a basket at my feet containing pots of fragrant geranium, and a beautiful flowering fern, brought,

I suppose, from the market where we saw the commodities offered for sale. The groups of figures, with their baskets and stalls of vegetables, ranged along the shady avenues, have often a striking effect; the fanciful architecture towering above, as seen from the end of one of the market streets, especially if the view be terminated by a spire or a lofty tower. . . . The spires of Amsterdam, and different spires and shipping, rise beyond the flat line of the water. The same cold north wind is breathing in the sunshine, now that we are not within the screen of the trees. The plains are scattered with cattle, and a broken line of Dutch farm-houses, which we have hitherto in vain looked for, stretch at a field's distance from the canal. Having now resumed our seats, reeds and pools diversify our course; and drawing nearer Amsterdam, I must put away my book, to look after the pleasure-houses and gardens; the first presents a bed of full-blown China roses.

Amsterdam, Saturday 31*st.* . . . *Brock.*—After walking one hour and five minutes by the side of the canal, upon a good road, through a tract of peat-mossy rich pasturage, besprinkled with cattle, and bounded by a horizon broken by spires, steeple-towers, villages, scattered farms, and the unfailing windmill—seen single or in pairs, or clustered, at short distances everywhere—we are now seated beneath the shelter of a friendly windmill; the north wind bracing us, and the swallows twittering under a cloudless grey sky above our heads. . . . After twenty-six minutes' further walk, the canal spreads into a circular basin, upon the opposite margin of which stands the quaintly dressed little town of Brock. The church spire rises from amid elegantly neat houses, chiefly of wood, much carved and ornamented, and covered with glazed tiles. . . . In each of these houses is a certain elaborately ornamented door by which at their wedding the newly-married pair, and perhaps their friends, enter. It is then closed, and never opened again

until the man or his wife is carried out a corpse. . . . The streets are paved with what are called Dutch tiles, but certainly not the polished slabs we have been accustomed to give this name to—more like our bricks, of various colours arranged in patterns, as Mr. B. would like the floors of his sheds, etc., to be. A piece of white marble often forms the centre to some device; where the flooring in a garden happens to be uniform in colour, a pattern is formed by a sprinkling of sand, which seems to lie as a part of the flooring unmoved under a fresh blowing wind. . . .

Saardam, Sunday evening, June 1st.—We have had a delightful trip to-day to Saardam, another North Holland town. Visited the hut, and workshop, in which Peter the Great wrought as a carpenter. . . .

Monday, June 2nd.—Am thankful to rest before we depart from Amsterdam, in which I would not live to be Queen of Holland; yet she is mistress of the most magnificent palace I ever saw, furnished substantially, and in excellent taste, by Louis Buonaparte. The edifice formerly belonged to the city, the Stad-house, and was presented to him as a compliment upon his elevation to the throne. . . . At five this day we are to depart for Utrecht, most happy to turn our faces homeward, and to leave this watery country, where there is not a drop fit to drink. . . .

Antwerp, June 5th.—Arose at seven, and have revisited most, indeed all, that best pleased us before—and accomplished our wish to mount the Cathedral tower, and under favourable skies; a glorious sunset upon the Scheldt; the clouds, the shadow of the spire, the spire itself, the town below, the country around, our own enjoyments—these we shall ever remember, but we are to be off to Malines, at seven o'clock in the morning. . .

Wednesday 11th.— . . . Adventures we have had

few; William's eyes being so much disordered, and so easily aggravated, naturally made him shun society, and crippled us in many respects; but I trust we have stored up thoughts, and images, that will not die.

XII

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S TOUR IN THE ISLE OF MAN

1828

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S TOUR IN THE ISLE OF MAN, 1828

Thursday, June 26th, 1828.—Called at half-past two, and breakfasted by kitchen fire. Walked to the end of gravel terrace ;[1] grey calm, and warbling birds ; sad at the thought of my voyage, cheered only by the end of it. Sat long at Morris's door ; grey and still ; coach full, and sour looks within, for I made a fifth ; won my way by civility, and communicating information to a sort of gentleman fisher going to Wytheburn. English manners ungracious : he left us at Nag's Head without a bow or good wish. Morning still foggy. Wytheburn, cliffs and trees. Stayed inside till reached an inn beside Bassenthwaite ; only another lady in coach, so had a good view of the many cloudy summits and swelling breastworks of Skiddaw, and was particularly struck with the amplitude of style and objects, flat Italian foreground, large fields, and luxuriant hedges,—a perfect garden of Eden, rich as ivory and pearls. Dull and barish near Cockermouth. Town surprised me with its poor aspect. Old market-house to be pulled down. Sorry I could not study the old place. Life has gone from my Father's Court.[2] View from bridge beautiful. Ruin, castle, meadows with hay-cocks. . . . Again cold and dreary after river goes. Dorrington very dreary, yet fine trees.

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[1] At Rydal Mount.—ED.

[2] The house at Cockermouth where William and Dorothy Wordsworth were born. Compare *The Prelude*, book i.—ED.

Dropped Mr. Lowther's sons from school. Busy-looking fresh-coloured aunt, looks managing and well satisfied with herself, but kind to the boys; little sister very glad, and brothers in a bustle of pleasure. . . . Workington very dismal; beautiful approach to Whitehaven; comfortless inn, but served by a German waiter; Buckhouse's daughter; a hall, a church; the sea, the castle; dirty women, ragged children; no shoes, no stockings; fine view of cliffs and stone quarry; pretty, smokeless, blue-roofed town; castle and inn a foreign aspect. Embarked at ten. Full moon; lighthouse; summer sky; moved away; and saw nothing till a distant view of Isle of Man. Hills cut off by clouds. Beautiful approach to Douglas harbour; wind fallen. Harry met me at inn; surprised with gay shops and store-houses; walk on the gardens of the hills; decayed houses, divided gardens; luxuriant flowers and shrubs, very like a French place; an Italian lady, the owner; air very clear, though hazy in Cumberland. Very fine walk after tea on the cliff; sea calm, and as if enclosed by haze; fishes sporting near the rocks; a few sea-birds to chatter and wail, but mostly silent rocks; two very grand masses in a little bay, a pellucid rivulet of sea-water between them; the hills mostly covered with cropped gorse, a very rich dark green. This gorse cropped in winter, and preserved for cattle fodder. The moon rose large and dull, like an ill-cleaned brass plate, slowly surmounts the haze, and sends over the calm sea a faint bright pillar. In the opposite quarter Douglas harbour; illuminated boats in motion, dark masts and eloquent ropes; noises from the town ascend to the commanding airy steeps where we rested.

Saturday, 28th June.—Lovely morning; walked with Henry[1] to the nunnery; cool groves of young trees and

[1] Henry Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's brother, the "retired mariner" of the 9th Sonnet, composed during Wordsworth's subsequent tour in 1833.—Ed.

very fine old ones. General Goulding has built a handsome house near the site of the old nunnery, on which stands a modern house (to be pulled down). The old convent bell, hung outside, is used as a house-bell; the valley very pretty, with a mill stream, and might be beautiful, if properly drained. The view of the nunnery charming from some points.

Walked on to the old church, Kirk Bradden; handsome steeple. Burial-ground beautifully shaded, and full of tombstones. Tombstone or obelisk to the memory of a son of the Duke of Athole, commander of the Manx Fencibles.

Douglas market very busy. Women often with round hats, like the Welsh; and girls without shoes and stockings, though otherwise not ill dressed. Panniers made of matted straw; country people speak more Manx than English; the sound is not hoarse nor harsh. Cliffs picturesque above Mona Castle; a waterfall (without water); the castle of very white stone from Scotland, after the style of Inveraray. How much handsomer and better suited to its site would be the native dark grey rock. The nunnery house is as it should be; and the castle, with stronger towers in the same style, would have been a noble object in the bay. . . . Road and flat sandy space to the sea; a beautiful sea residence for the solitary; pleasant breezes, and sky clear of haziness

Sunday, 29th June.—A lovely bright morning; walk with H.; a fine view over the sky-blue sea; breezy on the heights. At Mr. Browne's church. Text from Isaiah, the "Shadow of a great Rock," etc., applied to our Saviour and the Christian dispensation. Market-place and harbour cheerful, and, compared with yesterday, quiet. Gay pleasure-boats in harbour, from Liverpool and Scotland, with splendid flags. During service the noises of children and sometimes of carriages distressing. Mr. Browne a sensible and feeling, yet monotonous and weak-voiced, reader. His iron shoes

clank along the aisle—the effect of this very odd. Called in the Post Office lane at the postmaster's, narrow as an Italian street, and the house low, cool, old-fashioned and cleanly. Stairs worn down with much treading, and everything reminding one of life at Penrith forty years back. A cheerful family of useful-looking, well-informed daughters; English father and Scotch mother. Crowds inquiring for letters. To Kirk Bradden, one and a half miles; arrived at second lesson. Funeral service for two children; the coffins in the church. Mr. Howard a fine-looking man and agreeable preacher. The condition of the righteous and of the ungodly after death was the subject. Groups sitting on the tombstones reminded me of the Continent. The churchyard shady and cool, a sweet resting-place. We lingered long, and walked home through the nunnery grounds. The congregation rustic, but very gay. There seems to be no room for the very poor people in either church, and in Douglas great numbers were about in the streets during service. Mr. Putman called, a gentlemanly man, faded, and delicate-looking; brought up at Dublin College for the bar, took to the stage, married a hotel lady, disapproved by her friends, gave lectures on elocution, had profits, but obliged to desist, having broken a blood-vessel; now living on a very small income at Douglas in lodgings; sighing for house-keeping, and they have bought the house we visited last night on the sands. After tea walked with Joanna on pier—a very gay and crowded scene. Saw the steam-packet depart for Liverpool. Ladies in immense hats, and as fine as millinery and their own various tastes can make them. Beauish tars; their pleasure-boats in harbour, with splendid flags; two or three worthy suitors in bright blue jackets, their badges on their breast, their hats trimmed with blue ribands. For the first time I saw the Cumberland hills; but dimly. Sea very bright; talked with old sailor and tried his spectacles. Went to the Douglas Head, very fine walk on the turf tracks among the horns

gorse, bright green, studded with yellow flowers in bunches, the ladies'-bed-straw; the green sea-weed with the brown bed of the river produces a beautiful effect of colouring, and the numbers of well-dressed, or rather *showily*-dressed, people is astonishing, gathered together in the harbour, and sprinkled over the heights. Fine view of rocks below us on the lower road; lingered till near ten. Lovely moonlight when I went to bed; amused with Miss Fanny Buston, her conceit, her long nose, her painted cheeks, *not* painted but by nature.

Tuesday, July 1st.—With Joanna[1] to the shore, and alone on the pier. Very little air even there, but refreshing; and the water of the bay clear, and green as the Rhine; close and hot in the streets; but the sun gets out when the tide comes in; a breeze, and all is refreshed.

Wednesday morning, July 2nd.—In evening walked to Port-a-shee (the harbour of peace); foggy, and hills invisible, but stream very pretty. Shaggy banks; varied trees; splendid rosebushes and honeysuckles. Returned by sands; a beautiful playfield for children. The rocks of gorgeous colours—orange, brown, vivid green, in form resembling models of the Alps. The foggy air not oppressive.

Thursday, July 3rd.—A fine morning, but still misty on hills. On Douglas heights, the sea-rocks tremendous; wind high; a waterfowl sporting on the roughest part of the sea; flocks of jackdaws, very small; a few gulls; two men reclined at the top of a precipice with their dogs; small boats tossing in the eddy, and a pleasure-boat out with ladies; misery it would have been for me; guns fired from the ship, a fine echo in the harbour; saw the flash long before the report. Sir

[1] Joanna Hutchinson.—ED.

Wm. Hilary saved a boy's life to-day in the harbour. He raised a regiment for Government, and chose his own reward—a Baronetcy!

Friday, 4*th July*.—Walked with Henry to the Harbour of Peace, and up the valley; very pretty overarched bridge; neat houses, and hanging gardens, and blooming fences—the same that are so ugly seen from a distance: the wind sweeping those fences, they glance and intermingle colours as bright as gems.

Saturday.—Very bright morning. Went to the Duke's gardens, which are beautiful. I thought of Italian villas, and Italian bays, looking down on a long green lawn adorned with flower-beds, such as ours, at one end; a perfect level, with grand walks at the ends, woods rising from it up the steeps; and the dashing sea, boats, and ships, and ladies struggling with the wind; veils and gay shawls and waving flounces. The gardens beautifully managed,—wild, yet neat enough for plentiful produce; shrubbery, forest trees, vegetables, flowers, and hot-houses, all connected, yet divided by the form of the ground. Nature and art hand in hand, tall shrubs, and Spanish chestnut in great luxuriance. Lord Fitzallan's children keeping their mother's birthday in the strawberry beds. Loveliest of evenings. Isle perfectly clear, but no Cumberland; the sea alive with all colours, the eastern sky as bright as the west after sunset.

Monday, 7*th July*.—Departed for Castletown. Nothing very interesting except peeps of the sea. Well peopled and cultivated, yet generally naked. Earth hedges, yet thriving trees in white rows; descent of a little glen or large cliff very pleasing, with its small tribute to the ocean. One cottage, and a corn enclosure, wild-thyme, *sedum*, etc.; brilliant and dark-green gorse; the bay lovely on this sweet morning; narrow flowery

lanes, wild sea-view, low peninsula of Long Ness, large round fort and ruined church: bay and port, cold, mean, comfortless; low walk at Castletown, drawbridge, river and castle, handsome strong fortress, soldiers pacing sentinel, officers and music, groups of women in white caps listening, very like a town in French Flanders, etc. etc. Civility, large rooms, no neatness.

Tuesday, 8th July.—Rose before six. Pleasant walk to Port Mary Kirk, along the bay before breakfast; well cultivated, very populous, but wanting trees; outlines of hills pleasing. Port Mary, harbour for Manx fleet; pretty green banks near the port, neat huts under those rocks, with flower-garden, fishing-nets, and sheep, really beautiful; a wild walk and beautiful descent to Port Erin; a fleet of nearly forty sails and nets in the circular rocky harbour, white houses at different heights on the bank. Then across the country past Castle Rushen—a white church, and standing low; cheerful country, a few good houses, but seldom pretty in architecture; children coming from school, schools very frequent: now we drag up the hill, an equal ascent; turf, and not bad road, but a weary way.

But I ought to have before described our passage from Port Mary to Port Erin, over Spanish Head, to view the Calf, a high island, forty acres, partly cultivated, and peopled with rabbits—rent paid therewith; a stormy passage to the Calf, a boat hurrying through with tide, another small isle adjoining, very wild; I thought of the passage between Loch Awe and Loch Etive. To return to the mountain ascent from Castle Rushen: peat stacks all over, and a few warm snow huts; thatches secured by straw ropes, and the walls (in which was generally buried one window) cushioned all over with thyme in full blow, low *sedum*, and various other flowers. Called on Henry's friend beside the mountain gate; her house blinding with smoke. I sate in the doorway. She was affectionately glad to see Henry, shook hands and blessed us at parting—"God be with you, and prosper

you on your journey!" Descend: more cottages, like waggon roofs of straw, chance-directed pipes of chimneys and flowery walls, not a shoe or a stocking to be seen. Dolby Glen, beautiful stream, and stone cottages, and gardens hedged with flowery elder, and mallows as beautiful as geraniums in a greenhouse.

Wednesday, 9th, Peele.—Morning bright, and all the town busy. Yesterday the first of the herring fishing and black baskets laden with silvery herrings were hauled through the town, herrings in the hand on sticks, and huge black fish dragged through the dust. Sick at the sight, ferried across the harbour to the Island Castle, very grand and very wild, with cathedral, tower, and extensive ruins, and tombstones of recent date: several of shipwrecked men. Our guide showed us the place where, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, Captain Edward Christian was confined, and another dungeon where the Duchess of Gloucester was shut up fifteen years, and there died, and used to appear in the shape of a black dog; and a soldier who used to laugh at the story vowed he would speak to it and died raving mad. The Castle was built before artillery was used, and the walls are so thin that it is surprising that it has stood so long. The grassy floor of the hill delightful to rest on through a summer's day, to view the ships and sea, and hear the dashing waves, here seldom gentle, for the entrance to this narrow harbour is very rocky. Fine caves towards the north, but it being high water, we could not go to them. Our way to Kirk Michael, a delightful terrace; sea to our left, cultivated hills to the right, and views backwards to Peele charming. The town stands under a very steep green hill, with a watch-tower at the top, and the castle on its own rock in the sea—a sea as clear as any mountain stream. Fishing-vessels still sallying forth. Visited the good Bishop Wilson's grave, and rambled under the shade of his trees at Bishop's Court, a mile further. The whole country pleasant to Ramsey;

steep red banks of river. The town close to the sea, within a large bay, formed to the north by a bare red steep, to the south by green mountain and glen and fine trees, with houses on the steep. Ships in harbour, a steam-vessel at a distance, and sea and hills bright in the evening-time. Pleasant houses overlooking the sea, but the cottage[1] all unsuspected till we reach a little spring, where it lurks at the foot of a glen, under green steeps. A low thatched white house dividing the grassy pleasure plot, adorned with flowers, and above it on one side a hanging garden—flowers, fruit, vegetables intermingled, and above all the orchard and forest trees; peeps of the sea and up the glen, and a full view of the green steep; a little stream murmuring below. We sauntered in the garden, and I paced from path to path, picked ripe fruit, ran down to the sands, there paced, watched the ships and steamboats—in short, was charmed with the beauty and novelty of the scene: the quiet rural glen, the cheerful shore, the solemn sea. To bed before day was gone.

Thursday.—Rose early. Could not resist the sunny grass plot, the shady woody steeps, the bright flowers, the gentle breezes, the soft flowing sea. Walked to Manghold Head, and Manghold Kirk: the first where the cross was planted. The views of Ramsey Bay delightful from the Head: a fine green steep, on the edge of which stands the pretty chapel, with one bell outside, an ancient pedestal curiously carved, Christ on the cross, the mother and infant Jesus, the Manx arms, and other devices; near it the square foundation surrounded with steps of another cross, on which is now placed a small sundial, the whole lately barbarously whitewashed, with church and roof -a glaring contrast to the grey thatched cottages, and green trees, which partly embower the church. Numerous are the grave-stones surrounding

[1] The house in which they were to stay at Ramsey.—ED

that neat and humble building : a sanctuary taken from the waste, where fern and heath grow round, and *over*-grow the graves. I sate on the hill, while Henry sought the Holy Well, visited once a year by the Manx men and women, where they leave their offering—a pin, or any other trifle. Walked leisurely back to Ramsey ; fine views of the bay, the orange-coloured buoy, the lovely town, the green steeps. The town very pretty seen from the quay as at the mountain's foot ; rich wood climbing up the mountain glen, and spread along the hillsides.

THE END

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